

May 17, 1961

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The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Sydney artist Frank Hodgkinson, winner of the first Helena Rubinstein £1000 travelling scholarship in 1958, dined recently with Madame Rubinstein in her luxury New York apartment.

FRANK, who is in the United States for three months, reports that Cecil Beaton did the decor for the apartment.

(David Hicks, who married Lady Pamela Mountbatten, decorated Helena Rubinstein's London penthouse, pages 4 and 5.)

A feature of the New York apartment—in Fifth Avenue—is a large gallery with many good modern paintings.

"They were most impressive," said Frank.

One of Helena Rubinstein's pet hates, the artist discovered, is central heating.

She refuses to stay in a centrally heated room. When she calls a directors' meeting in the New York winter, her fellow directors attend in furlined boots.

FICTION editor Betty Nesbit reports that Dorothy Eden, whose exciting new serial "Samantha" begins on pages 36 and 37, often writes from

London to say she feels homesick for Sydney, although it isn't her home town.

Miss Eden originally came from Ashburton, New Zealand.

Last year she spent some time in Sydney, where her sister, Mrs. T. B. Hampton, lives at Hunter's Hill, and revelled in the sunshine.

There she was fascinated by the lizards that slept on sunny rocks in the afternoons in her sister's garden.

Her next novel, set in Sydney, is to be called "Afternoon For Lizards."

NATURALIST Mr. V. Serventy, of Perth, W.A., who took the color pictures of the Great Victoria Desert (pages 24 to 27), says that, scientifically, the members of the expedition were more than satisfied with results.

He wrote: "We had found a desert 'corridor' along which plants and animals could move from east to west."

"Previously the Great Victoria Desert had been regarded

Our cover

● Elizabeth Taylor and Burt Lancaster holding the Oscars that mark their Academy Awards for best actress and best actor of the year. More pictures and story, page 6.

as a barrier to the mixing of populations on each side of the continent."

Mr. Serventy said the expedition was organised by Mr. Bob Stewart, Superintendent of the Cuddelee Mission, to make contact with up to 40 aborigines still believed to be living in the desert.

At the start of the expedition Mr. Stewart said:

"In case of trouble in the desert, there's one native to each two whites. Their job is to see you get back to civilisation. They'll find you food and water. Don't worry. They won't leave you."

No mishaps marred the trip, although Mr. Stewart failed to locate the aborigines for whom he was searching.

OUR INTERIOR DECORATOR

● Mrs. Josephine Bull, the American interior decorator whom we have brought to Australia in conjunction with the Venetian Blind Industry of Australia, will give demonstrations at:

SYDNEY: Farmer & Co., Monday, May 15, to Saturday, May 20. Two sessions daily at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., Monday to Friday, and at 10 a.m. only on Saturday. Admission is free, but tickets must be obtained in the Furniture Department, Sixth Floor, from Monday, May 8.

NEWCASTLE: Mackie's, Friday, June 30. Two sessions, at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

NEXT WEEK: Cornflour Contest Recipes—Four-page pull-out with the prizewinning recipes in our £1200 Cornflour Contest . . . Your Winter Coat—Fashion editor Betty Keep gives expert advice on choosing a winter coat.



John Elliott— and admirers

● Australia's "wonder miler," Herb Elliott, and his lovely wife, Ann, have a new member of their family, John Cyril Elliott, born on April 5 under the auspices of the National Health Service of Great Britain. John Cyril looks very much like his little brother, Jim, who is just on the point of walking. When this picture was taken, Herb and Ann admiringly called the newcomer a "perfect baby"—they had not had one night's broken sleep—and they reported that young Jim was also behaving himself. So there has been peace in the Elliott home in a village near Cambridge University, where the Olympic and world champion is reading for his Science degree. He began the course in September, and has more than two years' study ahead.

NEW PENTHOUSE FOR

By JUNE LANDER

● *Head of an international cosmetics firm, Helena Rubinstein, at 79, is well used to launching new creations. Her latest is a flat in London, designed for her by David Hicks, Prince Philip's cousin by marriage.*

WEALTH sits lightly on the small, stout figure of Madame Rubinstein. Surrounded by works of art, this grande dame of the cosmetics world received me in the boldly colored sitting-room of her new penthouse flat in Knightsbridge.

Madame is pleased if you like her new flat, and very willing to talk about all the treasures it contains.

There is plenty to see.

From the moment you step from the lift straight into the mirror-lined hall you are confronted with a bold collection of 18th-century Chinese panels, lit from behind and arranged on brass rods.

Red walls in all the corridors and stairways give a warm glow to the flat, lightened by white doors and woodwork.

In the main reception-room, achieved by knocking three rooms into one, brilliant colors are blended.

The walls are covered with

purple rough-woven Irish silk; the American Victorian sofa and chairs are covered in magenta and purple felt; there is a bright crimson sofa, and the carpet is brown.

A white-panelled ceiling, blond-striped oak floor, and lots of gilded brass used on the display stands and as a basket weave over the radiators help to lighten the room.

The double windows have marble sills and are edged with mirrors, while the white blinds are of split bamboo — "an understatement to throw attention on Madame's treasures," her assistant, Patrick O'Higgins, explained.

Helps artists

Madame Rubinstein, in a bright yellow dress, the familiar seven-strand row of pearls, drop earrings, and heavy bracelets, proudly showed me a book written by one of her grandsons, Barry Titus.

She handled the book, called "Masks," with loving care and told me: "I have three grandsons—I wish it was 30."

Helena Rubinstein's two

sons are Horace and Roy Titus.

"I love to be in London," she said, "I would like to spend more time here than I can."

The sun filtered through the bamboo blinds as she reminisced.

"I came from Australia to London after I had started my business there. I remember I went every evening to a show. I lived here a few years, was married here and brought the boys up here."

Now she can spend only a short while every year in London, and she preferred to have her own flat as it is easier for entertaining than in a hotel.

Helena Rubinstein has always been interested in art and encouraging young artists. Besides a Salvador Dali portrait and a Picasso, in the flat are paintings by French abstract artists whom she has encouraged.

Also in this room are white marble heads by the Polish sculptor Nadelman, whom she discovered.

The story goes that she took him to America, and when no

one bought anything she bought his whole show, and he subsequently became famous.

Also in the flat are Chagalls, a Vuillard, and some Rouault sketches.

At either end of the room are original Adam fireplaces, with early-American white birds on one mantelpiece and Chinese sweet-boxes in the shape of fruits on the other.

Crayon murals

Madame Rubinstein likes to combine art and commerce. Her makeup will be inspired by works of art, and she adds to her art collection as she travels the world on business.

She even commissioned an artist to paint the bathroom walls. Frederic Pallavicini flew over from America, and for six weeks he painted whirls and squiggles, inspired by the Brighton Pavilion, with an oil base and children's crayons in one bathroom, and brilliantly colored birds in another.

The effect is highly individual.

The kitchen is covered in English pine panelling. The cupboards and drawers are flush, with no protruding handles. A refrigerator, gas stove, and broiler occupy one wall, and there is a central working table.

The bedrooms lead on to a terrace, with a wide view over London. This paved roof-garden has a huge orange- and white-striped awning, clipped evergreens in tubs, and chandeliers flanking the door.

Those notes

But what strikes visitors most is the downstairs cloakroom, with walls completely lined with blackboard slate.

Here is Madame's weekly timetable, her shopping list, stock exchange dealings, air flights — and any message guests care to write.

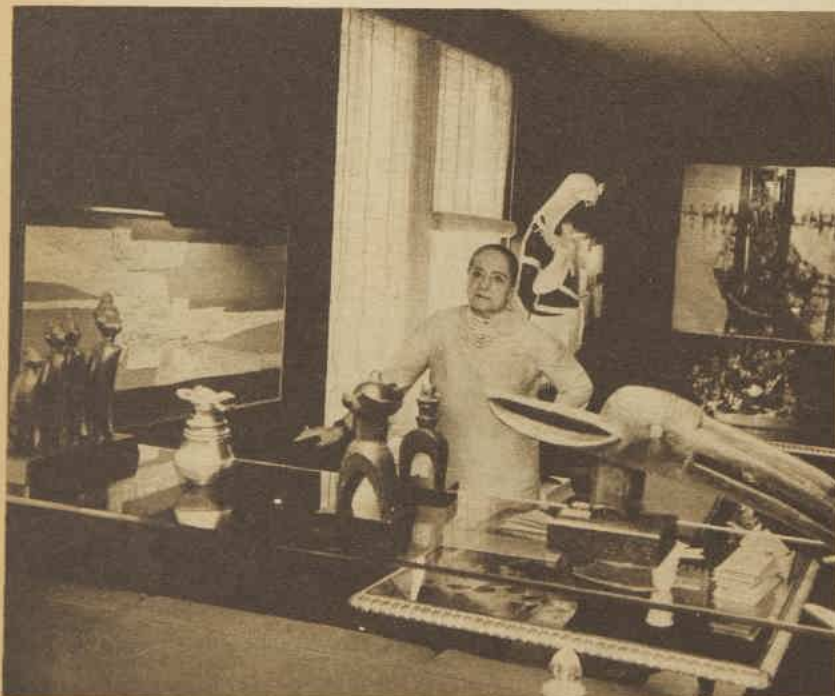
When I saw it, there was a note to "call Armstrong-Jones," while another cryptic note said, "This basin needs soap."

As one would expect of a cosmetician, Madame Rubinstein advocates the use of beauty preparations by all women.

On Englishwomen's complexions she commented: "The English know how to look after their skins. They never allow themselves to get weather-beaten and over-tanned. Doctors are very much against it, you know, and it takes years to get rid of too much tanning."

CHALKED MEMOS in her impressive Gothic script cover blackboards lining the walls of the downstairs cloakroom. "Call Armstrong-Jones" was not explained.

WITH DAVID HICKS, Madame Rubinstein discusses the decor of her London flat. Mr. Hicks, British interior decorator, married Lady Pamela Mountbatten.



AFRICAN VOODOO figures stand on glass shelves in the main reception-room, which is 40ft. long. On the purple walls are some of the abstract paintings which she loves to collect. The split-bamboo blinds are painted white, and throw a pleasant light.



MADAME

Helena Rubinstein, amidst her treasures, looks out over London

THE PENTHOUSE TERRACE gives an enormous view—St. Paul's Cathedral can be seen dimly at far left in this picture. Striped awnings and clipped trees lend color and grace to the paved terrace.



ORNATE BEDHEAD is the dominating feature in Madame Rubinstein's bedroom (below). An old chest stands austere at the foot.



SYMBOLICALLY, surrealist artist Salvador Dali has painted her portrait as if it were carved out of massive rock. Below it, Madame Rubinstein sits poised and controlled on an American Victorian sofa in the huge reception-room. She is nearly 80.

THE NIGHT OF THE OSCARs



● Peter Ustinov and Shirley Jones with their awards as the year's best supporting actor and actress.

The winning role Liz hated . . .

As the callgirl in
"Butterfield 8."



It was Hollywood's mink - and - diamonds evening, with everybody who is, or hopes to be, anybody in the film business there in the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium to see the awards presented.

Even with stars and starlets as thick as in the sky, it was Elizabeth who stole the show.

Her carefully delayed arrival turned into near panic as the car got caught in the usual Hollywood traffic jam, and the waiting fans were restless and rowdy as they clustered round the entrance to the auditorium. But they nearly went wild with delight when she finally stepped from the car.

Tousle-haired and suntanned, wearing a Dior dress of lime-green chiffon and white faille and hung with diamonds and pearls, she still looked heavy-eyed and frail after her illness.

Husband Eddie Fisher took her hand and carefully guided

her up the red carpet, her doctor and agent following.

Through nearly two hours of awards she sat limply holding Eddie's hand.

Finally, with tension holding the jam-packed auditorium, Yul Brynner read the five nominations for the Best Actress of the Year award:

Greer Garson for "Sunrise At Campobello," Deborah Kerr for "The Sundowners," Shirley MacLaine for "The Apartment," Melina Mercouri for "Never On Sunday," and Elizabeth for "Butterfield 8" — the role she had fought against playing, that of a high-priced callgirl.

Then Brynner tore open the sealed white envelope and read out her name.

She flung her hands over her face in disbelief, then turned to kiss Eddie.

He helped her from the seat as the audience clapped and yelled with delight, and led her up to the stage. She turned

to kiss him quickly again before walking slowly over to receive her Oscar from Brynner.

In a low, wavering voice she managed: "I don't know how to express my gratitude for this and for everything."

"I can only say thank you. Thank you with all my heart."

She walked off-stage with Brynner and sat in the wings for 15 minutes gasping: "I didn't know I'd won it," and hanging on tightly to Eddie's hand until she felt strong enough to face the waiting photographers.

The other winners waited patiently — Burt Lancaster, who won the top male award for his starring role in "Elmer Gantry," producer Billy Wilder, whose film "The Apartment" was voted best of the year, Shirley Jones, who collected the Best Supporting Actress award for her role in "Elmer Gantry," and Peter Ustinov, who won the Best

Supporting Actor award for his part in "Spartacus."

Suddenly Liz was at the door of the pressroom and the limelight swivelled to her again as she posed for the photographers.

"Oh, it's too heavy," she said, and let the Oscar slip into Burt Lancaster's hand.

He put his arm round her and held her until she wanted to get off the platform.

Ten minutes later the Fishers called for their car and did a fast fade into the night.

So the fans drifted off, too-happy to have seen her.

But an hour later Liz and Eddie, along with her doctor, press-agent, parents, and Mike Todd, jun., showed up at the Board of Governors' Ball at the Bel-Hilton Hotel to celebrate with all the other celebrities in town.

● Stan Laurel's award, page 28



● Husband Eddie and Liz. Scar from her windpipe operation is clearly visible.

● Elizabeth Taylor, winner of the Best Actress of the Year award, gave the performance of her life the night she collected her golden Oscar.

Toni Gardiner...

A new Cinderella from British pub to Arab palace



From
DIANA GIBSON,
of our London staff

● **Toni Gardiner, the 20-year-old daughter of an obscure Army colonel — she was a £5-a-week telephone operator last year — is likely to be staying with the Queen of England at Buckingham Palace next year — a Queen herself.**

FOR her fiance, King Hussein of Jordan, has not yet paid a State visit to Britain, although he was educated here and has visited many times.

Though he's unlikely to pay a State visit this year, an official at Buckingham Palace said: "Such a visit is quite possible in the future."

This completely improbable dream must be the perfect ending to every Cinderella story.

For in announcing his engagement to Toni, 26-year-old King Hussein stressed that this sweet-looking English girl came from a most ordinary family and had yet become the girl of his dreams.

Toni was born in a small whitewashed house of three bedrooms upstairs and three

rooms downstairs in the tiny village called Chelmondiston.

Her father was a sergeant in the Army and Toni was a war-baby whose mother was living at Chelmondiston with her aunt, Mrs. Kitty Goodchild.

An amiable, ordinary woman with a pronounced middle-class accent, Mrs. Goodchild called Toni "a very lovable, typically English girl with an easy disposition that makes everybody like her."

Already she has won the most important ally — her future mother-in-law, Queen Zaine.

She said to her son, Hussein, when he brought Toni to the palace, "This is indeed a girl in a million."

The only part of her life which differed from that of

thousands of English girls of her own age was that her father, commissioned in the field in Italy and demobbed in 1950, returned to the Army and the family travelled to Malaya.

Otherwise, Toni, born near Ipswich, went to a convent school near Canterbury until she was 12.

Here they remember a fair-haired, bright little girl, who loved dancing and had a gay and carefree nature which endeared her to those who taught her, though she was not a spectacular student.

At that time her father was running The Red Lion pub at Bridge, near Canterbury, and villagers remember her dancing into the four-ale bar after her ballet lessons.

When her parents returned from Malaya, Colonel Gardiner was stationed in Gloucestershire, where Toni learnt to type. She then took a job as a clerk with an engineering firm in Stratford on Avon, but figures were not her strong point and she was transferred to the switchboard.

Here she met toolmaker Syd Otley, who took her for drives in the country, or sometimes to the pictures.

He said: "There was never anything serious between us. She was a very quiet, sweet girl."

Sixteen months ago Toni's father was posted to Jordan.

Toni fell in love with the country immediately.

She has been living out in the wilds with a Bedouin tribe picking up local dialects.

She has been reading English news bulletins over the Amman radio, and one time worked at her old job as telephone operator.

But she took one afternoon off a week to watch go-kart racing—so did the King—and that's how it all began.

Now Toni—or Antoinette Avhil, as her name was given in the royal announcement—has been received into the Moslem faith.

So, unarmed except for



AT WINDSOR CASTLE, King Hussein and his former wife, Queen Dina (right), with the Queen, Prince Philip, Princess Anne, and Prince Charles during a visit to England. King Hussein succeeded to the Jordan Throne in 1952 on the deposition of his father, King Talal. His kingdom covers 30,000 square miles.

sweetness, gentleness, and the love of a king, the little switchboard operator from Stratford on Avon moves into the thrilling life of family intrigue and political threats that surrounds the Hashemite kingdom.

And clearly sweetness and gentleness are the two qualities most needed to give happiness and comfort to a man whose life will be in daily danger until it ends.

When English poet Francis Thompson wrote a wonderful poem called "Arab Lovesong," he could little have known how his words would apply to a countryman of his not yet born.

"Dainty dish"

From this comes the quote: "And thou — what needest with thy tribe's black tents, who has the red pavilion of my heart?"

Some years ago, when King Hussein visited Sandhurst, a young lady fell off a jeep in front of him with a great flourish of petticoats.

The King endeared himself greatly to Army officers with him by saying, with a delighted smile: "Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?"

And I feel today all of us in England can truthfully say his words were a prophecy.



ARAB KINGS. Young King Hussein (sitting, left) and Saudi Arabia's King Saud (right) during his visit to Saudi Arabia.



KINGS AT PRAYER. King Hussein (foreground) and King Mohammed of Morocco kneel to pray in a Jerusalem mosque last year. Hussein wears a revolver as a precaution against assassination, for there have been plots on his life. This is the world into which Toni will move, and she has become a Moslem since they met. Hussein, though a sound in political judgment, is described as a "Westernised young man, fond of fast cars and flying jet planes, and a man with an eye for the girls." His former wife was Egyptian-born Queen Dina, who was seven years his senior. They were divorced. Their child, Princess Alia, is now five.

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OIL — riches or heartbreak?



Queenslanders are watching the drama of Tara unfold

● Cloak-and-dagger secrecy is as noticeable as the smell of oil and the shimmering of flames at Australia's newest oilfield, Cabawin No. 1, near Tara in Southern Queensland.

AFTER walking around the rigging and examining the fires (burning gas at one end of a pipe and burning oil at the other), I went a few miles away and had morning tea with the woman who is the VIP of the oil discovery.

In this case VIP means Vivially Interested Person.

She is gentle, attractive Mrs. Gordon Henry, of "Hopetoun" station, Cabawin.

The oil happens to be bubbling up through her wheat field, from a depth of 12,035 feet.

"They placed their first drill right in the middle of my best wheat field," she told me. "Then they moved to their present site, which isn't shown in wheat yet, but I had it earmarked for that purpose. I have leased them three acres.

"When I agreed to the lease I bought 1200 shares in their company. Of course, they pay me rental. The amount of the rent is my only secret. It's a fair agreement.

"It's exciting"

"I wish them luck. Really I'm a home-loving, cooking, and gardening type, who doesn't bother much about business matters, but I won't deny it's exciting.

"This homestead property, 'Hopetoun,' is my husband's. The oil is on 'Urania,' a 2500-

acre property which I bought the grazing rights to three years ago.

"It adjoins this, and has sheep, cattle, and wheat. My husband's family and mine came to this district in 1910."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry have four daughters, Pearl, Lorna, Dawn, and Fay.

Their garden is bright with flowers and oranges.

Another interested onlooker is an 83-year-old pioneer, Mrs. Frederick Herbert Love, of "The Gums," who owns a substantial station with her son Bert.

The water which is essential to the drilling operations is pumped seven miles from Mrs.

At that time she and her late husband were camping in an old shack on their property. Now the tiny township near the oilfield has a school and a store, and the ex-postmistress is a vivacious landed lady with many exciting memories.

Tara, population 1000, is 210 miles and four hours' fast driving from Brisbane, going south-west.

Cabawin No. 1 oilfield is 25 miles from Tara on a good dirt road, which has lately become a speed track for television crews, business tycoons, geologists, geophysicists, analysts, sightseers, journalists, photographers — a never-ending list.

Also the road is travelled every day by members of the oil crew, who live in Tara's only hotel and commute to work.

The drill foreman, Ed McLeod, of California, sleeps in a caravan beside the rig.

The crew car has had a few night clashes with kangaroos dazzled by the headlights.

"We have so many visitors that the graveyard shift — midnight to breakfast — is the only peaceful one," the crew told me.

Many Australians must associate the word "oil" with heartbreak — loss of a lifetime's savings, loss of a breadwinner, and loss of a dream.

But no one in Tara is "counting his chickens." Most residents have bought a few shares; beyond that they refuse to become excited.

● After oil was struck on the property near Tara, guards and a "no entry" sign were placed at this cattle-grid. A local wit added to the sign.



● Gordon Henry, of "Hopetoun" station, whose wife holds the grazing rights to the oil-bearing property.



● Mrs. Gordon Henry in her garden at "Hopetoun." She leased 3½ acres of the adjoining property to the oil-seekers.

As they explain, oil traces have been found before in several parts of Australia and the Territories — but always money ran out, or hope was proved unjustified. A scheme would be abandoned, a disillusioned exploration company would go broke, families would cut their losses and start again.

Up in smoke

As for an oil company being able to sink a hole in your wheatfield, landholders are reminded that petroleum is reserved for the Crown, and not for the freeholder or leaseholder.

You would be compensated for losses sustained, but you don't own the oil that may lie two miles beneath your wheat or carnations.

I asked questions about the secrecy.

"You can take pictures, but you mustn't show the gauge readings, and you can't see the oil specimens," the drill foreman for Union Oil, Mr. McLeod, said.

"We are going to test for a month. You can see the oil burning off over there, and the gas burning."

This was true. A pipe led out from the rig over a little pond to a "separator."

From this point the gas went out to the right, hissing and roaring from the end of the pipe. A flame nearly a chain long danced and vibrated in the air, like a million fireflies holding a gossip session.

The other pipe led away left from the separator, and had a smaller, thicker flame dancing at the end of it feeding on the controlled oil flow. Blobs of flame kept dropping down and running into a

burning-off pit lined with old tins and scrap-iron.

It looked like a suburban rubbish tip set afire. Black smoke clouds blew off the dump.

"Is it the dinkum oil?" I asked the tall Texans and Canadians working nearby.

"Ma'am, that answer has to come from higher up," they replied, and I felt they were folding their cloaks about them, so we talked of lighter things.

This oilfield has so far brought romance to one Tara girl, Gloria Battle, who recently married derrickman Wally Grubi, from Perth.

The mascot of the oilfield is a tame "wild" pig named Cabawin Charley. He actually answers to that name, and comes running for his bottle of milk, which he picks up with his snout.

FOUR NOTABLE CANBERRA



SECOND-PRIZE GARDEN ↓

↑ **TOP "YOUNG" GARDEN**

PINK bedding begonias, which will flourish and give color under trees, are used extensively in the second prize winning garden of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. MacFarlane, of Barrallier Street, Griffith.

In this picture the begonias, part of a long border with heuchera, marigolds, and ageratum, are growing beneath a small crab-apple tree loaded with fruit.

The crab-apple tree is too small to deprive the begonias of much sun. But in other parts of the garden, where the trees are fully grown and the begonias are in almost permanent shade, they flourish equally well.

The MacFarlanes' garden of about $\frac{1}{4}$ acre is less than ten years old. Like most Canberra gardens, it is the part-time-only work of husband and wife.

Mr. MacFarlane feeds his plants with compost and a five-in-one mixed fertiliser applied about four times a year. He uses also a soluble artificial fertiliser as liquid manure to help the plants as they begin to flower.

In Canberra's hot, dry summer, a deep mulch of grass cuttings around annuals and not too much cultivation are the best ways of retaining moisture, the MacFarlanes say.

Pictures by
Terry O'Neill,
Queanbeyan, A.C.T.

THE garden of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Schmedje, Hopetoun Circuit, Deakin, won first prize for the garden under three years old.

The Schmedjes have done every bit of work from the time the 80ft.-frontage corner block was covered with builder's rubble $2\frac{1}{2}$ years ago to today's perfection of velvety lawns, neat paths, and flowery profusion.

Blue morning glories flank the front door. In the foreground are red and yellow celosia behind a streetbed of alyssum, phlox, and marigolds.

Across the lawn, behind the two young silver birches, a big flower-bed against the house is a blaze of color with mauve Easter daisies, zinnias, petunias, grey ghost bush, and big, graceful pink-and-white cleomes.

The vivid green lawn is as soft as the richest carpet underfoot.

Mr. Schmedje says the secret of establishing a new lawn lies in leaving the clippings on it for the first couple of years.

First he buried all the builder's rubble—tin cans and all—on the site of the lawn. Then he dug the area, and had it covered to a depth of about two inches with river loam.

He planted seeds of a special lawn mixture he considers ideal for inland areas with cold winters and hot summers.

All weeds were removed by hand. Mr. Schmedje, himself a chemist, considers chemical weedicides too strong for a new lawn.

Regular cuttings, with a hand-mower, plenty of water, and no sweeping or raking, thereby letting the cuttings form a mulch to protect the young grass, contributed to his success.

Monthly he gives the lawn a light application of sulphate of ammonia (a handful to a watering-can). He top-dresses it annually with blood and bone mixed with light, sandy soil.

Now that the lawn is more than two years old and has a heavy summer growth requiring two cuttings a week, Mr. Schmedje takes off the grass clippings to use as compost elsewhere.

But in winter he will again leave the clippings on the lawn as a protection against frost.



GARDENS

● *Some winners in the Capital's 1961 Garden Competition—showplaces in a show district.*



↑ **TOP GARDEN**



A MINIATURE pool, set in a sunken rock garden, is the foreground feature in this view of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Brett's first prize winner at Tasmania Circle, Forrest.

Beside the tiny pool, a mauve perennial cornflower, towering over the low, green rockplants, gives graceful height to the sunken garden.

In the background a long flower-bed, with an ordered profusion of summer flowers, blooming simultaneously in a carefully graded pattern, gives the brilliance which helped win the prize.

The bed includes alyssum in the foreground, phlox, a new type of yellow marigold with ruffled, chrysanthemum-type flowers, red dwarf celosia, deep yellow African marigolds, blue petunias, and pink verbena.

The Brett's garden of about $\frac{1}{4}$ acre is 10 years old. All the work in it, including the building of paths, pools, and beds, has been done by Mr. Brett, with Mrs. Brett helping with watering and weeding.

Mr. Brett grows all his own seedlings. For this display he planted the seeds in boxes in November, and transplanted 4000 seedlings to the garden in December.

He does not use much fertiliser. He uses compost to enrich beds before planting, and blood and bone and superphosphate to help growth. Animal manure he regards as too filled with weed seeds to be useful.

Mr. Brett is also a specialist in rose-breeding.

← **HONORABLE MENTION**

SPECTACULAR results achieved in one season are shown in this bed and porch flower-box (left) in Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Taaffe's garden at Captain Cook Crescent, Griffith.

This part of their garden is only six months old. It won an honorable mention in the competition.

The flower-box is a blaze of salvia, marigolds, and verbena. The garden in front of it is bright with zinnias, roses, ageratum, and geraniums.

Mrs. Taaffe says that good drainage and soil are the secrets of successful flower-boxes. Her flower-box, 18in. deep and 15in. wide, has a deep layer of rubble at the bottom, is filled with a mixture of sandy loam and cow manure.

"I only wish I'd
put my other babies
on HEINZ sooner
—she's so good!"



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FATHER



MOTHER



"It's half-past eight. SHOO!"

It seems to me

TO the relief of people who enjoy Commem. Day — and I'm among them—it passed off this year without outraging any large section of Sydney's citizens.

I am always sorry when a few of the students do something to cause offence. It would be such a pity if the morning's procession and frivolities were banned from the streets.

The organisers must have a formidable job in keeping the pranks within bounds.

Students are only people, and some people have a natural talent for fun and others don't. It is the others, wishing to emulate the witty few, who from time to time devise the gags that misfire or go too far.

A BRITISH newspaper has analysed the results of Divorce Court decisions and come to a few interesting conclusions.

It appears that a wife may not throw boots at her husband, but a husband may throw a boiled egg at his wife.

Among the things a husband may do is "Be a bore, as long as he is a natural-born one."

Who are bores? Always someone else. It's like the fact that nobody admits to lacking a sense of humor, although everybody knows someone else who is humorless.

Everyone is a bore sometimes, but some people bore more people more of the time than others. One can usually tell when one is boring by that glittery, restless look in the eyes of the captive listener.

There are two ways to avoid being a bore. One is to say absolutely nothing. This is hard. In fact, it places an intolerable strain on the normal chatterer, as I know from trying five-minute stretches of silence.

The other solution is to ask inoffensive personal questions. This will usually make the restless eye focus attentively.

THE sign "fully imported" over a display of ties in a city store shows that shoppers still have that old-fashioned snobbish attitude towards goods manufactured in their own country.

The "fully" presumably means that these ties arrived made up. They were not cut out and stitched by local hands.

Doubtless one young man meets another and says, "That's a sharp tie you're wearing, Bill."

"Aw," replies the other, shuffling with embarrassment, "it's only partly imported."

Some countries are famous for making particular goods. They have a long tradition which makes their name respected throughout the world.

But I would have thought that the general term "imported" would by now have lost some of the magic that originated in colonial days.



Dorothy Drann

THE other night I launched into telling someone the story of a television play.

Half-way through I realised I was committing a social sin, but, since it was too late to stop, I went on and finished.

Mercifully the story was a neat single plot, and it was easy to tell it concisely. That isn't to say that the listeners may not have been bored, but at least they weren't bored for long.

In pre-television days those who told film stories were shunned. Nothing deadened a

gathering more than a monologue beginning: "There was this prince and a servant girl, only she wasn't a servant girl, really, but her father..."

Nobody is tempted to tell the old full-length movies seen on TV because the listeners can quickly say, "Yes, I saw it in 1951."

IN Britain the Coal Board is trying to encourage housewives to buy more coal by coloring it silver, purple, red, and green.

There's no harm in colored coal. It might brighten up the grate. But this is evidently an attempt to solve the problem of a lessening demand for coal.

For many a long year the coalmines have been a centre of industrial unrest. Lessening demand means more men out of work, can spell a return to misery of depression days.

It should not be beyond the scope of a modern State to foresee and organise an industry so that, as its products become surplus, its workers can be transferred.

Colored coal, indeed!

JACKIE KENNEDY'S influence on fashions is so marked in America that some Republicans think that their wives should ignore the styles set by the Democrat President's wife.

She's a dutiful wife and she tries To agree on a great many things, Which, no sensible woman denies, Is wisest, though sometimes she clings To an earnest opinion from youth That she formed in the days long ago. Some belief in self-evident truth Which she's loath to relinquish—and so, As I said, she's a dutiful wife, And she knows what is wrong and what's right,

Including to steer clear of strife, To admit, when it suits, black is white. But women are women, not freaks, There are certain things stick in their throats, And this one—Republican—squeaks, "Must I dress as my husband votes?"

'You can't beat these
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THEY'RE MORE COMFORTABLE,
WEAR LONGER, TOO



No wonder wool Zealons are so popular,
they combine wool for comfort — Zealon for wear.
They've proved to outwear and out-value all others.
There's a short or long Wool Zealon style
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Mighty Zealons: For men who prefer
long sox that are really long wearing. Full
15" leg. Wonderful value at 10/6

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bright flecks in the Donegal pattern. Full
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Wool Zealons: New designs, latest
patterns in comfortable Wool Zealons.
Half Hose 12/6. Short length 10/6

Crew Sox: Modern crew styling in
comfortable, long wearing Wool Zealon.
Bright stripe top. Short length 10/6

Hatless Rome doffed its glasses to Queen

● Italians, always so polite, were very anxious to observe protocol during Queen Elizabeth's visit to Rome — the first official visit to Italy by a British sovereign for 38 years.

CHECK COLDS and 'FLU
WITHIN 48 HOURS
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BIOCITRIN Tablets can help you and your family in two ways. By increasing resistance to colds; by relieving colds and 'flu within 48 hours when you've let them get a start. BIOCITRIN Tablets contain *all* the active bioflavonoids of fresh citrus fruits plus boosted Vitamin C. Get BIOCITRIN Tablets or Syrup from your chemist to-day and guard your family against winter colds and 'flu.



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ONE of the finer points people discussed among themselves was whether the menfolk should doff their dark glasses as a matter of respect when meeting the Queen and Prince Philip.

Since few wear hats, this came to be considered a courteous way of showing deference.

The ancient unpolished marble walls of Rome were plastered with 10ft.-high exhortations which read like edicts from ancient senators.

"Friends and Romans!" notices said. "Receive and acclaim in friendship the august Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip."

No reminders were needed. The Italians, from beggar-boys upwards, were entranced with the Queen's regal beauty. Never had she been greeted abroad with such fulsome praise.

"Bella"—"beautiful, lovely"—was the word used all the time.

"*Liubeta e bella!*" people called in ecstatic approval as the Royal couple landed at Naples, the Queen wearing coral-pink.

"Bella, bella!" said singing voices amid the torrent of excited Italians as the Royal couple drove through the streets.

Neapolitan fishermen and their wives and children in bare feet chased the Rolls-Royce which met her, mobbing it and calling out frankly in their dialect, "How beautiful you are!"

The Queen stopped to greet some British families, and in a motherly way admonished one baby who was sucking his thumb. This set the Neapolitans off on another round of affectionate applause.

"Una bellissima mamma!" they said. "A beautiful mother!"

It started all over again when the Royal couple arrived in Rome in the Presidential train.

Here the streets were thronged with holiday-makers and visitors—monks in brown and white robes, their tonsures shining in the bright sun, smart women with dogs muzzled because of rabies, American tourists interrupting their shopping expeditions to join the crowds breaking the police cordons.

The Queen waved gaily as she drove through the historic,



● The Queen and Prince Philip with President Gronchi at the State reception at the Quirinal Palace in Rome. The Queen was wearing the green sash of the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit of Italy, with which the President had invested her.

ancient streets with President Gronchi, behind a motor-cycle bodyguard in brass breastplates and plumed helmets.

This ceremonial journey ended at the wonderful Quirinal Palace, itself the very centre of history, for it was once the seat of the Popes, then of the Kings, and now is used by the Republican President for his official guests.

The Royal couple thus took up residence in the largest palace they have ever been in. Although the Queen has lived in palaces most of her life, she

quiet in the former ballroom of the Quirinal, the Queen had to walk through 23 enormous salons spilling over with 3000 guests.

Outsize chandeliers with myriad lights caught the delicate beading of her silver-and-white-trained evening dress so that it shimmered like fire.

Both dress and train were banded with a wide hem of gold, and fire flashed, too, from her diamond-and-emerald tiara, necklace, and bracelet.

Trains just touching the floor were worn by many women at the banquet and reception. Among the smartest guests at the reception was Mrs. Malcolm Carswell, who was Mrs. Valerie Fairfax, of Sydney.

She wore white satin all-over-embroidered in black jet with a side train of sunray pleating. Pinned in her sable stole was a large sapphire-and-diamond brooch, matching her necklace.

She and her husband entertained some of their Italian friends after the reception, and visited the Trevi Fountain end of the Quirinal Palace, where a full moon lit the sparkling waters.

Many guests from the reception drove around Rome looking at the floodlit ancient buildings. The Colosseum was bathed in a pale amber light and puffs of smoke rose from within, giving it an ethereal look.

Though champagne flowed at the reception and there were bars in every salon at the Quirinal, even the most sophisticated Italians, whether princesses, marquesas, or just

plain signoras, preferred to move around with a cone of plate of ice-cream rather than have a glass of champagne in their hands.

Australia's Ambassador to Rome, Mr. McClure-Smith, solved dressing problem by having changing-rooms near the palace. He and his wife never had as much as an hour to change to full evening dress between functions.

Throughout Italy everyone was lyrical about the Queen's visit.

A Rome headline announced: "Queen Elizabeth is eternally feminine, with regal charm."

Her English beauty inspired a leading poet, though a staunch Republican, to write of her "great nobility and truly regal manner." He credited her with all the virtues of a woman and all the beauty of a monarch.

A journalist wrote: "Queen Elizabeth is taller and slimmer than one would think."

"She has most beautiful blue eyes, and an elegance that is almost impeccable. Her smile is natural, and we like it because it is without the affectation of a film star's."

Another woman journalist appraised her as being "halfway between Grace Kelly and Queen Juliana."

The writer went on to say: "The Queen has none of the roundness of her early pictures, in which she was too plump. Now she is slim and lovely."

The Queen's clothes delighted Italians, and everything she wore was scanned closely.

From
ANNE MATHESON,
in Rome

had never slept in one as large as the Quirinal, with its 3000 rooms.

Italian journalists counted 45 pieces in Elizabeth's luggage, and fashion writers estimated that she had 45 dresses, 30 pairs of shoes, and ten hat-boxes.

Fashion-conscious Rome decreed that all dressing must be formal during the visit. Short evening dresses for women were "out," and members of the Chef de Protocol's department were posted at the entrances to the Quirinal and Opera House to scan each skirt.

This made a difficult problem for some prominent women who had ordered short dresses, and leading fashion-houses were kept busy lending long dresses to clients.

After a superb State ban-

A MOTHER'S DAY CAKE IS MADE WITH LOVE... and, naturally with BUTTER

How proud she is that she helped make this beautiful Mother's Day cake! And she has already learnt the most important secret of all: *good cooking begins with butter*. Butter cooking is thrifty cooking, because butter brings out delicate flavours, butter gives finer, moister textures, butter keeps your cakes from going dry, and only butter makes your cooking taste home-made.

Whether you're planning a surprise for Mother's Day, or

just looking for a fabulously easy new cake to make all the year round, this Rise-&-Shine Buttercake recipe is specially for you. It comes to you as a little Mother's Day gift from the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

RISE-AND-SHINE BUTTER CAKE

4 ozs. soft butter, 7 ozs. (1 level cup) sugar, 1 teaspoon each lemon juice and vanilla, 1 cup milk, 8 ozs. (2 level cups) S.R. Flour, 2 large eggs. In a mixing bowl, or large bowl of electric mixer, combine the butter, sugar, lemon juice and vanilla. Stir just till mixed. Add the milk and about 3 ozs. of the sifted flour. Beat 2 minutes, using wooden spoon or electric mixer. Add the remaining flour and the eggs, and beat 2 minutes longer. Bake in deep 7" and 6" cake tins for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Fill as desired and cover with swirls of Angel Frosting. Decorate with white Mother's Day flowers cut from marshmallows. Refrigerate to set icing quickly.

For a big party-size cake (like the one in the picture) use 8" and 7" tins and the following increased quantities: 6 ozs. butter, 10½ ozs. (1½ cups) sugar, 1 teaspoon each lemon juice and vanilla, 1 cup milk, 12 ozs. (3 level cups) S.R. flour, 3 large eggs.

ANGEL FROSTING In a small bowl combine 2 tablespoons soft butter, 3 ozs. (use measuring cup) sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon any essence or fruit juice, 1 cup sifted icing sugar. Beat at high speed with rotary beater or electric mixer for about 2 minutes — or till mixture fluffs up like whipped cream.



HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK TOMORROW



depends on how well you clean your face TONIGHT

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and that will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your face tonight.

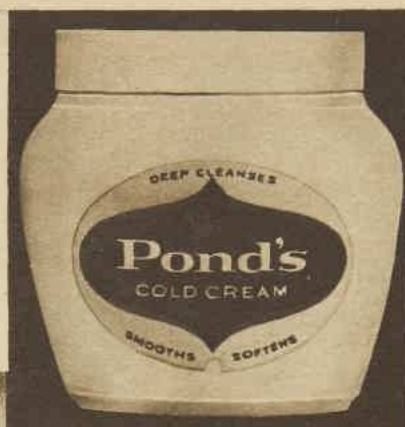
Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine modern make-up. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly.

Tonight, cream-cleanser your old make-up away with Pond's — the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down.

Pond's cream cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Tubes 2/11, Jars 5/3, 8/11.

Hat by Mr. Individual, Melbourne; Complexion by Pond's.



POND'S COLD CREAM
Cleanses, cools your skin — relaxes you.

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's. C475

SOCIAL

ONE of the most attractive parties of the week will be the dance Mr. and Mrs. John Bovill are giving on May 12—to entertain a hundred young friends of their son Brendon and daughter Sancha.

The dining-room of their home in Bellevue Hill will become a little ballroom for the occasion, with the carpet taken up, the floor sanded, and hibiscus and trails of ivy decor.

Sancha is wearing a honey of a frock.

It has an off-white satin bell-shaped skirt and a pale blue velvet bodice with tiny sleeves.

ANOTHER dance lots of young people are looking forward to tremendously is on May 20, when Mr. and Mrs. Walter Firth, of "Vale Beder," Yass, and Dr. and Mrs. David Graham, of Yass, will join forces in giving a woolshed dance at "Vale Beder" for their sons Bob Firth and David Graham. The woolshed will be appropriately massed with gumleaves, and dressing will be informal, so young dancers will really be able to "go to town," stepping it out on the wonderfully fast floor — always an exciting feature of woolshed functions.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Peter Turk's consolation prize for not going abroad with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Turk, of Mosman, is the realisation of a life-long ambition—the ownership of his first bicycle! It was awaiting his arrival at the weekend at "Calga," Coonamble, where he will have a home from home staying with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koster, who are close friends of his parents. Dr and Mrs. Turk and their elder children, Bronwin and Ricky, will fly off on the first stage of their tour overseas on May 16.

ON a flying visit to England, Mrs. Robert Gorge, of Gordon, will be matron-of-honor at the wedding of her sister Jill Grenville Smith to Garry Richardson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Richardson, of "Park Close," Englefield Green, Surrey, on June 3. The ceremony will be at the parish church, Virginia Water, Surrey. Afterwards, the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grenville Smith, of Melbourne, who are at present living in England, will entertain 250 guests—including lots of Australian friends—at their lovely home, "New Pipers," Virginia Water.

LORD AND LADY DE L'ISLE'S stately ancestral home, "Penshurst Place," in Kent, has been visited twice by Miss Beulah Bolton, secretary of the Victoria League. "But only as a tourist," she hastily assures, "on days when it was open to the public for inspection." On each occasion she was enthralled with the wonderful collection of Sidney family portraits — and intrigued to see the massive hearth dogs still guarding the spot where the fireplace had been in the middle of the Great Hall of the castle in ancient days.

Lord De L'Isle will fly from Perth to Canberra on his arrival in Western Australia on July 29 with Lady De L'Isle to take up his appointment as Governor-General.

GOING down to Melbourne for the wedding of Victoria's "pin-up" topline amateur golfer Tom Crow to Cally Guest, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Guest, at Littlejohn Memorial Chapel, Scotch College, on May 19, is a "must" for Paddy Donkin. Besides being a close friend of the young couple, Paddy's fiancée, Jan Barker, will be one of Cally's bridesmaids. Paddy and Jan, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Barker, of Melbourne, met only three months ago as spectators at an exhibition match being played by Tom. At Easter, Paddy, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Donkin, of "Glengarry," Bowral, presented Jan with a diamond engagement ring set with emerald shoulders, and they've set their wedding date for September 4.



U.S. ARMY ATTACHE Colonel Harry L. Murray and his wife at the Coral Sea Ball. They came from Canberra for Coral Sea Week celebrations, which were attended by the Commanding General, U.S. Continental Army Command, General Herbert B. Powell, and Mrs. Powell.

ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

PETITE flowergirl Corina Hill, aged two, was consoled by Ross McGilray and his lovely bride, formerly Caroline Hill, of "Terlings," Moree, when Corina objected to flashlight pictures being taken of the bridal party leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Also pictured, from left, are Corina's father, Sinclair Hill (who was a groomsman), Gary Furlong, David Lesnie, Paul Isherwood, Josephine Hill, Annabel Stirton, and pageboy Noel Hill. The groom's sister, Carolyn McGilray, of Vacluse, and Morna Burch were also bridesmaids at the ceremony.



BELOW. Smiles from John Douglas, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Douglas, of "Mersein," Moulamein, and his bride, formerly Colleen Ireson, of "Wongalea," Hay, leaving Toorak Presbyterian Church after their recent marriage in Melbourne.



JUST WED. Malcolm Finlayson, of "Tyringabah," Tamworth, and his bride, formerly Diana Spencer (couple at left), leaving St. Laurence's Church, Barraba, for reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. L. Spencer, of "Ironbark," Barraba, at the Barraba Tennis Club.



AT QUIRINDI. Francis Linton-Simpkins, of Vacluse, and Connaught O'Hanlon (at right) were married at St. Brigid's Church. After the ceremony the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Kevin O'Hanlon, entertained at their home at Quirindi.



APRICOT chiffon frocks were worn by the bridesmaids who attended Jennifer Meares (gowned in white satin) at her marriage to Robin Schall, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Schall, of Purley, Surrey, England, at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Pictured, from left, are Michael Miall, Michael Park, Lieutenant John Shillingsford, R.N., Lieutenant John Webster, R.N., the bridal couple, and bridesmaids Julia McFarlane, Louise Le Roux, of Melbourne, Sue Stanton, and Ann Pennington. Jennifer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Meares, of "Bogabigal," Forbes, who entertained at the Royal Sydney Golf Club after the ceremony.



There ought to be a better word than delicious...

Seems everybody wants them first! No wonder. Just think of that special flavour, and that crispness which welcomes milk. Remember this, too: your Kellogg's Corn Flakes are now richer in vitamins than whole grain corn itself. Adds up to another big bowlful all 'round tomorrow morning—agree?

just for

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

"The best to you each morning"

Perry Mason here next month

RICH, ELIGIBLE,

AND LOVES PEOPLE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Raymond Burr, known all over Australia as urbane attorney Perry Mason of the popular "Perry Mason" show, arrives in Australia next month. He will be seen on TV, live, in a big special show.

BURR'S arrival on June 13 has been looked forward to eagerly by his fans for three years, ever since "Perry Mason" began on Sydney's Channel 9.

Women love his sad eyes with their promise of tenderness and compassion; men like the shrewd mind that shows in his grasp and handling of his "Perry Mason" role.

Both sexes identify Burr and Perry Mason as one and the same person. Burr, now getting the habit himself, was horrified recently to realise that he'd been signing autographs and fan photographs as Perry Mason.

Burr is not given to talking about himself and his life before he gained world-wide fame as Perry Mason. He is said to be charming, but reticent to interview.

Here is evidence, though, that gathered over the years will give you the clues you need about Burr.

The Man: Eligible. Ray Burr, or as he was baptised Raymond William Stacy Burr, eldest child of William Burr, a Canadian hardware dealer, and Minerva Smith Burr, daughter of an American Naval officer.

Burr was born in New Westminster, British Columbia, on May 21, 1917. He is not married at present.

Income: Large. From the "Perry Mason" series alone, said to be "round 75,000 dollars (about £A38,000) a year." Other sources bring his income more

than into the "no worries" class.

Size: Outsize. Six feet two and a half inches tall, weight 15 stone, shoulders enormous, neck 17 inches, chest (unexpanded) 48½ inches.

Burr is a compulsive eater, food (which he loves) is his enemy. He's been overweight since childhood, and his early life was unhappy because he was fat.

He attended a military school as a child. Although he was an accomplished horseman, he was not allowed to ride in parades. He was so misshapen with fat that he looked out of place in the lean line of riders.

He has developed iron self-control about eating. His present normal size is due to it.

When he got his discharge from the Navy after World War II, he weighed 24 stone 4lb. He gave the world away for six months, dieted rigidly, and lost 9 stone 4lb. During these six months, Burr never ate more than 750 calories of food each day. (1lb. lean steak equals 750 calories.)

(If you entertain him while he's here, don't offer him cottage cheese. His six-month diet regime was heavy with cottage cheese, which has few calories.)

Personality: Winning. Barbara Hale, famous as Perry's secretary Della Street, says: "Ray's a surprise. You would think he would be quite stern and serious-minded, but he's not. He has a crazy sense of humor. He has such warmth. He's just a lovely man."

Due to Burr, the "Perry

Mason" cast is said to be the happiest company in Hollywood.

Romantic life: Sad. Burr has been married three times, and each marriage has ended in grief. His first marriage in 1941 was to an English girl, Annette Sutherland. They had a son, Michael Evan Burr. Mrs. Burr was killed on the same plane as Leslie Howard when the Germans shot it down off Portugal in June, 1943. She was flying home to Burr in America. Michael was reared by his grandparents until the end of the war, when Burr took him home to America. He died of leukemia when he was 11.

Burr's second wife was an American girl, Isabella Ward, whom he married in 1947.

Burr's third marriage to Laura Andrina Morga was happy, but she died quickly and suddenly of cancer in 1955, just as they were about to leave on a delayed honeymoon.

Burr is unattached. He'd like to marry again.

"I can't think of starting a marriage now, not with my work," he said. "It wouldn't be fair to any woman. But eventually—yes."

"And I plan to have children. If I can't get married and have children of my own, I'll adopt some."

Hobbies: Mixed. Burr lives in his studio quarters during the week, retires to a charming bungalow on his farmlet at Malibu Beach at weekends.

Here he gardens, does carpentry, tends his menagerie (it includes a number of



● Art-lover Raymond ("Perry Mason") Burr greets art-gallery owner, Hilda Swarthe, at a showing. He is a partner in a Hollywood gallery and is said to have one of the best private art collections in Hollywood.

Sydney Silkies), raises fowls and ducks, entertains. (He likes to cook lavish meals for his friends.)

His recent garden developments were dwarf citrus trees and a new strain of begonias.

His favorite pastime is playing practical jokes on people, with Barbara Hale as his favorite target.

Barbara, as Della, is inclined to spread her personal belongings on the bar table in the set court-room, and sweep them into the drawer in front of her just before they go on camera.

Burr ruined a take, but nearly died laughing when he popped a white mouse in a stocking in the drawer, and Della found it during the take.

Big ambition: To help others. Burr is noted for his work as a humanitarian, is happiest when he can be doing things for other people.

He says that when he retires he'll spend his time working for international peace.



● Raymond Burr feeding one of the many Sydney Silkies that are part of his private menagerie at his Malibu Beach (Hollywood) farmlet.

New
Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★★ INHERIT THE WIND

Spencer Tracy, as defence counsel, and Fredric March, as prosecutor, star in this enthralling drama based on a famous incident in American history, when a Tennessee teacher was indicted for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution. Sparks fly as agonistic Tracy and dogmatic

March (backed by bench, jury, and the local bigots) clash. Unemotional journalist Gene Kelly provides dull relief.—Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . VITAL

★★ THE SINS OF RACHEL CADE

Impassioned religious emphasis in this Belgian Congo drama seems forced. The plot

too frequently plunges into lengthy emotional sermons. Angie Dickenson, a missionary nurse in the jungle, struggles against physical temptation while she carries out her duties. Her tempters, rugged administrator Peter Finch and stranded society doctor Roger Moore, have equal appeal.—Century, Sydney.

In a word . . . EMOTIONAL

★★★ WATCH YOUR STERN

Devotees of British Navy-type humor will get lots of laughs from this latest film from the "Carry On" team of Peter Rogers and Gerald Thomas. All the necessary farcical ingredients are there, including a crazy torpedo, a

ferocious admiral (Noel Purcell), and a science-mad steward (Kenneth Connor), who impersonates both male and female boffins with equal skill. The best moments, however, come from Sidney James' Chief Petty-Officer and goon Spike Milligan as an Indian dockhand.—Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . FUNNY

★ GORGO

A prehistoric Gulliver in modern Lilliput London, mumma monster leaves a trail of destruction as she searches for her baby Gorgo. Buildings crash, mobs panic, but there's little tension. Main interest lies in clever trick photography.—Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . SO-SO

★ THE GUNFIGHT AT DODGE CITY

Once again the quick-on-the-draw sheriff cleans up a lawless town. This time it's TV hero Bat Masterson, played by Joel McCrea, and there's a twist—he takes on the job only to avenge the killing of his brother. —P.F. Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . TRITE

★ DEAN JONES

will play former U.S. President Harry S. Truman in "Mr. Citizen," the great man's life story. The film, which is to be a "documentary" production, will be directed by Laslo Benedek—who also guided "The Wild One" starring Marlon Brando.

AVA GARDNER has an arrangement with a Melbourne wine merchant to ship her five dozen bottles of Australian champagne monthly to her Madrid, Spain, home.

★ ★ ★
ALAN LADD, who is currently filming his first epic, "Orizio," in Rome, will return to Hollywood to star for Philip Leacock in "The Tiger Among Us." Ladd, who has been mainly concerned with Westerns over the past few years, will revert to the kind of role that made him famous: that of the avenger. The film will mark a great departure for London-born director Leacock, whose last subject, "Hand In Hand," was the story of the relationship between two young children.



Judy a star again

● Few actresses have had as difficult a row to hoe to reach the pinnacle on which Judy Garland finds herself today.

JUDY began in show business at the age of three, when she marched on stage of the theatre her father managed in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, to sing "Jingle Bells."

JUDY GARLAND and Spencer Tracy exchange reminiscences on the set of "Judgment at Nuremberg," in which both star.

Five years later, when the family moved to California, she was enrolled in the Meglin School and became one of the famed Meglin Kiddies. Her professional career got under way when the Meglin troupe was booked into a

downtown Los Angeles theatre for one week.

Judy sang "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," and won what was then the highest accolade a fledgling performer could receive — a backstage visit from veteran showman Gus Edwards. He urged Judy and her sisters to work as a trio.

Three weeks later they were working at the Oriental Theatre in Chicago, where a careless electrician was responsible for changing the family name from Gumm. In putting the trio's name up on the marquee, he christened them "The Gumm Sisters." The show's manager quickly changed the name to Garland, "because the girls are as pretty as garlands of flowers."

M.G.M. agreed and offered Judy a contract. After a couple of minor roles she achieved stardom in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

Personal and professional difficulties which dogged the star's career resulted in her disappearance from the screen six years ago. Now she's back in Hollywood for a role in Stanley Kramer's "Judgment At Nuremberg."

To outsiders, Judy's return for the first time since she made "A Star Is Born" appears to be in the nature of a comeback. Actually, as Judy says herself, nothing could be farther from the truth.

"I know it's trite to say I've never been away," she said, "but it's true. Oh, I've been away from Hollywood, but I haven't been away from show business. In fact, the only time in the past six years that I haven't been working was when I was in hospital last year with hepatitis."

Appearing in "Judgment At Nuremberg" with Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift, Judy's role is small, but not unimportant.

She plays a witness at the War Crimes Trials and breaks down in the box as she relives the terror of the days under the Nazi regime.

One of the best "weepers" in the business, Judy is able to let huge tears well up in her eyes on cue and keep them coursing down her cheeks for the duration of a scene, however long.

PETER USTINOV, fresh from his triumph of an Oscar for his performance in "Spartacus," is preparing to make his first film in Britain for several years. It will be a spectacular version of Herman Melville's sea classic "Billy Budd," in which Ustinov will both star and direct. Increasingly heavy taxation caused Ustinov to leave London and live in Switzerland after he had scored notable successes in films like "My Three Angels," "Beau Brummell," and "Quo Vadis?" Since then his nomadic instinct has taken him to Europe, Australia, and Hollywood. The star has established a reputation, outside of films, as author, recording artist, and raconteur.

IDA LUPINO and Howard Duff are trying to laugh off the fact that their marriage has lost its charm. Friends of the couple say, "They're a great couple, but time has a way of tarnishing the most precious thing. Maybe Ida and Howard will wake up before it's too late."

JOAN FONTAINE is giving up Hollywood, apparently for good. The star moved to New York, rented a sumptuous apartment, and will make that her permanent home. However, she'll spend the summer in Europe making a film.

WHEN director Tony Richardson sets out to save money he doesn't do it by half measures. His new film, "A Taste Of Honey," which he is making for John Osborne's company, is being shot in a London house marked down for demolition. Instead of paying studio fees of £50,000, Richardson and his crew have the house for £50. Moving the equipment around is a tricky business, but Richardson says it's worth it.

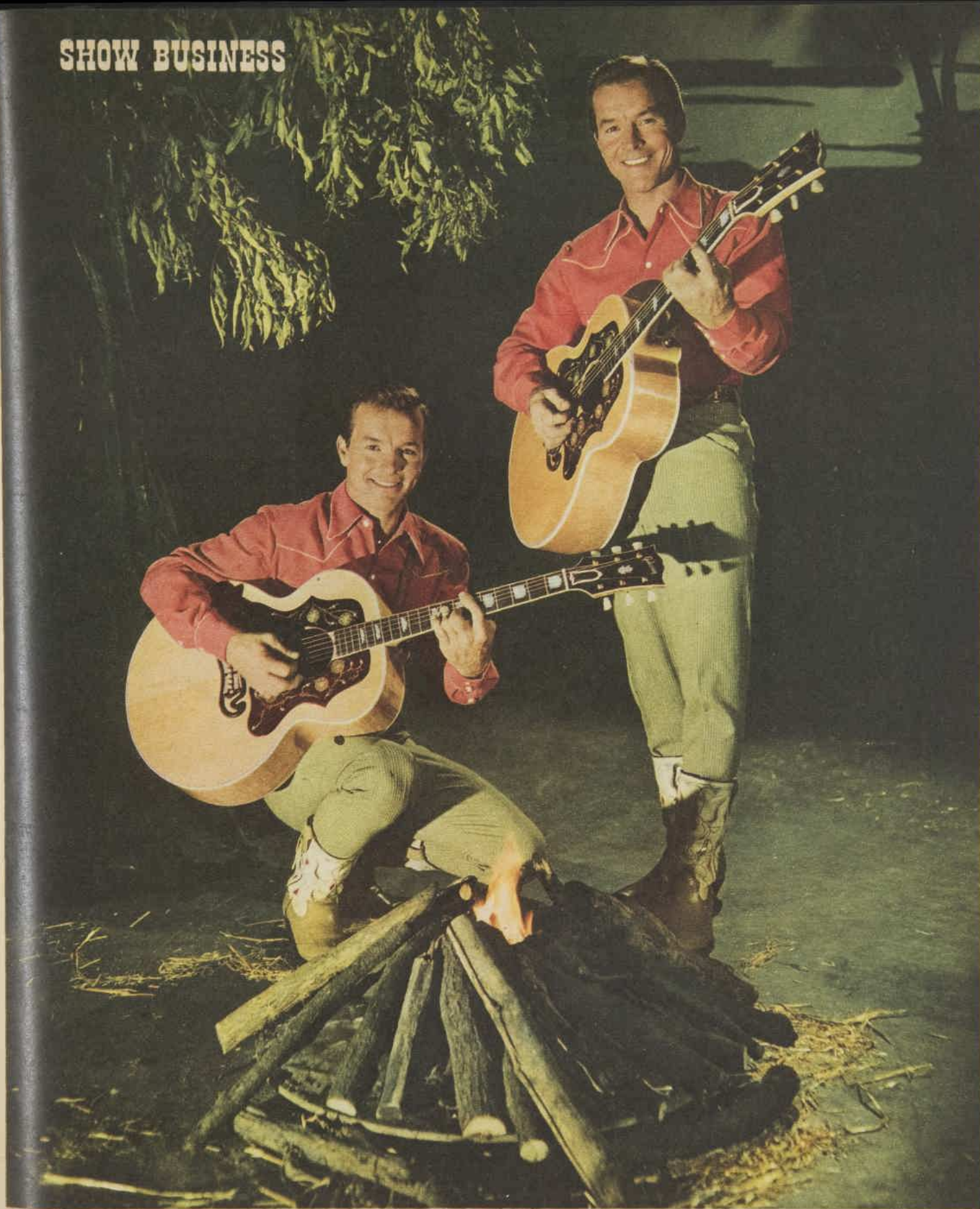


Ah-here's SURF cleanness! Ken's shirt welcomes a close-up look!



You can see that Ken's wife uses Surf — it's proved by the whiteness of his shirt! Look how clean it is! Even the closest close-up look shows it's perfect — perfect cleanness everyone admires, perfect cleanness you get only with Surf. When you use Surf in the wash you can actually see the dirt fall out of clothes. This unique washing action plus Surf's Added Brilliance gives a cleanness and whiteness never before possible. A close-up look proves it. Use Surf next washday and see for yourself.

SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH



DOUBLE VISION ON TV

THE LE GARDE TWINS, 29-year-old singing "cowboys" from Mackay, North Queensland, recently interrupted their Hollywood success story to visit Australia. While here they recorded a series of shows which have started Australia-wide screening on ABC-TV. The twins, who struggled when they first went to Hollywood in 1957, are now "big time" in American TV. After their Australian visit they flew back to star in Ida Lupino's first big TV Western series, "The Powder River Kids." As you'll see from this picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow, the twins are identical. But don't let this worry you. You can tell which is which, because Ted is ALWAYS on the left and Tom on the right.

Look to a heavenly winter in.




Look forward to heavenly new sleeping comfort this winter in warm, weightless, wonderful **BRĪ-NYLON** brushed slumberwear. Light-as-a-cloud nylon brushed to a new downy softness, and divinely warm — that's **BRĪ-NYLON** brushed slumberwear! And the sky's the limit for flattering colors, delightful designs and out-of-this-world styling. Why don't YOU be one of the first to own (or give) new **BRĪ-NYLON** brushed slumberwear? It's in the shops NOW!

BRI-NYLON

BRUSHED SLUMBERWEAR



SLUMBERWEAR BY *Glorowin Texwear Hanro Tricozette* *Balmoral*

 **British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. — a new and vital Australian industry**

BRI-NYLON — trade mark of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 17, 1961

Page 23

Splendors of the desert

● The pictures on these pages, and on page 27 were taken last year on an expedition into the Great Victoria Desert, which lies north of the lonely Nullarbor Plain.



WILDFLOWERS in bloom in a "donga" (gully) on the Nullarbor Plain. The red flowers are *Clanthis formosus* (Sturt's desert pea). The white and yellow are everlastings. At top left is a whip snake of the desert (*Demansia psammophis*).



SHINGLE-BACK LIZARD
(*Tiliqua rugosa*) pauses amid
flowering Sturt's desert pea.

GAILY blooming *Helichrysum*
cassinianum against a back-
ground of desert (right).

● Naturalists had never penetrated the arid stretches of the Great Victoria Desert until the expedition last spring. They found much of scientific interest in the rocks, plants, birds, spiders, and reptiles, and, in some places, patches of striking beauty ablaze with wild-flowers. Discovered and named by the explorer Ernest Giles, who in 1875 traversed 323 waterless miles west from Boundary Dam near the South Australian border, this desert has since been visited by only a few white men.

All pictures by Mr. V. Serventy, Perth, W.A., a member of last year's expedition into the Great Victoria Desert.

AUSTRALIAN **NATURE**

Continued
on page 27





Fighting fit for winter fun ...

it's marvellous what a difference MILO makes!

They're on the winning side, abounding with good health and energy. That's what Milo does for everyone.

Milo tonic food helps you and your family stay fit all winter through. At night, hot chocolatey Milo promotes sound, restful sleep, replaces used up energy while you sleep. And the family loves Milo for breakfast, too!

So enjoy Milo today — and every day — and see the marvellous difference Milo makes to everyone.

MILO contains essential minerals, calcium-rich milk and malted cereal, fortified with the important vitamins A, B₁, D and iron.

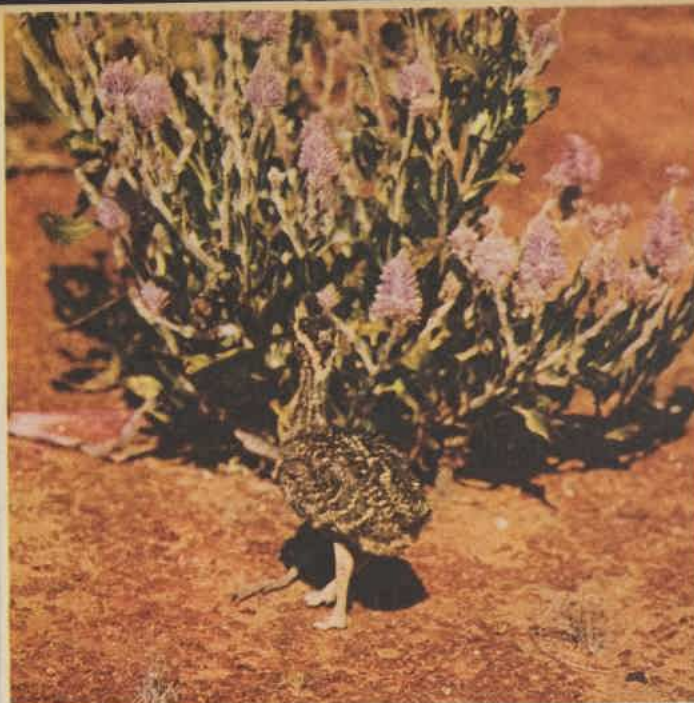


NEW IDEA FOR MILO

Sprinkle on bread and butter.
Milo is nutritiously, deliciously
rich and chocolatey.

The desert comes alive

● One of the jewels of the desert is the Queen Victoria Spring, which forms the background picture on this page. Explorer Giles was almost at disaster-point when, after trekking across hundreds of miles without water, he discovered this spring. He described it as "the most singularly placed water I have ever seen . . ." Pictures of desert creatures are inset.



MALLEE FOWL (*Leipoa ocellata*) camouflaged by a bush.



KNOB-TAILED GECKO (*Nephurus laevis*).

SIMPSON TAPPAN Radiant High Speed
element makes electric cooking

**FAST
AS FAST
CAN BE**

that's the satisfaction of a Simpson



Your fingers barely leave the control when your Simpson high-speed element starts to cook for you. It's the fastest element in the world! And... variable heats take all the guesswork out of cooking. You'll love the way Simpson has designed your electric range to help you keep it sparkling clean, too. Spillage bowls are brightly polished and slip out easily for washing. The griller is smokeless and in a separate full-width drawer! Oven doors lift off and silicone oven door seals are removable... make it so much easier to keep your oven clean! See the new Simpson-Tappan Electric Ranges and see for yourself how much more satisfaction you get from a Simpson.

LATEST AMERICAN STYLING AND FEATURES



Smokeless griller is in separate full-width drawer.



Oven door lifts off for easy oven cleaning.



Big 20" ovens have glass view doors.



Roomy storage drawer is full-width of range.

Don't settle for less than a
SIMPSON TAPPAN **ELECTRIC RANGE**
... the name you know!

*For a crippled old comedian's
immense contribution to the
movies, Hollywood has awarded
him a special
Oscar*



SALUTE TO

● It's many years since he last made a film, but he is one of the most popular, most enduring stars ever produced by Hollywood (perhaps it's more accurate to say *he* produced Hollywood!).

Yet he is listed in the telephone book — and he answers the phone himself. Nobody else of his stature has the humility to live openly in a Santa Monica beach-front apartment with the name "Stan Laurel" on the card on the door.

STAN LAUREL is 70 now, and he suffers from diabetes, and he had a paralytic stroke just a few years ago. You'd know none of these things by just hearing his voice on the telephone.

In it there is the same tone and accent that made many of us cry with laughter in the movie theatres twenty years ago.

It is not easy to get an interview with old Mr. Laurel, the English-born comic with the long and innocent face who made more than 300 films with the fat and jolly Oliver Hardy.

He has no interest in publicity of any kind. He wants to be alone in privacy with his wife, Ida Katrina. In fact, he has no interest—financially—in his old pictures. On the phone he said, "Look, I am certain it would be most charming to sit and chat with you. But I am an old man, a sick man. I just haven't the energy."

I pleaded that Australian television viewers have been falling in love with his old comedies; that he is part of them, and that it would be a terribly nice gesture on his part if he could make the effort and spend just ten minutes with me. I had to see him in person.

He hesitated, then with unexpected vigor exclaimed: "All right, lassie, come on out."

I did. Well, the smile has not changed — that serenely idiotic one.

Nor has the twinkle of the eyes. The jug-handle ears are there—but there is an accumulation of jowls. And a slight stoop. The left arm is virtually immobilised.

He has cause for bitterness, but shows little.

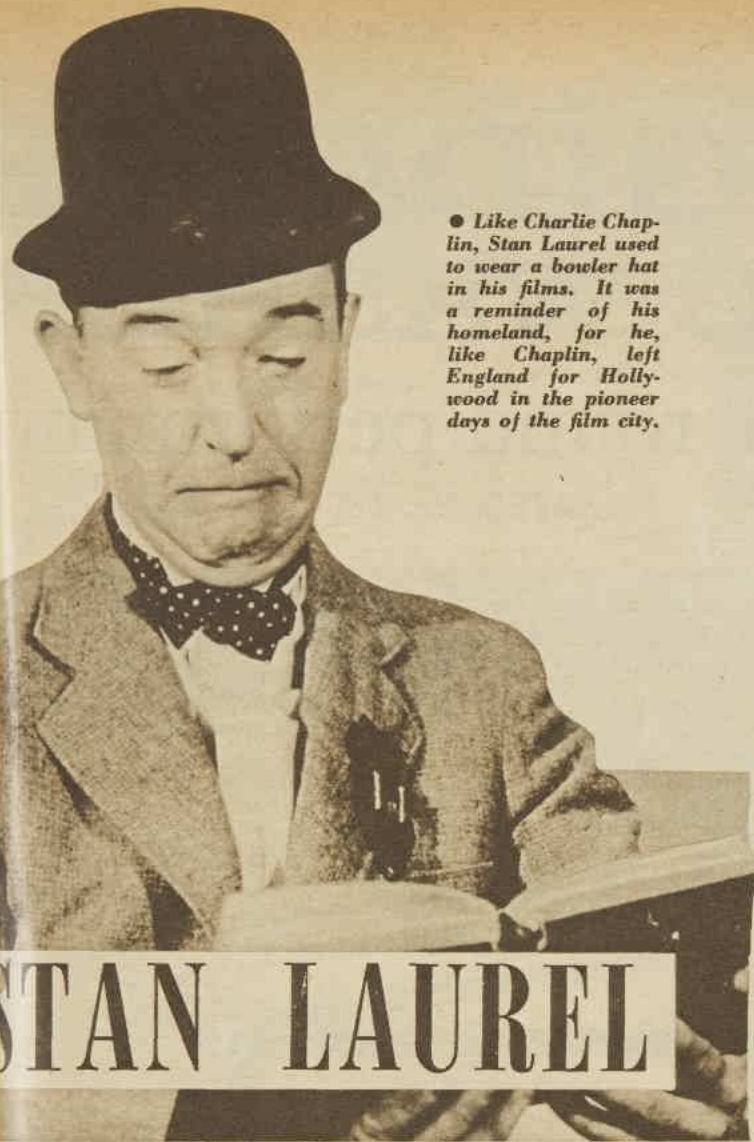
Of all the money he made for the Hollywood producers over the years, and the money that is now being made on the Laurel and Hardy comedies, he has retained only a minuscule amount.

It isn't that he and Ollie were not well paid or that they squandered. It's just that they made pictures before the day when it became shrewd to retain—in contract form—a share of the profits. So Stan Laurel is not receiving a penny from the films now being shown on television across the world.

"I'm not broke," he told me. "Comfortably far from it. But Ida and I had to sell our large house up in the hills—possibly it was too big for us, anyway—and move down here to the apartment."

"I can't do much but sit and watch the ocean and ships out there. I do see a little television—not my own stuff, though."

"I don't see many people any more. It's



● Like Charlie Chaplin, Stan Laurel used to wear a bowler hat in his films. It was a reminder of his homeland, for he, like Chaplin, left England for Hollywood in the pioneer days of the film city.

STAN LAUREL

long way out to Santa Monica—and I don't go anywhere."

One recent visitor who did brave the trip out to Santa Monica was Marcel Marceau, the great French pantomimist, who at the time was doing a sell-out business with his one-man show at Hollywood's Huntington Hartford Theatre.

"Marceau told me," said Laurel, "that he learned all about pantomime from watching old Laurel and Hardy movies. This is rather doubtful, but it certainly was flattering, because he is recognised as the greatest today."

"He proved he had seen some of the pictures, though, for he did a perfect take-off of me—the old Laurel walk and the grumpy face. I laughed so hard I had a laughing spell."

Another occasional visitor is the comedian Jerry Lewis.

"Once he stayed here for seven hours," said Laurel. "He wanted me to work as

**From
PAULA WALLING,
in Hollywood**

an adviser on his pictures. But I simply haven't got the strength."

A corner of the modest apartment is crisscrossed with fan mail from all over the world. Laurel answers it himself, enclosing a tiny photo of himself and Hardy, who died in 1957. Stan called him "Babe."

In their 30 years' association Laurel and Hardy never had a fight. Stan explained it this way: "We had different hobbies. Babe had golf and horses. I married all my mistakes."

He was married eight times, to five different women, and once was faced with a lawsuit from a sixth woman, who wanted legally to be declared his wife.

One of his wives, Virginia Ruth Rogers, who was Mrs. Stan Laurel 2, 3, and 7, used to remark: "Stan simply has a marrying compulsion."

So the comedy duo were very human, and there is no doubt that their enduring popularity stems from the fact that they were felt somehow to represent all humanity.

The partition between comedy and pathos is always paper-thin, and for 25 years, between 1925 and 1950, skinny Stan and fat Ollie blithely walked back and forth through that partition.

I asked Mr. Laurel if there was one single quality in his opinion that made the team and its films the success they still are.

He stroked a jawl thoughtfully and said, "Well, in our films we got ourselves into a lot of troubles. These were troubles everybody gets himself into."

"So people could identify themselves with us. But we had a kicker. We always got ourselves out of jams in very unusual ways."

"I like to think this made the audience feel that it—composed of little men and women—had risen to the heights and conquered the adversary."

He is pleased, naturally, that Laurel and Hardy comedies are enjoying a resurgence on television around the world. But this kindly little old man can get annoyed about the way these classic films are being presented.

"Chopped to bits!" he complained. "We spent weeks of hard work plotting the continuity. Then when an inspirational flash hit us in the shooting stages, we improvised. The editing of our films made each of them a unit, an entity. Nothing could be excised, nothing could be added."

"Now they're chopping them into bits in Hollywood just to allow time for the force-feeding of commercials."

"I wish I had the health to edit these films for them. I'd do it free—just to retain some of the enthusiasm we put into them."

Supreme recognition of the films came last month when the Motion Picture Academy sentimentally awarded a special Oscar to Stan Laurel, the man whose memories go back to almost the birth of Hollywood itself.



● Everything except Oliver's bowl of punch (and that's going soon) was ruined in this scene from "Blockheads."



● Laurel and Hardy left a trail of havoc through their films, but their humor went deeper than slapstick.



● Stan's head-scratching bewilderment was typical, and so were Ollie's plastered fringe and patient annoyance.

Only this one's good enough for you!

NEW FRIGIDAIRE AUTOMATIC WASHER

*Regd. Trade Mark



RATED No. 1 for all-round performance

RATED No. 1 by U.S. Testing Co., Inc.

GIVES THE CLEANEST WASH!

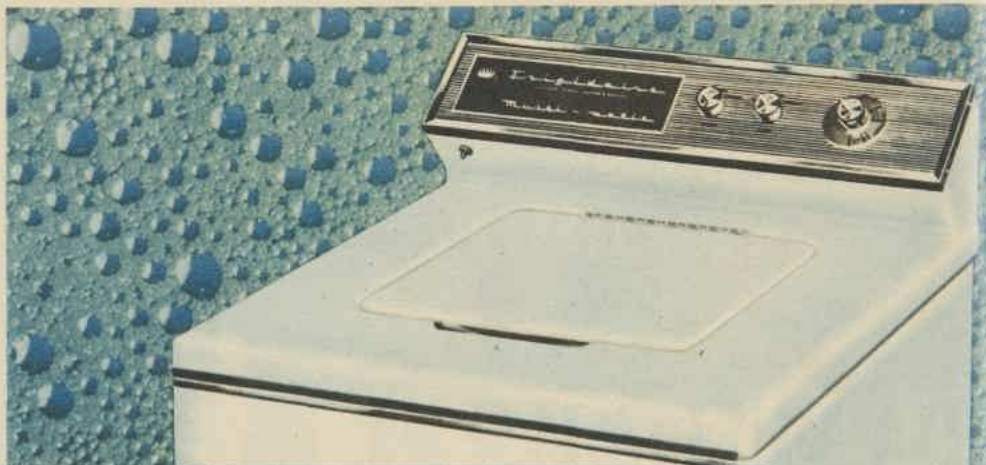
Folds are kept open and flexed under the water so that sudsy water is gently pulsed through every fibre of the fabric to bathe deep dirt out without beating. This gives the cleanest wash since Grandma used to spend hours doing it by hand and, because there's no rubbing or beating with the 3-Ring Agitator, clothes last much longer too.

GIVES DRIEST SPIN!

Frigidaire's 'Rapidry' spin removes more water and your clothes will come out pounds lighter and much drier than with other washers.

NEVER A HINT OF LINT!

Frigidaire's "Lint-Away" overflow WASH and RINSE cycles ensure that every particle of lint is removed. No lint traps to empty or choke up when you forget!



The secret is in the exclusive

3-RING AGITATOR

*Puts the water through the clothes—
not the clothes through the water!
Bathes out deep dirt without beating!*

1

Lint Chaser Ring

chases floating lint, dirt and scum out through escape holes around bowl rim.

2

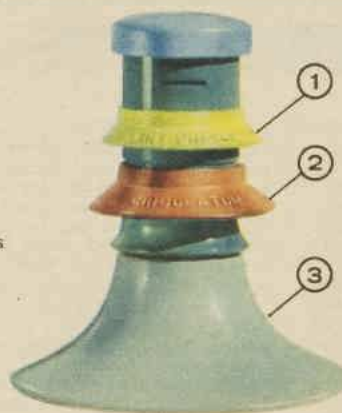
Circulator Ring

agitates water horizontally, opens folds and flexes garments.

3

Energy Ring

sends dirt-chasing currents up through clothes.



AMAZING ECONOMY

The fabulous NEW Frigidaire washer with its Water-Saver tub, uses 40% less hot water than ordinary wringer-type washers.

PLUS THESE TWO SPECIAL FRIGIDAIRE FEATURES:—

Sudswater Saver. Saves up to 1,000 gallons of hot, sudsy water for the following washes — relieves drain on hot water service. Cuts detergent bills too. No extra tub needed — hot water's put aside in built-in reservoir.

Rinse Conditioner - Dispenser. Allows you to load water conditioners and softeners before wash commences. Automatically releases them during the final rinsing.



RATED BEST IN U.S. TEST!

Independent tests conducted by U.S. Testing Co. Inc., of America, under laboratory conditions proved Frigidaire washing action best out of 6 leading washers.

GMH value-priced at 189 gns.

SEE IT TODAY AT LEADING APPLIANCE STORES AND DEPARTMENTS



FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS HOLDENS

BUILDING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

BEFORE I left his office he'd asked, "Can you write at all?" I told him that I'd made several attempts, but as usual with beginners, they had all ended up in the wastepaper basket; just crumpled scraps of paper with the words now forgotten. But how could writing about it help? Who'd want to read it?

"It doesn't matter who reads it," he'd said. "But I think it's important that you write it."

"Something like confessions of the artist?" I was shrewd enough to know what he meant, and didn't intend him to think that he was the only one who'd read that in his leather-covered books.

"That's it," he beamed.

I paid his four-guinea fee, eager to leave the stuffy rooms.

"Go to the park when you leave here," he'd suggested. "Meet people, mix with them; see how they live, what they do. Join a club, anything, but get out of that flat for a while, then next visit you can tell me how much better you feel."

I left the building and walked into the sunlight. The pavement seethed with people; some dawdling, some hurrying, all absorbed in their own thoughts and plans. It wasn't the place for me. I caught a cab home and felt at once the frustrating horror of loneliness and boredom.

The letter lay on the carpeted floor just within the lobby; pushed through by the postman. Mauve-scented stationery was as much a part of Veronica Van Trusen as the almost illegible scrawl on the far-travelled envelope. The postmark said "Paris."

"Write to your friends," he'd said before I left his office. "Renew old acquaintances. It helps tremendously, you know. Brings you out of yourself."

I tossed the letter on the table with my gloves. It fell to the floor and lay there. There was time for reading later; too much time.

The percolator coughed and spluttered for some minutes, then gave forth strong black coffee into the dainty pink cup. From my lizard-skin purse I took a tablet; just one from the few I had left. The outing, even by cab and back again to the city, had tired me, leaving a drowsiness and lethargy where there should have been a feeling of well-being and contentment.

I took my coffee into the lounge, arranged the deep shaded velvet cushions to suit my comfort, and reclined amongst their luxurious softness. My eyes rested on the letter beneath the Jacobean table. The very paleness of mauve forced me to think of its writer; gay, happy, and completely carefree. But that hadn't been the case some years ago, when I had first met her.

She had placed the advertisement in the paper, she'd said, out of sheer desperation, never thinking that she could be so lucky. Of course, there had been many applicants for the position. She interviewed them all, but I had phoned first. When I arrived for the interview she looked surprised.

"But you're so young," she said. "So very young."

I was rather taken aback, as though I'd discovered that she really meant my age suggested incompetence. "I'm twenty-six," I protested. "That's not terribly young."

I wanted the job, and after seeing her elaborately furnished flat with its extravagant furnishings, I wanted it even more. To someone who had spent years of trying to make money, apparent wealth seemed everything.

She threw her suntanned arms into the air, and fell heavily against the pillows. "You've no idea what I've been through with those shocking women," she exclaimed.

I looked quite blank.

"The applicants," she explained helpfully. "All shapes and sizes. I need someone," she went on after a heavy sigh, "who understands me, and of course, my condition." She took a fine lace handkerchief from the pocket of her satin bedjacket, and wiped her eyes, already brimming with tears.

"Have you been sick for long?" I asked. This was always a good start.

She leaned closer, the tears forgotten, an eager look on her attractive face.

"My dear," she said. "You've no idea. It's just gone on for months and months; one operation after the other . . . and now, as a result, this awful tension . . . this inner tension that never lets me be."

The explanation of her illness had tired her. She lay back dramatically amongst the pillows, and closed her eyes as though in quiet resignation. She didn't ask for references and didn't exactly say that I was the chosen companion. It was really an unspoken agreement. She thought I was right for her because I had bothered to ask about her ill health, whereas the others had only asked about salary and conditions.

The room which the daily cleaner had prepared for me was more elegant than I had imagined.

There was my own bathroom, of shell-pink and oyster-grey, with soft pale towels to match. The kitchen contained every labor-saving device possible; but that she had to use them. That was the cook's domain.

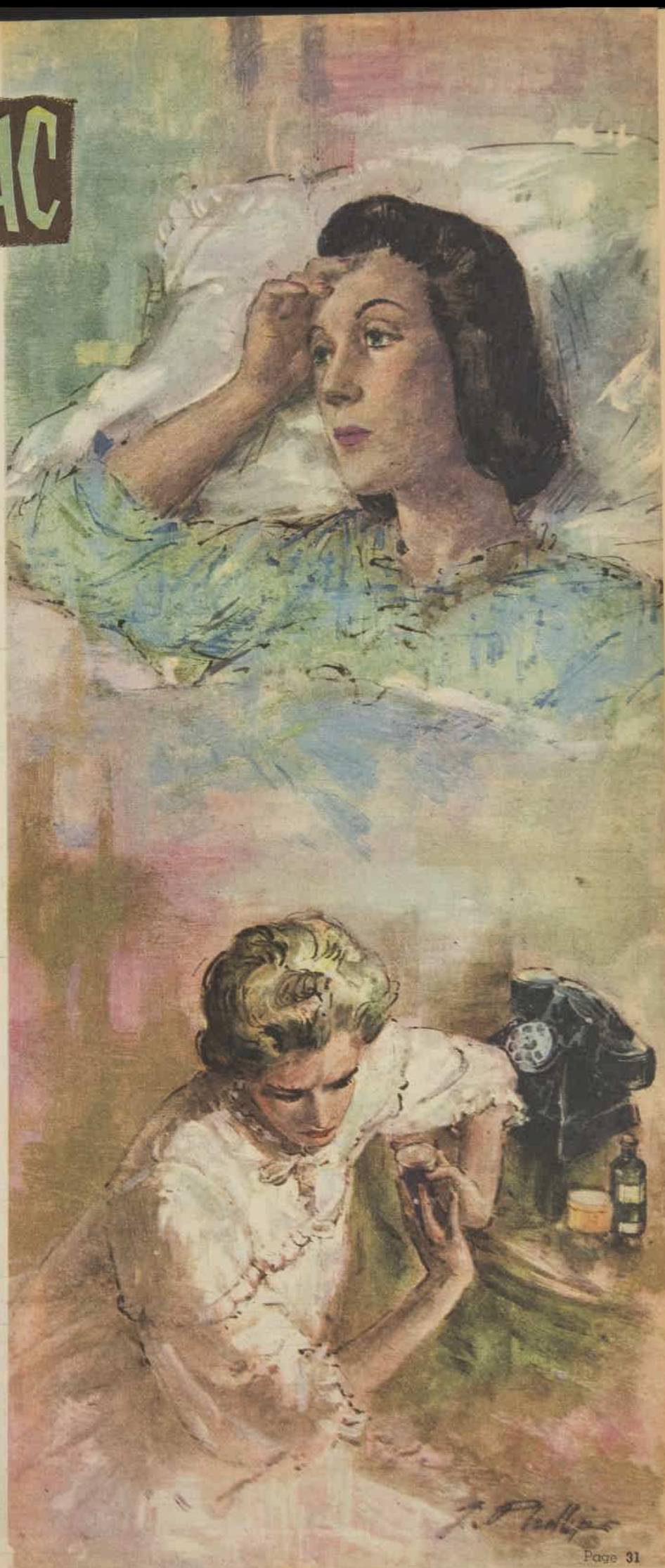
The operations, she explained later, had been the beginning of the end. Some months before, her tonsils had been removed, but only after they had been unsuccessfully guillotined twice. Then at the age of twenty, there had

To page 59

Obsessed by their imagined pain, they lived
in a lonely world of their own . . . a story

By PHYL O'REGAN

7, 1961 AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 17, 1961



Page 31

New Freedom
"all the time"



MEDS, the Modess Tampon, is the most modern, blissfully comfortable and convenient form of feminine protection... worn internally. Perfectly safe! Nurses especially appreciate Meds, and so, too, do other discriminating women. Next time, place your trust in Meds. Available with or without applicator.

Meds
tampons
by Modess



For free informative booklet mailed in plain wrapper, write to:

NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.
BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

My **BIG TOE**
was **BIG "OH!"**

When you have to "rub your poor toe"—rub it with BAUME DALET. This powerful foot ointment has proved so marvellously effective on the Continent that chemists in this country are now taking it up. Made specially for the relief of painful bunions, swellings, but wonderful for "hot", tired, itching and tender feet, too. BAUME DALET disappears as you rub—gets deep into your foot where its special healing ingredients really get to work and bring relief. Ask your family chemist for BAUME DALET—6/- a tube.



LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Tired mother

I'VE been happily married now for six years and in this time have had four children—three sons and a daughter. I don't want any more, but my husband says he'd like another daughter. I don't want another daughter (or son) simply because of all the agony and suffering involved. My husband says I'm selfish and my doctor says I'm able. Am I really selfish? What do other "tired" wives think?

£1/1/- to "Tired Mother" (name supplied), Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Better to let off steam

WHEN I heard of a woman boasting that she had never had one angry word with her husband during their married life (20 years), I made no comment. Why? Knowing that she lapses into cold silence and refuses to speak to her husband when their opinions differ, I believe she is worse than a woman who explodes in temper! It's better to clear the air immediately. It's so bad to bottle things up. What do other readers think?

£1/1/- to C. E. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

Danger of toddlers in cars

I'VE often seen women driving cars with small children or toddlers standing on the seat beside them. I consider this to be a dangerous practice, as the mother must divide her attention between the child and the road. If the child slips or falls, she'll naturally try to hold it, her attention will be diverted, and a serious accident could occur. Wouldn't it be safer if a safety-seat was provided for a toddler and slightly older children could sit in the back?

£1/1/- to "Safety First" (name supplied), Port Augusta, S.A.

... and he wants love and respect

ARE there any more monsters about? I have one who expects to come and go as he pleases, regardless of meals wasted or the worry caused. He complains if the household is asleep when he comes home, he bangs the car door and goes to the fridge, where he gets a snack. If questioned, he is full of abuse and says women have no right to question men and that I'm being kept. He claims men are mad even to let women have a vote. The home belongs to me and my whole life is spent caring for it, for my monster, and my children. Can you believe it? He expects love and respect!

£1/1/- to "Tormented" (name supplied), Northern N.S.W.

Problem of co-education

THE school my daughter attends recently sent out notices asking for parents' preferences on co-education. My immediate thoughts were against it, thinking of the distraction the lads would be to the lasses. When I asked my daughter's opinion, she said, "Oh, it would be terrible if they brought in co-ed at school, I would have to be too good, because I could not be punished in front of the boys." Perhaps there is something to be said for it after all. What do other mothers think?

£1/1/- to "Tracey" (name supplied), Hurstville, N.S.W.

Worthy end for the piggy bank

MANY people like myself save pennies and threepences, and watch our collections grow with a little pride. I think it would be more worth while if, at the end of the year, we donated our savings to a charity or bought a small gift for a pensioner. With such an aim, we might be less tempted to dip into the fund. And how much prouder of our collection we'd be!

£1/1/- to "Penny Collector" (name supplied), Armidale, N.S.W.

Her claims to fame

IT would be interesting to hear of the average woman's claim to fame, not only for the readers but for the person concerned, as it's quite a thrill to delve into one's past history. I, for one, can lay claim to my mother being the first woman to speak on the trans-Australian telephone. My uncle was the first white child to be born during the Eureka Stockade, and my husband's grandfather, as a police constable, pointed the gun at Ned Kelly in the final showdown.

£1/1/- to E. Arthur, Upper Glastonbury, Qld.

Hygiene in food handling

SHOP-ASSISTANTS handling foodstuffs should be compelled to wear caps. When buying cakes recently the assistant scratched her head—just as she was about to put the cakes in a box. When I left, minus cakes, I received a very tart retort.

£1/1/- to "Fussy" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell is on holiday. His column will be resumed on his return.

When Dad lost his balance

WHILE coming up the back steps, my husband stumbled then explained he'd lost his balance. Some time later looking round for Miss Two-and-a-half, I found her groggy in the grass outside. On asking her what she was doing, she sighed and said, "I'm looking for Daddy's balance, Mum."

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Matowitz, Victoria Park, W.A.

Objects to sister's perfume

SINCE she has been working and had money to spend she pleases, my 16-year-old sister has taken to using the most exotic, expensive perfumes. As I have to take her dances and often hear scathing remarks about her, it has caused me a lot of embarrassment. It's no use appealing to Mum and Dad. They smile fondly and say, "It's only phase; she'll grow out of it." In the meantime, it's spoiling my pleasure at dances. I'd like to hear the opinions of others on the subject of perfumes.

£1/1/- to "Anti-Perfume" (name supplied), Millen, W.A.

Odd proposals

LIKE Mrs. F. Caldwell (N.S.W.) I, too, had an unusual proposal. I met a very nice boy and had known him just three months when I received a letter and a beautiful bedspread from his mother. She said she'd be pleased to meet me as her son had told her we would be getting married soon. A month later he phoned to say he'd seen the vicar in his town and we'd be married in three weeks. It was the first time he'd stated his intentions.

£1/1/- to "Happy" (name supplied), Bagshot, Vic.

DURING the war I was in hospital with an infectious disease. My bed was on the verandah in the sun, as were the beds of many servicemen—with a wooden partition between us. Someone with a very pleasant voice and I struck up a conversation, and for weeks we discussed many topics of interest. The day before he was transferred to a military hospital, he whispered, "Will you marry me?" and I answered "Yes." We hadn't even seen each other.

£1/1/- to "Mary" (name supplied), Lindfield, N.S.W.

AT a "welcome home" for one of the boys who was injured in the last war, we girls had to go on the stage and be judged for the prettiest legs. I didn't win. But after the judging a tall, handsome airman asked me to dance, said he was going overseas soon, and asked would I wait for him. I did, and we've been happily married for 15 years.

£1/1/- to "Hoppety" (name supplied), Dungog, N.S.W.

I HAD been attending cattle sales with my father and brother for two years—whenever we had cattle for sale. One day I found a piece of paper tied to my stirrup. On it was written, "Let's get hitched in the spring, love," signed with his cattle brand.

£1/1/- to "Hitched in Spring" (name supplied), Singleton, N.S.W.

MY husband proposed to me as I was going to work—he was dressed in his miner's clothes and I in my bus-conductress' uniform. The place, a pit-top in Scotland. The time, 5.50 a.m.; it was dark, snowing, and really cold. By 5 p.m. that evening I was wearing a lovely diamond ring and we were married two years later.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Smith, Unanderra, N.S.W.

WHEN my late husband proposed he was in Queensland and I was in southern N.S.W. He wrote to me, saying, "If I were to ask you to marry me, would you accept?" My answer was, "If you thought I wouldn't say 'Yes,' would you have asked?" In those far-off days he got his mail only every Sunday, so it was nearly two weeks before he received my acceptance. I was a bit worried, thinking he might change his mind.

£1/1/- to B. Keir, Southport, Qld.

I WAS ill in bed and my young man called to see me. After asking about my health, he said, "Let's get engaged." He left the room to ask Mum and Dad and came back a few minutes later to say, "We're engaged." He gave me the happiest 28 years of my life.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. A. Tuite, Waverley, N.S.W.

Just minutes away...the goodness of

HEINZ

NEW PROCESS TOMATO SOUP



* Simply double
the quantity with
milk or water

Best you've ever tasted! Serve it tomorrow. Watch the family's eyes light up as they taste their first delicious spoonful (you've already enjoyed the cook's privilege in the kitchen). They'll really go for the natural goodness and true tomato flavour of Heinz New Process Tomato Soup! It costs no more to enjoy Heinz — world's best soups.

Only Trix washes woollens like new!



TRIX-washed woollens keep the good-as-new look and the soft, lively feel . . . so make wash-day TRIX day. One minute in water with TRIX and fine wool fibres set free all the dirt. Non-foaming TRIX coaxes dirt into wash water, holds it there, stops it soaking back into woollens. One minute's rinsing and they're really clean. For high-fashion sweaters and junior's jerseys, for bulky, he-man sportswear and finest nursery knitteds, TRIX is always safest!

TRIX-WASHED KNITTEDS AND FABRICS WEAR BETTER.

TRIX is all washing energy; never lodges in delicate wool fibres. Ordinary detergents and "sudsing," soapy preparations cling, cause fibres to tighten and lock in soap particles and dirt. That's how shrinking, matting and dulling begin. With come-clean TRIX laundering, you enjoy the cosy caress and colour of woollens—for keeps.

Make wash-day **Trix** day!



ST40/61

Worth Reporting

THE setting is a newly built home in an exclusive Sydney harborside suburb.

Working like beavers, two small Brownies are carting rubble—broken bricks, scraps of iron—and dumping it in the harbor.

At the end of two hours, tired but beaming, they report to the mistress.

"Thank you very much," she dismisses them.

"But—but the Guides' drive?" they remind her. "Oh," she says, and presses 6d. apiece in the red and very sore hands.

This unhappy incident took place during last year's Willing Shilling Drive—the Girl Guides' annual appeal in which 18,000 youngsters undertake a "household job for a bob."

With the drive now under way again, organisers are hoping it won't be repeated.

Says publicity officer Mrs. Beryl Sontar: "Our effort is voluntary. We do include 'Time Spent on Job' on the card that the children hand to householders, but this is merely a moral reminder to 'employers.'"

Last year's effort raised £6500—with the cards of Brownies, Guides, and Rangers reading: Washed nappies, mended children, plucked fowls, washed bottles for chemists, made beds, and even removed dead rat from cupboard . . .

Eye shadow's old-hat

WHO wrote this? "With a tiny brush of camel hair take from one compartment of the make-up box a small amount of dark paste and pass it over the lids long and curved, so that the eyes appear a deeper blue."

"Two swift strokes of a dark pencil to make them longer and more languid. A bluish powder to make the lids heavier."

"Two dots of vivid vermilion to accentuate the corners of the eyes where tears sometimes descend . . ."

Queen Cleopatra—2000 years ago.

Thanks, Cleo . . . we're just getting the hang of it now.

Stately—and perfumed

THE stately homes of England: To attract the 2/6 visitors to Ragley Hall, the Marquess of Hertford is not only lighting the manor with 5000 candles, he is spraying it with a new Paris perfume.

Major Edward Hargreaves, comptroller of the Duke of Bedford's Woburn Abbey: "The weather is appalling—we shall be lucky to get a few hundred visitors today."

"However, the Duke's 'four-in-hand coach'—only one in England—should be a great success," added the Major cheerily.

BEAU BRUMMELL, the best-dressed man in the world round 1800, never took less than two hours to tie his cravat. The man of today—reports the Tie Manufacturers' Association—takes 15 seconds.



BROWNIES Wendy Middleton, 9, and Sandra Fuller, 10, of the First Earlewood Pack, N.S.W., give a preview of their Willing Shilling form.

"I LIVED in a bed-sitter in Notting Hill Gate that was so small the furniture was painted on the walls."—Harry Secombe.

Annabel's a Kokoda veteran

NOT listed among the displaced persons of World War II, but a deserving case, is Annabel, an old, grey sway-backed donkey who enjoys the freedom of Tamborine Mountain, south-east Queensland.

Children hug and climb all over her; residents provide carrots or company whenever her old head pops in through the windows of their homes or the local hotel.

She's shockingly spoiled—with good reason. Annabel was one of the donkeys used for carrying packs in New Guinea in World War II.

While our troops slogged it out in the mud and slush of the Kokoda Trail, Annabel was with them all the way.

"We reckon she's entitled to a carrot and our loving care," said one local resident.

We couldn't agree more.



ANNABEL . . . she's living the life of Riley.

Seven yards of whisker

HOW quickly can your husband shave? Has he an easy, full-moon face for shaving—or is the craggy cartography a challenge to cut-throat AND safety razor?

These and a hundred other personal shaving pointers will be thrashed out in a national survey to be undertaken shortly by the Australian branch of a famous U.S. razor firm.

Genial managing director Mr. Fred Webster says his firm has most of the clues, but it wants to keep up to date.

Thirty-seven years in razor-blades, Mr. Webster is bristling with statistics: (a) the average man shaves off seven yards of bristle every morning (the 31 to 47 square inches of face grows 25,000 bristles a day); (b) he averages five shaves a blade, shaves six times a week.

Mr. Webster's company is weekly inundated with secret processes for extending the life of a blade. "One old chap from South Australia brought us a blade he'd been using for 18 years," he said. "It was so worn I could have sat on it."

Queen Mother was careful

AFTER her recent State visit to Tunis, the Queen Mother went in the Royal yacht, Britannia, to Sardinia, where she made a tourist trip to a ruined village.

There were only a few peasants on the lonely road on which she drove, and at the village a handful of people in national dress presented her with a traditional offering of bread and sweets.

The Queen Mother, in high-heeled white nylon mesh shoes, tramped through the mud around the ruins until her shoes were sodden.

She brought a round of smiles when she scraped the mud off her shoes and got into the car, remarking, "Mustn't spoil the carpet."

BY ANNE H.
LITTLEFIELD

YOUNG MAN FOR *Flavia*

Flavia apprehensively watched her mother and Adrian Tellworthy busily preparing the meal.

FLAVIA'S mother taught Latin; she was a colorful and witty teacher, a raving, tearing beauty, and, from Flavia's point of view, a mess.

People who called attention to the purity of Mrs. Massey's profile and its resemblance to a head on a Greek coin of an excellent period got the fishy eye from Flavia, who was obsessed with the fact that her mother's hair was always standing in the air like Medusa's.

Mrs. Massey had fine legs, too (better than her daughter's, almost), but her stockings seldom matched and every once in a while she went to school in shoes that were not originally a pair.

These attributes grated increasingly on the child. As she grew older, she felt that she could not stand it.

"Oh, Mother!" Flavia would wail despairingly. "Do you want to disgrace me?" Mrs. Massey would mildly promise reform, reminding herself that all children were ashamed of their parents from time to time. But the truth was that she found she did not much enjoy her daughter.

Occasionally she allowed herself to wish the girl less precise, a little gayer. She had envisioned her heedless and golden — hence the name. As a tiny child Flavia had been, most accommodatingly, fair. But as she grew older and more pearly, her hair turned mouse color and finally a deep brown. Flavia was going to grow up like her father, Mrs. Massey could see.

Paula Massey had loved Flavia's father very much, but not for any reason she had ever been able to discern. He was a dull man. The only really unpredictable thing Hugh Massey had ever done in his correct life had happened when Flavia was born. Childbirth in this case had been fatal to the father. The excitement was too much for his heart.

In her later childhood Flavia spent a good deal of time away at school. At holiday times she would come home from the orderly and standardised life of St. Agnes', neatly dressed, wearing her navy blue uniform coat. And every time she came home she was astounded at the chaos of her mother's life.

Taking a taxi from the station she would feel the excited

lurch of the heart at seeing the shape of home. The taxi would struggle its way up the long road among the trees, to come out, often as not, into the wild light of the setting sun on the clearing where the house stood. Flavia would pay off the taxi and take her suitcase to the kitchen door.

But she was never really ready for it. She was always astonished when she saw her mother once more and the house her mother lived in.

This particular afternoon, returning from college for the long vacation, she did not see her mother at all. Is she still at school? Flavia wondered. Or has she forgotten I was coming? But she rejected this second thought. You had to be fair. Flavia was always scrupulously fair.

The door was, as usual, unlocked. She went in and put down her case on the brick floor of the kitchen, which had the appearance of one of those still-life paintings so popular in the eighteenth century and so excellent for displaying all the skills of the painter; a bursting rush of feathers, onions, cheeses, flowers of all kinds, grapes, the cold shine of dead fish, and the rosy blush of apples.

She moved as if to clear away this accumulation; then she changed her mind and wandered into the enormous living-room, which at this hour was a cube of light.

For just a moment she felt queerly buoyed up in this element of light. Then she heard some sort of an unexpected muffled sound from somewhere within the house.

Wondering, she looked round, and she saw how relentlessly the light dealt with the chair covers, and in holes; how it showed where the rugs had been worn, saw how it picked out the dust that lay thick in many places.

It illuminated several of her mother's cats and the fine veil of hairs they had shed everywhere. On a littered coffee table by the ash-filled fireplace a copy of "The Menaechmi" lay open, marked in that really horrifying way her mother had, with a long cigarette holder, from the end of which a cigarette spiralled smoke.

Flavia heard the noise again. It was, she thought, upstairs. She went up to her mother's bedroom, which was built above the living-room and held the same light and four high

walls of books. There was a wide fireplace, wildly posturing inside which, dangling short of the hearth, were a pair of extremely handsome legs. Her mother, for reasons of her own, was up the chimney.

Flavia moved forward and cried, "What are you doing?" "Pull me down, you idiot," said a sepulchral voice in the chimney.

Flavia pulled. Mrs. Massey and a shower of soot descended on the hearth.

"Hello, dear," said Mrs. Massey, "I won't kiss you just now. Squirrel in the room. Tried to shoo him out of the window. Went up the chimney. Stuck. Tried to get him out. But he bit me. Thanks."

A drop of blood fell from one of her delicate black fingers, and at this moment a fat grey squirrel shot down the chimney, across the floor, and out by the window, leaving on the pale rug a lacy pattern of small black paw marks.

The familiar astounded helplessness closed in on Flavia.

"Oh, Mother!" she wailed. Nothing had changed. She was at home again, home where chaos bloomed like some dark flower.

"Now," said Mrs. Massey, "Now, now. There's no harm done." A momentary puzzlement visited her. Somehow, although she always meant to receive her daughter in the serene and orderly way she knew Flavia wanted, things always went wrong.

"Well, Mother," said Flavia, with an air of bringing the conversation down to a comprehensible level, "You'll be glad to know I've decided what I'm going to specialise in at college."

"Greek?" cried Mrs. Massey in an uprush of joyous hope.

"Don't be silly," said the girl, "Economics."

"Dear heaven!" her mother said. "Well, I suppose I must clean up. We'll talk about it later. I've invited someone to dinner. I thought you should meet some men."

Flavia was regarding her impossible parent with pained incredulity when a car door was heard to slam.

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Samantha

SARAH shivered and drew her cloak more closely about her. The summer-house had broken panes of glass in the windows, and the wind blew through in a cold stream. Because the trees were leafless, it was possible to see the house where lights were blooming in the windows.

There was Lady Malvina's glowing boldly, with no curtains drawn, probably because she had forgotten to ring for Bessie. She would be nodding in front of an enormous fire with her capacious skirts spread about her and her cap askew. But presently, refreshed by her nap, she would wake to renewed vitality, and probably go to the nursery to thoroughly awake and excite Titus with one of her ferocious games.

In contrast to Lady Malvina's uninhibited glow of light, Amalie's windows showed a mere chink between the heavy curtains. Amalie, unlike her mother-in-law, seemed nervous of the outside darkness. She was always starting at something, always looking over her shoulder. Her thin, bright, anxious face was seldom relaxed.

She was constantly watching her husband. Because she loved him too much? Because she was afraid he did not feel a similar affection for her? Whatever it was, the next window, Blane's (one wondered if the communicating door was ever opened into Amalie's bedroom), was in darkness, for Blane's restlessness was curiously different from Amalie's and was caused, of course, by guilt—keeping him constantly on the move, and seldom indoors.

At the far end of the second floor the nursery window was alight. Sarah noticed with relief, for Titus, like his mother, disliked the dark. She must go soon, Sarah reflected, for Titus would be waiting for her.

He was a nervous, highly strung little boy, who got into fevers of apprehension if things went wrong. There was also that ridiculous fancy he had about the mouse which was lurking in the cupboard in the nursery. Since Sarah had discovered the little boy's private nightmare she had seen that he always had a nightlight.

If James Brodie didn't come soon she couldn't wait. Titus would be waiting for her, and the household would be dressing for dinner. She would have to scramble into her dark blue tarlatan, making an even quicker change than Blane did. For Blane spent little time over his evening toilet, and seemed to look with some derision at Amalie's elaborate appearance. Probably never in his life before had he dressed for dinner.

He was an unscrupulous impostor, Sarah thought angrily. Presently, when James Brodie appeared, she would surely be in possession of at least one piece of indisputable proof which would enable her to unmask him.

"Dear Miss Mildmay (Brodie had written),

On instructions from Mr. Ambrose Mallow who I last seed in Trinidad, I have a packet to deliver to you concerning matters you are deeply intrested in. If you will communicate with me at the above address and tell me where I can safely hand to you the said packet, it not to be trusted to the post, I will do my best to oblige.

Your obedn't servant,
James Brodie."

Sarah looked apprehensively into the darkness, and at last heard footsteps approaching.

"Mr. Brodie?" she called eagerly.

But her voice could not have been heard, for the man who strode forward and seized her roughly, exclaiming, "Amalie, why do you moon by the lake in midwinter? What are you up to?" was Blane.

Simultaneously, he realised his own mistake.

"You!" he exclaimed, in a voice of deep hostility, and the hard grip of his fingers on her arm held her there.

In a moment James Brodie would arrive with the letter from Ambrose that was too private and important to be entrusted to the post. It was too much to hope that Blane would respect its privacy. Already he was deeply suspicious of her. She had cleverly improvised reasons for other awkward situations, but it seemed as if this one would defeat her. She was lost . . .

It seemed months, now, since that day when she had paced restlessly about Aunt Adelaide's drawing-room, waiting for news from the court. News that either declared Blane Mallow the impostor they all believed him or confirmed his story as true.

Aunt Adelaide had lost patience with her. "For goodness' sake, child, sit down. You're driving me mad. Fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, all the time. Can't you keep still?"

Sarah was peering into the street. The sound of horses' hoofs approached and passed. It was not Ambrose. In any case, the jury may not come to a decision until the next day, for there had been so much conflicting evidence. Never would Sarah forget Lady Malvina in the box, with her great arrogant nose thrust forward, the cabbage roses on her bonnet nodding to her reiterated affirmatives. Nothing would shake her evidence. The black-browed adventurer in the box, whose arrogance matched her own, was her son, her long-lost son, Blane Mallow.

Aunt Adelaide clucked impatiently.

"I suppose you're wishing you were in the courtroom again yourself, looking at that scoundrel."

Sarah gasped. "How did you know I've been there?"

"I don't know anything because I'm not told," her aunt retorted tartly. "But your shopping and your supposed teas with your sisters this week have been very prolonged occasions."

If the dark-eyed man calling himself Blane was an impostor how would anyone be able to prove it? . . . beginning a new serial

By DOROTHY EDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"Lady Malvina must have been telling lies," Sarah burst out. "She stood in the box and swore that that impostor was her son, although Ambrose says Blane never had features like that, or that impudence. He was a gentleman."

"And this man is not?"

"Decidedly not. He was laughing all the time. Oh, not openly. But you could see the shine in his eyes. It was as if he was laughing inside all the time. At his mother—if she is his mother—at the judge, at Ambrose, at everybody. He knew he was running circles round them with his plausibility."

"All this," said Aunt Adelaide consideringly, "doesn't make him not a gentleman. Could it be, my dear, that you believe him an impostor because you have every reason to be prejudiced against him?"

"Aunt! You haven't told anybody about Ambrose and me?"

"Of course I haven't. Though I told you secret engagements aren't to my liking."

"But it's all because of this wretched Blane Mallow that it has to be a secret," Sarah burst out. "You know very well Ambrose can't afford to marry me if he doesn't inherit Mallow Hall. Under any other conditions he must marry an heiress. I love him far too well to stand in his way."

"So all in all," Aunt Adelaide said reflectively, "it becomes very important that this man is denounced."

"I wish I could do it myself!" Sarah declared feelingly.

"I believe you would if you could. You at least have plenty of spirit. I shall never cease to wonder how you alone of that clutch of girls your parents produced have any spirit."

"Thank you, dear Aunt Adelaide," Sarah said warmly. There was a very deep bond between the two women. The older woman's astuteness and humor appealed to Sarah, as Sarah's somewhat daring and rash behaviour did to her aunt. She was born ahead of her time, Aunt Adelaide thought.

Thank heavens Sarah was too honest and spirited for posing. She loved and frankly wanted Ambrose Mallow, and made a secret of it only because of this tiresome litigation as to the ownership of Mallow Hall. How extremely inconvenient it had been of Blane Mallow to arrive home just at this moment, after an absence of twenty years. It was so inconvenient as to be highly suspicious.

No one entirely believed he had come because of seeing the advertisements for him which had been printed in almost every paper on the face of the globe. He couldn't have become conscience-stricken about his widowed mother. He was not the man, popular opinion declared, to have a conscience. On the other hand, he was most definitely the type of man to be an adventurer, a seeker after easy reward, title, and position. He may also, conceivably, have been born a gentleman, for there was arrogance and confidence in every inch of him.

But Lady Malvina's son? Heads were shaken sceptically. How could that foolish, garrulous old woman have got a son like this?

The paradox was that she had identified him unhesitatingly, she had swept aside his strange lapses of memory about certain events, and declared only that he was her son. As added and indeed indisputable proof there was the little boy, the five-year-old child of this assumed impostor. If his father, to all other people, had changed beyond recognition, this child was the living image of the very good portrait painted by Josiah Blake thirty years ago of Blane Mallow at the same age.

In this way the evidence became overwhelming, and it seemed that Ambrose, because of the return of the rightful heir, would lose Mallow Hall.

"Did anybody recognise you in court?" Aunt Adelaide went on, eyeing Sarah sharply.

"Oh, good gracious, no! I stayed right at the back. Even Ambrose

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Amalie, hurrying down the stairs, looked indignantly at Sarah with Titus clasped in her arms and Blane and Lady Malvina near her.





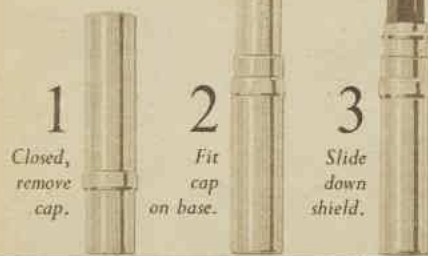
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BRIGHTENS THE WEEK IN SO MANY WAYS
The Australian
Woman's Mirror
Ask your newsagent ★ On sale everywhere

Dictated by the Stars

A short short story
By **CRESSIDA
DELLIT**



"Please stop talking about my age," Susan said petulantly to Peter as they sat together having coffee.

THE girl at the table in the corner of the university cafeteria had wearied of her scientific companion's intense conversation.

She looked up from her coffee, met his eyes, and calmly interrupted.

"Actually, Peter," she said with mock seriousness, "I'm in no position to argue. I have trouble believing some things in the Bible, but I swear by my stars. I'm a phony, I guess."

She gave him a calculated, daffy smile.

Peter was annoyed. Susan had stopped him in the middle of an involved conversation on miracles. She had dared to switch the topic of conversation at a vital point to introduce a frivolous red herring. Her stars, of all things.

He said evenly, "You're not serious — you don't seriously follow your horoscope? Honestly, Susan, you're the last girl I would have suspected of being swayed by common superstition. At your age one would . . ."

He got no further. Susan broke in, refusing to take him seriously.

"At my age, Peter dear? But I'm only seventeen, as you well know. And please don't get pompous." She gave him one of her youngest, most appealing smiles.

Peter, however, was unimpressed.

"I have a sister of twelve," he said testily, "who has a more realistic approach to life than you have. Horoscopes are designed purely and simply to cater for escapists. They have no predictive value, they could do considerable harm, and for someone your age to be . . ."

"Stop talking about my age," Susan interrupted petulantly. "Since you became a grand old man of twenty-one you have talked about nothing else. A seventeen-year-old girl has every right to believe in the stars. And I'm sick of all your realistic approach nonsense, weally I am."

"You know I can't stand baby-talk," snapped Peter. "Besides, it's no excuse for superstitious escapism."

"Would someone please hand me a dictionary?" Susan asked, and then wished she hadn't. It was a schoolgirlish remark, hardly worthy of a university student.

Peter, to her surprise, laughed suddenly. "Please, Susan," he said reasonably, "we're both being childish. We want to be on speaking terms for tomorrow night."

But Susan was in no mood for peace-making, nor was she to be put off by a reference to tomorrow's University Ball.

"We're fated to fight anyway," she replied. "My stars say tomorrow's going to be one of the worst days in 1961. We're fated to disagree."

"If you aren't the worst defeatist I've ever met! For heaven's sake, Susan, if you decide beforehand that we'll fight, of course we will. You don't give us a chance, do you? Provoking me with all this superstitious nonsense, making a mountain out of every molehill . . ."

"What sign do you fall under, Peter?" Susan asked innocently. "In your horoscope, I mean."

"I've forgotten," said Peter shortly. "I think it's Leo, actually, if you must know. Why do you ask?"

Susan smiled brightly. "That explains everything, then, doesn't it? I'm an Aquarian, you see. Fate just won't let us get together — we're mutually incompatible. We'll never agree, Peter, never ever. Leo and Aquarius — hopeless! I should have realised earlier."

"Good heavens!" said Peter, "I believe you're serious."

"But I'm always serious. This is a very serious matter. I'm afraid I can't help it if fate has designed us to be enemies."

"Let's get one thing straight," Peter said hotly. "We're not going to let tomorrow's Ball be wrecked just because of your stars! I won't have our entire friendship spoilt by superstition. Now snap out of it, Susan."

"But how?" Susan shrugged, surrendering to forces beyond her control. "It's just fate," she said helplessly.

She had gone too far. Peter spoke furiously. "If that's your attitude, young woman, we'll skip the Ball. I'm damned if I'll put up with this. You must realise you're the one to control your own destiny. We won't go if that's your attitude. I'll tear up the tickets, that's what I'll do. Enjoy the rest of your coffee."

Abruptly, Peter stood up from the table and stalked out of the room.

Susan sat alone in her corner, rather stunned. It was very disconcerting to see the rational Peter lose his temper. She felt sure everyone was looking at her.

Really, it was too humiliating. More than that, it was tragic. Here she was, alone and deserted by a perfectly charming, intelligent boy who had done his best to make her see reason. She told herself furiously that, as Peter had said, she was an escapist and defeatist.

Defeatist? She hated the word. She hated the idea. No, she decided, she was certainly no defeatist. She jumped up and walked quickly, self-consciously towards the door. She imagined she could hear onlookers laughing.

Hurrying out of the building, Susan elbowed impatiently past a bearded youth in the doorway. She ran into the road and looked towards the pedestrian crossing. Peter would cross as soon as the lights changed.

"Peter!" she screamed, "Peter!" Peter stopped and looked round, as did several bystanders. He looked surprised to see her, but could not hide the fact that the surprise was pleasant.

"Peter!" she gasped as soon as she reached him. "I've thought of a terribly realistic plan, really I have. Listen, rather than your tearing up the tickets, wouldn't it be better for me to tear up my stars?"

"Yes, it most certainly would," he said, taking her hand. "But why the sudden change of mind?"

"Well, I've just realised," said Susan, "that if I wear my white dress, everything will be all right tomorrow night. I mean, the 'worst day' business won't come true. I mean, we'll be unaffected by it all. Like you said, we can control our own destiny. You see?"

"You're my very favorite convert to realism, Susan, dear," said Peter, "and I'm delighted to see you conquering superstition, but I'm not sure I follow what you mean. What has your white dress got to do with it? Would it be too much to ask for an explanation?"

"But don't you see," insisted Susan, "according to my stars this week, white is my lucky color for love. And I couldn't disobey the stars, could I, Peter?"

And as Peter looked down at her, he decided it was not unrealistic to find a certain charm in her sweet, superstitious smile.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 17, 1961

£3005 cookery contest

Big cash prizes for dairy food recipes

● The Australian Women's Weekly announces a splendid new cookery contest for readers in which a total of £3005 will be awarded as cash prizes for recipes using dairy products.

● Prizes include a Grand Champion Prize of £2000 for the best recipe in the contest, which we are conducting in conjunction with the National Festival of Dairy Foods.

READERS are invited to enter the contest by sending in recipes in which one or more of the four dairy products are used as the main ingredients.

These dairy products are:

- Butter.
- Milk.
- Cream.
- Cheese.

The list of wonderful cash prizes is headed by the Grand Champion Prize of £2000 for the best entry in any of the three sections of the contest.

Other big cash awards will be first prizes of £200 in each of the three sections; second prizes of £75; third prizes of £25; and fourth prizes of £10.

In addition, three progress prizes of £5 each will be awarded every week throughout the contest.

Details of the prize list are given in the panel at right.

The contest begins with this issue, so you can start now to send in your recipes using milk, cheese, butter, and cream as main ingredients.

Dairy products used in all recipes entered in the contest should be:

CHEESE: Any type of Australian manufacture. Use of imported cheese will disqualify an entry.

BUTTER: The usual brands of household butter, either salted or unsalted (sweet).

CREAM: Either fresh or tinned.

MILK: Fresh, powdered, condensed, or evaporated.

The three sections of the contest are:

SECTION 1

LUNCH MENU

(2 recipes)

Main dish and sweet, either hot or cold

SECTION 2

DINNER MENU

(3 recipes)

Any one of these three alternative menus will be eligible:

1. Soup, main dish, and sweet

OR

2. Hors d'oeuvres, main dish, and sweet

OR

3. Entree, main dish, and savory

SECTION 3

BETWEEN-MEAL SNACKS

Biscuits, cakes, teacakes, savories, dips, sandwich spreads

As listed above, Sections 1 and 2 of the

contest require a collection of recipes as lunch or dinner menus. In Section 3, single recipes for the between-meal foods listed are required.

Competitors may enter as many lunch and dinner menus (with their recipes) and as many single recipes for between-meal snack foods as they wish.

But please remember that all recipes entered, to be eligible for the prizes, must contain one or more of the four dairy products — milk, cream, cheese, and butter.

In planning recipes for all three sections, competitors should note that those which contain a good proportion of all four dairy products will obviously gain more points than recipes using only one.

This contest is a wonderful opportunity for all who are interested in cooking and food to win big cash prizes.

It is also easy. All you have to do is to submit recipes in which milk, butter, cream, or cheese are used.

Sections 1 and 2 give a wide scope for those competitors who enjoy composing a well-balanced and nutritive menu. These menus need not necessarily be elaborate.

Section 3 also allows scope for competitors' ingenuity. Between-meal snacks of biscuits, cakes, teacakes, dips and spreads, and savories give a wide choice for the competitor to enter a recipe which could possibly combine all four dairy foods required in the contest.

These four dairy products are staples in every kitchen, are familiar to everyone, are used every day in every home, and appear at almost every meal. They are low in cost and are readily available.

Milk in all its forms (whether whole, skimmed, processed, evaporated, or condensed), butter, cream, and cheeses of Australian manufacture are all excellent foods that are high in nutrition value and combine well and easily with other foods to make delicious dishes.

Perhaps your favorite recipe has cheese as a main ingredient. It could win you one of the wonderful cash prizes in our contest.

THE PRIZE LIST

● Here are the wonderful cash prizes to be won in our Dairy Foods Recipe Contest:

Grand Champion Prize (best recipe entered in contest) £2000

First Prize in each of three sections £200

Second Prize in each section £75

Third Prize in each section £25

Fourth Prize in each section £10

In addition, three Progress Prizes of £5 each will be awarded each week throughout the contest.

Cheese is one of the most popular ingredients for professional as well as amateur cooks. It combines so well with other foods that almost everyone has an unusual recipe using cheese as the main ingredient for extra flavor and food value.

All cooks use butter, whether for a cake, pastry, sauce, fish or meat dishes. It is a food that has unlimited uses.

You may have invented a new type of filling or frosting with a butter base, or have made up powdered or processed milks in an unusual way.

Cream, which adds that extra touch of smoothness to sauces, of glamor to desserts and custards, and more nourishment as well

as flavor to meat and fish dishes, is another well-known standby in the kitchen.

You may have a well-tried recipe using one or two or all of these dairy foods that is a family favorite and often served in your home; or you may be the inventive type of cook who likes to make up recipes.

Both these types of recipes will be welcome in our contest. You are invited to enter it and try for one of the wonderful prizes.

Rules of the contest are given in the panel below. Here are some important points to remember when writing out your entries:

Write each menu on a separate sheet of paper. Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper, and attach them to their menu. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each menu submitted.

Single recipes entered in Section 3 should also have the sender's name and address and Section 3 written on each separate sheet of paper.

Send your entries to:

Dairy Foods Recipe Contest,
Box 5252, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

The judges will be Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, her panel of assistants, and Mrs. O. MacKay, director of Dairy Food Services.

RULES OF THIS CONTEST

Address entries to Dairy Foods Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Write each menu clearly on a separate sheet of paper. Write each recipe clearly on a separate sheet of paper and attach them to their menu. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each menu submitted.

Single recipes entered in Section 3 should also have this section marked on top of each recipe entered and the sender's name and address on each sheet of paper.

Write down first the ingredients required in each recipe, then the method of making in a separate paragraph.

Use level spoon measurements and the eight liquid ounce measure.

Competitors may submit as many entries as they wish in any or all the three sections.

The contest will be judged by a panel of The Australian Women's Weekly food and cookery experts, who will open and judge each entry. They will be assisted by Mrs. O. MacKay, director of Dairy Food Services. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

If two or more competitors enter an identical recipe, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.

The results as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part in the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept such results as final and binding.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 17, 1961

IS A FAMILY A LUXURY?

By ANNE CUTHBERT

● A family of children is a natural pattern of married life, and it is sensible to expect to pay a reasonable price for it in energy, time, and money.

BUT how sad it is to see so many young people who seem to regard married life as something to be entered into as soon as possible, but a family as a luxury that only large incomes can justify.

I often hear this depressing remark from an engaged girl: "We're getting married this year, but, of course, we shan't be able to afford a family for a good while."

Yet money is not the only thing to be considered.

Often she does not realise that the marriage itself, which will begin so hopefully and happily, can become a less joyous partnership for the lack of a so-called luxury, which is not really a luxury at all.

The other day I had a chance to discuss the subject of having families with a group of young engaged couples.

One of the girls made the point very forcibly that it was not only the expense of a family that worried her but the possible cost in physical health, good looks, and social life.

"I could manage one baby," she said, "but if I were to have four or five children running round me the whole day I should just be nothing but a household drudge with no time to attend to my appearance and no money for clothes or hairdos."

Just a "mum"

"And," she added definitely, "I'm proud of my figure and my flair for dressing well and of my social acceptability and generally cheerful outlook on life."

"I do not want to be just a 'mum'."

I told her that she had my warmest sympathy, for I remember so well the time when my own family were young and I had no money to spend on dressmakers and hairdressers.

I have never really forgiven the tactless female who remarked to me at the time, "I



Are they worth the price? Of course they are.

think you're so wonderful never to mind what you wear."

Of course I minded, and now that the children no longer need my help I spend what I can on good clothes and hairdressing.

But while they were young all the available time, energy, thought, and money had to go to them, and I am quite sure I never grudged it.

It all boils down to the question of whether anything is a "luxury" just because it costs a great deal.

Personally, I regard a family of children (any number, that is to say, over three) as a natural pattern of married life.

I consider that it is as sensible to expect to pay as much for them in energy, money, time, and nerve strain as I should be prepared to pay if I

were a keen explorer determined to get to the top of some difficult mountain.

The explorer knows that there will be considerable expense during the planning period, and dangers and hardships once he has started, but he is prepared to make the necessary sacrifice in order to experience the deep joy of fulfilment once he finally reaches the mountain top.

That there are sacrifices to be made by those prepared to undertake the great adventure of having a large family is quite certain.

Nervous strain

But the endless cooking, washing-up, mending, and making beds, which assume such alarming proportions while the children are very young, are mainly productive of physical weariness, which will pass as the children grow older and are willing and able to lend a hand.

The nervous strain, however, is a rather different matter.

For, although this may be considerable while there are only one or two children both still under five years old, as the family increases, both in number and age, the nervous tension can actually slacken.

By the time the home is full of noisy children of all ages, mother will usually have acquired a calm, philosophical outlook on life which at one

time she felt she would never attain.

So what prospective parents have to consider is not so much whether a family of children is a luxury as whether they want such a family sufficiently to pay the price for it.

But one difficulty which will always arise in a discussion of this kind is that only those who have actually experienced the wonderful joys of parenthood can fully appreciate how well worth while was the price we had to pay.

So many of the joys are intangible—just enough to give a warm feeling of satisfaction as you crawl into bed after a strenuous day, murmuring to yourself a verse of that prim Victorian hymn, "Something attempted, something done, to earn a night's repose."

To guide, console, encourage, and cheer four or five little people through the wonderful experience of learning to live to the full is a privilege which needs to be experienced to be fully appreciated.

So it would be unreasonable for me to expect everyone just to take my word for it, that it is the most worthwhile thing in the world.

But when the question was put to me seriously, as it was the other day, "Are families a luxury?" what could I do but answer:

"Never a luxury, but a gift of greater price, for which those who have received it can never be sufficiently grateful."

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But Dō-Dō's effect is doubly beneficial because it helps to relieve the nervous tension—the symptom many sufferers fear most and often regard as the root cause of their trouble.

On this very point in an article in a leading medical journal the writer explains that a combination of sympathomimetic and xanthine substances with

the addition of a sedative may not only be better than either drug given alone but actually help to relieve this nervous tension which often accompanies and sometimes actually brings on attacks.

IT IS UPON THAT VERY PRINCIPLE THAT THE Dō-Dō FORMULA IS BASED AND THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS HAVE FOUND THAT—

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24 TABLETS 5/9

PLAYTIME AND TOYS

● Little children's play is nature's way of educating them.

A child's first toys should be few and very plain. They should be washable, smooth, large enough not to be swallowed or put into nose or ears, and light enough not to hurt him if he drops them or hits himself with them.

A leaflet giving hints on the choice of toys suitable for the different age groups is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

CHINESE COOKERY — CANTONESE STYLE

● Cantonese cookery is renowned as the best of Chinese mandarin cooking.

Mrs. Wong has chosen for this feature traditional feast-day and other special-occasion recipes, and also some for everyday menus.

THE Chinese ingredients in these recipes can be bought at food counters in large department stores as well as Chinese shops and most Chinese restaurants.

All spoon measurements are level.

SWEET AND SOUR PORK (Sin-Tim Jee Yuk)

One pound lean pork, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons soy sauce, salt, monosodium glutamate, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 egg-yolk, cornflour, oil or lard for deep-frying, 1 large onion, 1 carrot, 1 green pepper, 1 red pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Chinese pickled vegetables.

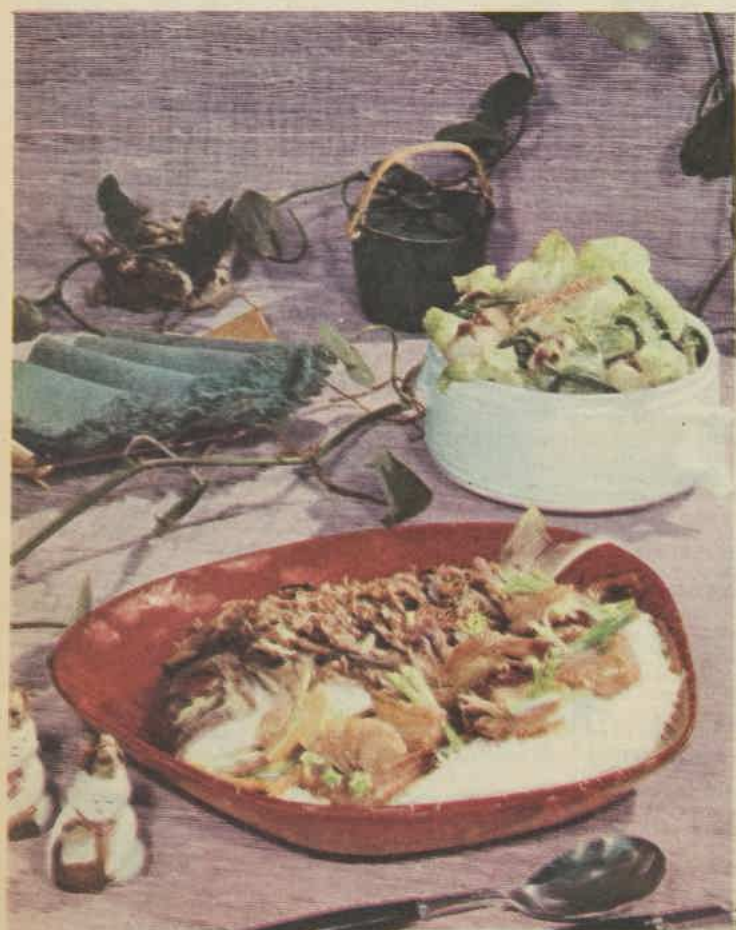
Cut pork into cubes about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, place in mixture of sugar, soy sauce, salt, monosodium glutamate to taste, and sherry; stand aside 20 minutes. Pour slightly beaten egg-yolk over pork, mix

well. Lift out pork pieces, roll in cornflour. Deep-fry in hot oil or lard until almost cooked. Drain and refry, then place on heated platter. Cut vegetables into cubes. Cook the onion in little oil until soft but not brown, then add carrot (which has been parboiled) and green and red pepper. Pour over sweet and sour sauce and mix in pineapple pieces and pickled vegetables. Serve poured over the pork.

Sweet and Sour Sauce: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, 1 in. green ginger, 1 cup pineapple juice and bring to boil. Blend 2 teaspoons cornflour with little warm water, add to mixture, and cook 1 minute, stirring all the time. If preferred, remove green ginger before serving.

LIONS' HEADS (See Jee Tow)

Six dried mushrooms, 1 lb. pork, 10 water chestnuts, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons



SWEET-TASTING LYCHEE FRUIT give an unusual flavor to the Cantonese salad bowl which accompanies the steamed fish in the picture above. The photographs were taken by staff photographer Don Cameron.

A selection of recipes from a new Chinese cookery book by Ella-Mei Wong



soy sauce, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry, monosodium glutamate, 1 beaten egg, oil or lard for frying, 1 Chinese green vegetable (gai lan—similar to spinach), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock.

Prepare mushrooms by soaking in hot water 20 minutes, then squeeze dry. Mince mushrooms with pork, chestnuts, onion, and season with soy sauce, salt, pepper, sugar, sherry, and monosodium glutamate to taste. Bind with egg, form into meatballs about 2 in. thick. Heat pan, add oil, deep-fry meatballs until brown. Remove. Cut Chinese vegetable into lengths, saute in little oil 1 minute, pour in water, simmer 1 minute. Arrange "lions' heads" on top of vegetable, add stock and simmer gently 15 minutes. Serve.

PINEAPPLE CHICKEN (Bor Lor Gai)

One young chicken (about 2 lb. to 3 lb.), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce, salt, 2 in. green ginger, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 clove garlic, 4 tablespoons pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, pineapple pieces, cornflour, Chinese parsley.

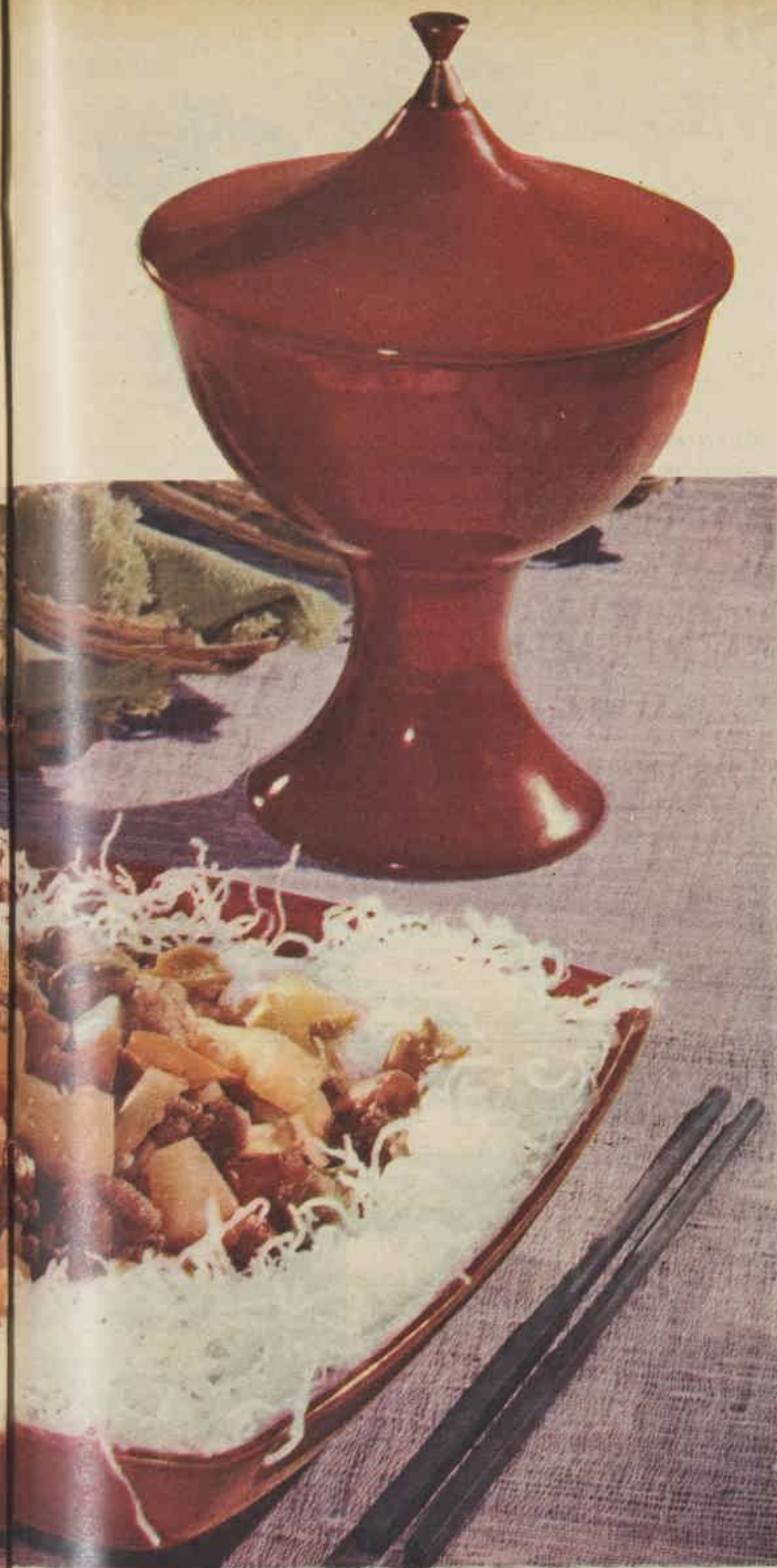
Clean and wash chicken. Mix together soy sauce, salt, ginger, sugar, sherry. Rub over

chicken and let it stand 20 minutes. Heat deep pan, add oil and garlic, brown chicken on both sides. Add remaining soy sauce liquid, pineapple juice, and water. Simmer until soft. Cut chicken into segments, arrange on platter with pieces of pineapple. Pour liquid (thickened as required with blended cornflour) over chicken. Garnish with parsley and serve.

MINCED PIGEON (Bark Gup Soong)

Two young pigeons, lettuce, 1 onion, 2 stalks celery, 4 dried mushrooms, piece of bamboo shoot, oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Clean and wash pigeons, remove all meat, mince it finely. Shred lettuce and place on platter. Mince the vegetables. Heat pan, add oil, and saute the pigeon meat half a minute, then add vegetables, mixing well together and cooking for further minute. Pour in stock, sugar, and soy sauce, thicken with blended cornflour. Simmer another 2 minutes. Pour this mixture over the shredded lettuce and serve with plain boiled rice or toasted noodles.



AUTHENTIC CHINESE DISH which has become very popular in the Western world is this sweet and sour pork, served on a bed of crisply fried rice noodles.

BRAISED DUCK WITH LILY BUDS (Far Jee Mun Arp)

One duck, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry, 2 in. green ginger (crushed), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 6 dried mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lily buds (far jee), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fungi (chee yee), piece of bamboo shoot, oil, 2 or 3 cups water or stock.

Combine soy sauce, salt and pepper, sugar, sherry, ginger, and garlic in bowl. Rub the cleaned duck inside and out with this mixture. Prepare mushrooms by soaking them in hot water 20 minutes. Slice. Soak lily buds and fungi in hot water 10 minutes. Heat pan, add oil, and saute fungi, mushrooms, sliced bamboo shoots, and lily buds a minute or two. Heat separate large deep pan, add oil, and brown the duck. Add the mixture from the other pan, the water, and the soy sauce liquid, simmer until very tender. Serve whole, each person breaking away his own serving with chopsticks.

ASPARAGUS WITH BEEF (Kno Yuk Chow Lo Soon)

One pound fillet steak, salt, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, cornflour, 2 cups cauliflower, 1 small bunch fresh asparagus (or one small tin), oil, 1 tablespoon sugar, water, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 cup stock, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 tablespoons oyster sauce.

Cut steak into strips, season with salt and soy sauce. Sprinkle with cornflour. Mix well together, let stand 15 minutes. Cut cauliflower into flowerets, blanch 1 minute. String asparagus, cut diagonally in $\frac{1}{4}$ in. lengths. Heat pan, add oil, and saute asparagus 1 minute. Add salt, sugar, water to cover, simmer until soft. Drain, reserve liquid. Heat pan, add about 1 tablespoon oil and the garlic. Saute steak until it browns, then put in vegetables and stock, simmer 1 minute. Thicken with blended cornflour, add sherry and oyster sauce, cooking minute longer.

If using fresh oysters put them in electric blender and pulverise.



PORK-FLAVORED MEAT PATTIES are made specially for the Chinese New Year festivities. They resemble the heads of the lion dancers who are part of the traditional colorful dragon dance procession.

MUSHROOM CUPS (Yeung Doong Goo)

Two dozen medium-sized mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced pork, 2 slices minced cooked ham, 1 egg-white, 10 water chestnuts (chopped), salt, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 tablespoons stock, 1 green or red pepper.

Prepare mushrooms by soaking in hot water 20 minutes. Combine pork, ham, egg-white, and chestnuts, season with salt and soy sauce. Sprinkle with cornflour, mix well together. Heat pan, add oil, saute mushrooms 2 minutes with sugar and sherry. Remove, allow to cool. Pack mixture on to each mushroom (inside) and decorate with strip of green or red pepper across centre. Place in shallow bowl, allow to steam 15 minutes. Now pour over stock and allow to steam 10 minutes further. Serve with a dip sauce of combined soy sauce and sesame oil.

BEEF CHOP SUEY (Kno Yuk Jup Sui)

One pound rump steak, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, salt, monosodium glutamate, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 stalks Chinese cabbage or cauliflower, 1 large onion, 2 stalks celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beans, oil, 2 slices green ginger, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 cup stock.

Slice meat and marinate in mixture of soy sauce, salt, monosodium glutamate, and sherry. Slice vegetables and parboil beans. Heat pan, add oil, ginger, and crushed garlic. Saute vegetables, remove. Add more oil to pan, saute meat until it browns, return vegetables and mix well together, cooking a minute further. Add marinade, blended cornflour, and stock. Cook a minute longer, serve with rice.

STEAMED FISH (Jing Yee)

Four dried mushrooms, 1 whole fish (about 2 lb.), salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 in. green ginger (shredded), 1 tablespoon cooked bacon pieces, few shallots (chopped), parsley, cooked rice.

Prepare mushrooms by soaking in hot

water 20 minutes, squeeze dry, remove stems, then shred. Clean and scale fish, score by making 2 incisions across flesh part; season with salt and pepper inside and out. Sprinkle over sugar, pour on oil and soy sauce and add ginger. Let stand 10 minutes. Place mushrooms, bacon on top of fish, steam 15 to 20 minutes. Fish can be baked in oven protected by aluminium foil if desired. Serve on platter with garnish of rice, shallots, and parsley.

EGG FLOWER SOUP (Far Darn Tong)

One quart rich chicken stock, monosodium glutamate, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots.

Into boiling chicken stock add monosodium glutamate to taste, salt, and pepper, simmer 10 minutes. Beat eggs together, pour into boiling stock. Stir well until eggs begin to cook and spread out like flowers. Serve garnished with shallots.

CANTONESE SALAD BOWL (Kwandung Larng Poon Dip)

Half pound bean sprouts (prepared as directed below), few slices red ginger pickles (hoong geung), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melon shreds (gwah ying) or cucumber, 1 lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 10 lychees.

Arrange all ingredients attractively on lettuce leaves. Serve with Chinese salad dressing (see recipe below).

Steamed Bean Sprouts (Ngar Choy): Place bean sprouts in colander and steam over boiling water 2 minutes. They are then ready to use with other recipes or to be included in salad bowl when cool.

CHINESE SALAD DRESSING (Salat Jup)

Three tablespoons vegetable or salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 clove garlic (crushed).

Mix or shake all ingredients together and use with green salads as desired.

From "Chinese Cookery," by Ella-Mei Wong, published by Angus and Robertson Ltd., Sydney.

NEXT WEEK: Cornflour Contest prize recipes.

£5 FOR SAVORY DISH

● First prize of £5 is awarded this week for a recipe for a tasty ramekin dish which consists of a simple savory mince mixture with an unusual topping.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for mocha-mint slices and a luscious passionfruit sweet.

All spoon measurements are level.

MEXICANO RAMEKINS

One pound minced steak, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 small onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce.

Heat fat in saucepan, add

chopped onion and garlic; saute until soft but not brown. Add meat, stir over medium heat until meat changes color. Stir in flour, salt, and mustard, then add water and sauces. Continue stirring until mixture boils. Cover, simmer 30 minutes. Meanwhile prepare rice topping.

Tomato-Rice: Three-quarters cup uncooked rice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 large onion (chopped), salt, pepper, 2 cups water, 2 large chopped tomatoes.

Heat butter or substitute in saucepan, add washed rice and chopped onion. Brown lightly,

stirring well to prevent burning. Add salt, pepper, then add water and chopped tomatoes; stir until boiling. Cover, simmer about 1 hour or until rice is soft and most of liquid has been absorbed. Half-fill individual ramekin dishes with mince-meat mixture, top with tomato-rice. Serve garnished with pepper slices.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Sloan, 11 Down Street, Scarness, Hervey Bay, Qld.

MOCHA-MINT SLICES

One cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 cup powdered milk, 1 cup green shredded coconut, 2½ cups chocolate-coated breakfast cereal, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon coffee powder, 1 medium-sized packet mints, 1lb solid white shortening, vanilla to taste, pieces of preserved ginger or glace cherries.

Combine in bowl icing-sugar, powdered milk, coconut, breakfast cereal, cocoa, coffee powder, and mints. Melt shortening, add to dry ingredients with the vanilla. Press into greased slab-tin, set in refrigerator. Cut into slices, decorate with ginger or cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Lee, 40 Burgoyne Rd., Albany, W.A.

PASSIONFRUIT GATEAU

Three eggs, scant ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk, vanilla essence.

Separate eggs, beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and beat until dissolved. Fold in egg-yolks, mix well,

add flour, salt, and hot milk in which butter has been melted. Lastly fold in vanilla. Pour half mixture into greased sandwich tin and other half into equal sized recess-tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. When cool, place plain round sandwich cake on serving platter, spread with whipped cream and top with recess cake. Fill recess with passionfruit cream, pipe whipped cream round border.

Passionfruit Cream: One dessertspoon flour, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, pulp 3 passionfruit, whipped cream.

Combine flour, sugar; blend with egg-yolk and milk. Place over low heat and stir until boiling; simmer 1 minute. Remove from heat, add butter and passionfruit pulp; cool.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Bryan, 146 Augusta Rd., Lenah Valley, Hobart.



MEXICANO RAMEKINS, served piping-hot, would be a sure winner at your next buffet party.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish, pineapple braised steak, is both appetising and satisfying. It serves 5 or 6 and costs approximately 9/-.

PINEAPPLE BRAISED STEAK

Two pounds blade or chuck steak, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 large onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 3 dessertspoons vinegar, 1 cup pineapple juice, ½ cup stock or water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Trim steak, cut into 2in. cubes. Mix flour, salt, pepper, mustard, and nutmeg. Coat steak thoroughly with mixture, brown lightly in hot fat in heavy pan. Remove meat, add sliced onion, and brown lightly, then add remainder of flour mixture and allow to brown. Stir in vinegar, pineapple juice, stock or water. Continue stirring until gravy boils. Return meat, turn into ovenware dish, cover, and cook in moderate oven until meat is tender (about 2½ hours). Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Home hints from readers

TWO readers each win £1/1/- prize this week for the following household hints:

Keep a pipe-cleaner by you when knitting. It is useful for holding stitches which have to be picked up later. They cannot slip off or tighten and the holder can be bent into any position.

£1/1/- prize to Mrs. F. O'Brien, 45 Derwent Park Rd., Moonah, Tas.

To prevent cosmetic bottles falling over and sometimes breaking when opening and closing drawers: Save empty cardboard boxes, turn upside down, mark circles on them with pencil, and cut out circles. Place boxes inside drawers and stand the bottles in the circles. They will stay put.

£1/1/- prize to Mrs. V. Papalia, 44 Talbot Rd., Brunswick Junction, W.A.

If you have a useful hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for every one published.

It's My Doghouse - But She's Put Him In It!

CLAIRE, GIVE ME A BREAK! ONE REASON ALL WHAT DID I DO TO LAND THERE IS, TOM! YOU IN THE DOGHOUSE? DON'T SEEM TO KNOW GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON! ONE - JUST ONE!

BUT HE'S NOT TOO OLD TO LEARN NEW TRICKS!

TOM SEES HIS DENTIST

TO STOP BAD BREATH I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM - ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH - PROTECTS YOU AGAINST BAD BREATH AND FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!

LATER, THINGS DO CHANGE RAPIDLY!

TO ME, A HOUND, THIS SCENE LOOKS SAPPY BUT THANKS TO COLGATE, THEY'RE BOTH HAPPY!

STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

While You Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

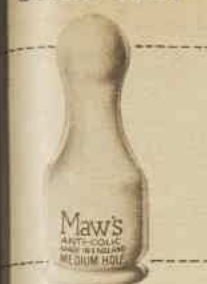
FOR WHITE TEETH AND FRESH BREATH... MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

★ Get the big family size and save 3/-

Just one brushing with COLGATE STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY as no other toothpaste can - ANY COLOUR - ANY KIND!

Is your baby
bottle fed?



Baby knows by instinct
this Maw's shape is
nearest to Nature

X-ray photographs, taken
when a baby is feeding from
a mother, reveal that a
Maw's Teat conforms with
the shape of her breast.
Maw's Teats are cherry-
shaped for proper feeding
action. And the tender,
resilient softness of the pure
rubber allows the baby to
control the flow of milk
instinctively.

Maw's the anti-colic teats
from England, come to you
in transparent containers—
free from contamination.



How to get
glamour
hairsets
for 4d.



1. Get concentrated
Curlypet at your nearest
Chemist's.

2. Dissolve your
Curlypet in a pint
of warm water.
This gives you
fifteen hairsets.

3. Comb Curlypet quickest through
your hair. Set in your chosen style.
Curl and waves stay softly set.
Your hair comes vibrantly alive,
wavy, lustrous, its beautiful best.
Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A
BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET
AT ANY PRICE!

15
sets
for
4/10

So—Quickset with Curlypet!
Curlypet

STOP!
FIBROSITIS PAINS

with amazingly effective
A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R. TABS spread
right through ache-
bound muscles, soothe
away stiffness and
pain, allowing you to
move and work
normally. Follow the
directions carefully and A.R. TABS
will positively relieve the agonies
and suffering caused by Fibrositis.
For Fibrositis and all joint and
muscular pains get A.R. TABS—
1/6 and 1/3/- at all Chemists.

A.R. TABS

Woods' Great Peppermint
Compound for Coughs and Colds

Our cookery course

PASTRY, PART 3.

— some variations and recipes

STANDARD mixtures for making
pastry were given in the first pastry-
making lesson published in our issue of
May 3. There are many variations of
these mixtures. Some of them are:

VARIATIONS

CHEESE PASTRY

Use for savory tarts, tablets, and pies.
Add 2oz. to 4oz. strongly flavored grated
cheese and 1 egg-yolk to 8oz. shortcrust pastry.

POTATO PASTRY

Use for small and large savory pies.
Beat 2 cups cooked mashed potatoes until
smooth. Sift 1½ cups self-raising flour with ½
teaspoon salt, rub in 3oz. shortening. Work
in potato, add 1 egg-yolk, mix well. Roll,
use in same way as any other savory pastry.
Particularly nice if brushed with egg or milk
and sprinkled with cheese before baking.

CHOUX PASTRY

Use for puffs and eclairs.
Bring 2oz. good shortening and ½ pint water
to boiling point. Remove from heat, add 1
cup flour sifted with pinch salt all at once,
beat until smooth. Stir over low heat until
mixture leaves sides of saucepan and forms
ball. Turn into basin and when mixture is
cool gradually work in 3 beaten eggs. Spoon
or pipe on to greased oven-tray, cook as
directed in recipes for puffs, eclairs.

BISCUIT PASTRY

This is a sweet, rich variation of short-
crust which is used for sweet pastries.
Use 4oz. self-raising flour and 4oz. plain
flour sifted together. Cream together 4oz.
good shortening and 2 tablespoons sugar, mix
with 1 egg-yolk and 2 tablespoons milk, mix well.
Roll out, use as shortcrust or press into pie
plate to form smooth lining.

CHAMPAGNE PASTRY

A rich short biscuit pastry for sweet tarts.
Sift 1 cup self-raising flour with 4 table-
spoons cornflour and pinch salt. Rub in 3oz.
good shortening, add 3 tablespoons sugar, mix
with 1 egg-yolk and 1 tablespoon milk. Roll
out, use as shortcrust or biscuit pastry.

CRUMB CRUSTS

These are not strictly pastry, but are now
used extensively for sweet tart cases.
Crumbs can be made from plain or slightly
flavored biscuits, cornflakes, rice, or wheat
cereals. Crush with rolling-pin or in electric
blender. Cereal crumbs also can be bought
ready prepared.

For 8in. pastry case use 3 cups crumbs. Mix
with ½ to 1 cup melted butter (depending on
hardness of crumbs) and ½ to 1-3rd cup
white or brown sugar (according to sweetness
of crumbs). Press evenly over base and sides
of well-greased tart-plate. Chill until firm; or
chill, then bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Additional flavorings: Mixed spice, honey or
golden syrup, lemon rind, cocoa or drinking
chocolate, chopped dried fruits, powdered
coffee, chopped nuts, and essences—substitute
1 cup coconut for 1 cup crumbs.

Note: In some recipes this crust is made as
a savory base by using unflavored crumbs,
omitting sugar, and adding flavorings such as
finely chopped onions, grated cheese, cayenne
pepper, or various herbs. Serve hot or cold.

RECIPES

These recipes give some ways of using pastry
variations. Spoon measurements are level.

FISH AND TOMATO PIE

One 9in. cheese pastry case (cooked and
cooled), 1½lb. smoked cod filets, 1oz. butter
or substitute, 1oz. flour, 2 cups milk, ½ cup
parboiled green pepper, 1 dessertspoon finely
chopped onion, a few drops Tabasco sauce,
salt, pepper, tomato slices, parsley to garnish.

Place cod filets in large saucepan, cover
with cold water, bring to boil. Drain, add
fresh water, bring to boil again; simmer
until flesh of fish is white and flaky. Drain,
allow to cool, break into flakes. Prepare
sauce: Heat butter in saucepan, add flour,
stir until well mixed. Gradually add milk
then chopped onion, continue stirring until
sauce boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes.
Fold in fish, green pepper, season to taste

with Tabasco sauce, salt, pepper. Fill into
cooked pastry case, arrange tomato slices
round edge. Return to moderate oven until
reheated. Garnish with parsley.

BUTTERSCOTCH TARTLETS

One quantity of champagne pastry, ½ cup
brown sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 5 table-
spoons flour, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ cups milk, 1
teaspoon coffee essence or sherry, 1 teaspoon
vanilla, whipped cream, walnuts.

Roll out pastry thinly on floured board, cut
into rounds with plain or fluted cutter, and
fill into patty cases. Prick lightly with fork,
bake in moderately hot oven about 15
minutes or until browned. Cool, fill with
following mixture: Combine flour and sugar
in saucepan, gradually add milk, stir over
heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer
3 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter and
beaten egg-yolks, then add vanilla and coffee
essence. Mix well, fill into pastry cases. Cool.
Decorate tops with cream, walnuts.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

One quantity of choux pastry mixture,
sweetened whipped cream, chocolate icing.

Fill pastry into bag fitted with large plain
pipe ½in. in diameter. Squeeze 3in. lengths on
to greased tray, spacing well apart. Bake in
hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat, cook for
further 35 to 40 minutes or until the eclairs
are dried out and almost hollow inside. Leave
on trays to cool, move to cake cooler, leave
until cold. Split eclairs, carefully remove any
moist centre. Fill with whipped cream, join
together again. Top with chocolate icing.

TOPPING DESIGNS



CIRCLE of V-shapes is cut out
in pastry then folded back.



SERRATED EDGES of pastry
wedges are made with wheel.



HALF-INCH pastry strips are
twisted to form a pretty design.



until

the cow jumps

over the moon

... your clothes will never be
really white without real blue —
and real blue is Reckitt's Blue.

All white things in cotton, nylon and other
fabrics, must have real blue in the wash or
rinse to keep them sparkling white — really
white. So, however you wash, remember,
only real blue gives real white and real blue
is Reckitt's Blue.

**Reckitt's
Liquid Blue**

Made especially for your
washing machine.

Use it at the rinse cycle or
as a separate rinse for whites you
can be proud of.



It's
real
Blue!

Rheumatism in the Joints, Muscles, Back, Arms and Legs can be contributed to by faulty kidney elimination

Rheumatism is a general term characterised by inflam-
matory and painful affections of the fibrous textures of
joints, muscles and limbs. Hence you can suffer
rheumatism in the joints, muscles, back, arms and legs.
De Witt's Pills are recommended as an auxiliary treatment
when faulty elimination through inactive kidneys is a
contributory cause of your rheumatism.

De Witt's Pills are a diuretic and mild antiseptic for the
kidneys and bladder. They also relieve irritating and
annoying frequency and simple bladder infections.

Soon after taking the first dose you will have visual
evidence that De Witt's Pills are working on your kidneys.
Start a course today.

**DeWitt's
PILLS**

Economy Size 8/-
(100 Pills)

Regular Size 5/-
(40 Pills)

NEXT WEEK: Measures and quantities.



Tw-Nighter venetians...always in step with fashion!



Illustrated is Luxaflex Leaves O' Gold, an elegant new pattern that blends perfectly with any decor. There are 10 other fashion patterns to choose from, plus 200 combinations of pastel and decorator colours.

Once more, Luxaflex brings you an exciting new trend in home decor—Tw-Nighter Patterned Venetians! Now you can use the looks of latest fashion fabrics to add a "so right" final touch to your rooms. And Patterned Venetians stay forever fresh and fashionable—each design is delicately captured in a smooth, enamel finish that cleans at a touch. These are today's most fashionable window coverings, expressed in the most modern of materials—aluminium and plastic. With Tw-Nighter, you have perfect control of light and air... famous "not just dim but dark" closing... and that cosy privacy that means so much in family living. Love modern decor? Then you'll love new Tw-Nighter Patterned Venetians—at your authorised Luxaflex retailer now! For helpful hints on home decor, ask him for your free copy of the Tw-Nighter Colour Brochure.

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the world's finest venetian blind

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HDV/7134/WWFPCR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 17, 1961

GRANDFATHER



GRAND-DAUGHTER



GRANDMOTHER



All need the same gentle laxative LAXETTES

Mother!

Your children like taking 'medicine' when it's chocolate Laxettes. So easy to give the exact dose — because Laxettes have measured it for you in each chocolate square. And Laxettes' mild laxative action makes children better overnight!

Grandmother!

Remember Laxettes when you were a child? Laxettes can help you again now. Pleasant to take, leave no discomfort, give relief without embarrassing urgency.

* Be sure your medicine-chest has Laxettes — a family friend for generations.



LA 29

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● This has been a week of meetings for me — a meeting at Mike's school to arrange further meetings to arrange a fete, a ways-and-means meeting at Diana's school, and a meeting at someone's house to arrange a class dance for Diana's group.

MY children's attitude to these mothers' meetings is quite a varied one. Katherine never cared whether I went or not, and almost always forgot to give me the roncoed notices announcing the meetings.

Diana gives me the notices at the last possible moment and says, "You'll absolutely have to go, because the buzz is that they've got some frightfully drubey ideas."

And Mike, when he was younger, always used to say, "It doesn't matter whether you go to the meeting, but you absolutely have to pick me up."

Meetings were always arranged to end at half past three, and it was shaming, on those days, to have to bring yourself home by the school bus.

Over the years I've developed a serious allergy to mothers' meetings. They remind me of what that scathing old man Dr. Johnson had to say about women's preaching—

"Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not well done; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

There must be lots of women's committees that are well run, lots of chairwomen who can keep control of a meeting, but they don't seem to get themselves elected to mothers' committees.

The mothers who attend seem to be divided into two distinct species—those who come along and say absolutely nothing whatsoever and those who will talk on any subject at all for the sheer pleasure of hearing their thoughts expressed out loud.

The other day we had a solid three quarters of an hour of debate on the subject of whether sausage rolls and sandwiches or party pies and asparagus rolls should form the first part of the supper for this dance.

And the final decision? Well, of course—sausage rolls, sandwiches, party pies and asparagus rolls, as somebody had suggested at the very beginning.

What's so astonishing is that every one of these women is capable of running a home and deciding each day in the space of an eyelid-blink whether it's to be chops or stew for dinner.

Rules for

mothers' meetings . . .

AT this dance meeting, while the talk was going round and round, I found myself inventing a new ORDER OF PROCEDURE for mothers' meetings which would not only shorten them but pay for all the suppers and the lunches and the fetes they are called to organise . . .

1. The Chairwoman to be provided with a police whistle and stop-watch.

2. Anyone speaking for more than three minutes on any topic to be fined at the rate of 6d. for every second.

3. A flat fine of 5/- for anyone saying "Of course, it's only a suggestion and I don't know what you other ladies think . . ." (this would be a big money-earner, as nine out of 10 begin their remarks this way).

4. A sliding scale of fines for reminiscences — say 2/- a time for references to what was done at a rival school's dance a fortnight ago to 35/- for a long account of the catering at a country dance in 1932.

5. A fine of £1 per head, levied at the end of the meeting, for those unpleasant, unhelp-

ful people (like Margaret Sydney) who sit in silence throughout the meeting, criticising.

With proper organisation a scheme like that would not only pay for the supper but would provide all the swimming-pools and libraries that the schools could need.

. . . But men's are just as boring

MIKE'S school decided that the mothers had done enough and that the fathers should take over the raising of funds needed for one of their pet projects.

I went along to a couple of these meetings, thinking "Now we're going to see how they ought to be run."

I came away convinced there wasn't very much to choose between the two. The meetings female parents organise are the most disorderly, the meeting male parents organise are the most boring.

The men all know the rules of debate, and the proceedings are interrupted all the time by cries of "On a point of order, Mr. Chairman."

Just as at our meetings, a few do all the talking—the lawyers and the clergymen are always on their feet—and the rest sit in silence.

And these are people who run business, make large decisions, organise industry, and earn the money that keeps the wheels turning.

What is it about school committees that makes people so long-winded and so dreary? I'm quite sure that Don Marquis had just been attending a parents' committee meeting when he wrote those gorgeous lines of his . . .

*i suppose the human race
is doing the best it can,
but hells bells that's only an explanation
not an excuse.*

Shirts that grow

at our place

THIS has been "Shirt That Grew" week in the Sydney household, with bits of shirts growing all over the house.

I thought it was a hideous fashion when it first hit, during the summer, but now I rather like them—there's a Chinese look about the dresses, on young, slim figures.

First K. discovered that she could make a shirt-that-grew with three hours' solid work, and now Diana, who has never made anything for herself before, is busy cutting and stitching a winter "shirt."

I was even tempted myself, because they're so easy to make, but I resisted the temptation. It's a style for the under-25s, I think.

Jelly treat

with meats

I'VE been given this recipe for making a tart jelly to eat with meats.

Take the quinces off a Japonica, cover them with water, boil till they are mushy, and strain to pulp through a muslin bag. Add one cup of sugar to each cup of strained pulp, and boil it until it reaches the jelly stage. Bottle it as you would any jam or jelly.

When I went to collect my Japonica quinces, I found they'd all been used by Mike and a mate in friendly bombardment of some boys.

I've threatened dire consequences if I don't have a harvest next year so I can try this recipe.

Over 35?

You can still enjoy
life to the full . . .

Medical science is constantly adding to your expectation of life. This is life to be enjoyed—in work, in leisure, in the company of your family and friends.



The importance of vitamins

After we reach about thirty-five, many of us become a little set in our meals—and it's only natural that not all the foods we should eat are foods we enjoy. We run the risk that our meals lack vitamins—yet vitamins are essential to health and the enjoyment of life!

Most of us need a vitamin supplement and Vyckmin — vitamin-mineral capsules — guards against vitamin-mineral deficiencies simply by adding to our daily intake of vitamins and minerals. Vyckmin, taken once a day, ensures a balanced daily intake of essential vitamins plus important minerals.

Safeguard your health, stay younger—longer! Realise now, through Vyckmin, the new health that can be yours. Maintain it for the years ahead! The Vyckmin formula enables you to raise your vitamin-mineral intake with a daily dosage of the essential vitamins A, B1, B2, B6, B12, C, D, E and Nicotinamide, plus Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron and Manganese. Each daily dosage is supplied in a climate-proof pack to guarantee stability and correct vitamin content.

Vyckmin — vitamin-mineral capsules — builds health now and maintains it into old age.

Vyckmin Vitamin-Mineral Capsules

FROM YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST, 3/6 for 15 days', 10/- for 30 days' supply.

A QUALITY PRODUCT BY SCOTT & BOWNE

VY155A

Goddard's Silver Dip

BANISHES STAINS AND TARNISH
WITHOUT RUBBING!

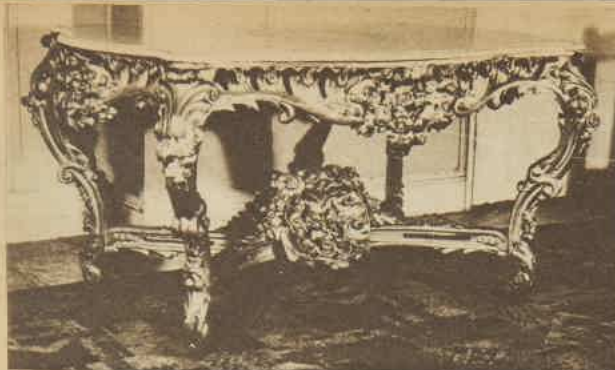
Go ahead and be downright proud of your gleaming Goddard's-dipped silver. No need to tell that those stubborn stains and tarnish went with no work at all—even between fork prongs and filigree. Good silver stays good forever with Goddard's Silver Dip. 7/9.



GODDARD'S, specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.

4139

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EARLY-VICTORIAN TABLE, decorated with gold leaf, belongs to Mr. J. T. Larkin, of Newcastle, N.S.W.

Collectors' corner

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, who is an authority on antiques, answers readers' questions about old and treasured objects in their possession.

"I HAVE a table which has been in our family for many years and I would appreciate any information you could give me about it, please."
—Mr. J. T. Larkin, Newcastle, N.S.W.

This is a carved wooden table decorated with gold leaf. It was made about 1845 and is a very fine

example of Victorian taste at its best. The proportions are good and it is a serpentine shape, surmounted on cabriole legs and profusely carved.

"COULD you please give me some information about a vase I own? It is made of brass and has quite a lot of scroll-work on it and the bell hanging from the pagoda.

BRASS vase with oriental scroll-work belongs to Mrs. J. Valentine, Yarraville, Vic.



There is a large fish at the top of the back and four more fish at the bottom. The vase was given to me by friends in Tasmania and is reputed to be quite old."—Mrs. J. Valentine, Yarraville, Vic.

This gourd-shaped vase is a Japanese copy of an ancient Chinese bronze and was made during the last quarter of the 19th century.

"I HAVE several pale green Royal Doulton plates depicting Tasmanian scenes. I have enclosed a picture of one showing yachting on the River Derwent. Could you tell me anything about the history of these, please?"
—Mrs. A. O. Smith, Sandy Bay, Hobart.

The Doulton factory made a series of these plates depicting scenes of Colonial topographical interest from about 1880 until about 1910. Judging from the photograph, your plates were



DOULTON PLATE belonging to Mrs. A. Smith, Tas.

made about 1890. If the Doulton factory mark is used in conjunction with the words "made in England," then the plates were made after 1891.

"I HAVE a 10in.-high, very heavy vase which is patterned with chrysanthemums in pink, green, and gold and trimmed with gold and various other colored bands. All the pattern except the chrysanthemums is raised. Could you tell me something about its age and make, please?"—Mrs. F. S. Chapman, Caloundra, Qld.

Your vase is of Japanese origin and was made about 1890.

For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



JAPANESE vase owned by Mrs. F. Chapman, Qld.

ONLY KRAFT MEAT BALLS ARE DEEP-FRIED



DEEP-FRYING SEALS IN FLAVOUR—KEEPS MEAT BALLS FIRM

Only with Kraft are the meatballs and spaghetti separately cooked—exactly as you'd do it in your own kitchen! First... the meatballs of tenderest beef are deep-fried, golden brown, to capture the full flavour and the natural juices! Then... strands of real Italian style spaghetti are cooked to perfection—exactly tender! Then—and only then—a wonderful blending of rich, red tomato sauce and tantalizing Italian spices are added. True home-cooking by Kraft. This is world-famous Kraft Goodness®.



KRAFT GOODNESS®

There's no guesswork in Kraft Goodness. Each can contains a perfect product—created and quality tested in the Kraft Kitchen.

Now in 3 convenient sizes—8-oz., 3 meatballs; 12-oz., 4 meatballs; 16-oz., 6 meatballs.



Another member of the **KRAFT** family of fine foods

NEW LILIUMS

- Few bulbous plants have shown such improvement in recent years as liliiums.

AMERICAN Jan. de Graaff, of Oregon, U.S.A., has played a major part in their advancement in bloom size, beauty, and color. Meantime, specialists all over the world are performing horticultural miracles with them.

Australians and New Zealanders have also produced some lovely new varieties, of which Jillian Wallace (an Australian hybrid) and Pink Beauty (raised by Dr. Yeates, of New Zealand) are two outstanding beauties.

Dormant bulbs are usually obtainable in Australia from May to July.

They should mainly be grown in semi-shady places, as the bulbs burn badly on very hot days, and liliiums usually flower from December to February, the hottest months.

They flourish under the shade of thin-foliaged trees. Most liliium fanciers grow their more expensive bulbs in 4-gallon drums or deep, wide pots under light cover.

They do well in fibrous, slightly sandy, well-drained soil. Good drainage is a "must" as the bulbs rot in excessive moisture.

Liliiums are grown from seeds, which take up to 3 or 4 years to reach good flowering size; from scales, which

take about 2 to 3 years to produce flowering-size bulbs; from bulbils, which set in leaf-axils of some varieties, and take 3 years to flower; from offsets or small bulbs, that are produced very freely from stem-rooting types; and from small bulbs that are produced on the sides of the more or less shallow-rooting varieties.

Plant dormant bulbs about 6in. deep — more for stem-rooting types — and 4 to 5in. for those that do not produce bulbils on the stems. Give every drum or big pot at least 3in. of broken charcoal or well-washed cinders for drainage, and make sure the perforated bottoms of containers allow the moisture to run through freely.

Potting materials vary according to availability. But, for good results, provide equal parts of partly sterilised loam (steamed), leafmould, decayed cow manure or spent mushroom compost, and sand. Stem-rooting varieties may be given an extra inch or so of good sandy-fibrous material as they grow up.

After planting bulbs, either in drums, pots, or in the open, water freely in dry weather. Many of the original species suffer from virus diseases. This is usually mosaic virus.

Symptoms are marked mottling of the foliage and later a rusty appearance of the leaves. Such bulbs should

be removed, as they will eventually infect all clean plants.

Newer liliiums well worth growing are: Pink Sensation, Pink Perfection, Black Magic, Moonlight (lovely gold), Auratum Red Band (white with red bands), Speciosum Red Champion, Royal Gold, Golden Splendor, Prosperity (pale gold), Jillian Wallace (pink, heavily spotted with red), Auratum virginale (snow white), Golden Auratum, Auratum platyphyllum (white, gold bands, liberally spotted with chocolate), Auratum Apollo (deep wide red rays on white petals), Auratum Excelsior (red on white), Speciosum Pearl (pale pink on white), and Lavender Lady (a huge white auratum type with lavender spots — a real beauty).

Some of these bulbs cost from £1 to £3 each.

For those requiring cheaper bulbs (from 2/6 to 7/6 each) try Speciosum roseum and S. album (white), Harrissianum (brilliant crimson), Pumilum (small, dainty blooms of cinnamon-red), Sulphureum (deep yellow), Regale (old-time favorite, white with claret reverse), Centifolium (white, yellow throat), Regale album (white), Maxwellii (reddish orange), Dianne (needs a cool climate, white with purplish spots), and the auratums.



CITRONELLA, a brilliant yellow lily that glistens in the sunlight. Its added attraction is the daintiness of the flower and the tall stem with more than 20 blooms. These five lilies were supplied by Mr. C. Smith, of Earlewood, N.S.W.

LIMELIGHT, one of the latest importations in trumpet lilies from Jan de Graaff, U.S.A. This lily has received an award of merit and first-class certificate from the Royal Horticultural Society in England. It is lime-yellow over the whole of the bloom, and its petals do not reflex at the tips but stay half open. A strong grower and not affected by heat.



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*Illustrated, left to right, styles by:
Peacock, Keith Courtenay,
Villawool, Ansett,
Palons & Baldwins, Lincoln.*

Russell

AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU W1546



*knit a vest, choose a vest,
be sure he wears a vest*

... it's a wonderfully male, subtle dash
of colour that lifts his suits, makes him feel warm,
feel good, gives a new lease of life to his wardrobe!

You can hand knit one (almost overnight!)
or choose now from your favourite retailer.
Be sure you choose wool, in checks or
soft-key colours . . . and he'll discover
life is wonderful in

WOOL

"Ha," said Mrs. Massey, "there he is now. Go down and hold the fort, will you? I'll wash."

Seeing nothing else for it, Flavia steeled herself and went down the stairs, as close as she ever came to boiling with rage. There was no one at the front door. She went through to the kitchen, where a very large man was bending over the stove carefully stirring a simmering pot.

Flavia observed that he wore a once-vivid orange shirt, stained as though by chemicals, and a vast pair of baggy corduroy trousers with a triangular rent in the seat. On his feet there were sandals and when he turned round she saw that he had a beard the color of butterscotch.

"Hello," the man said, putting down the spoon. "You must be Flavia. I'm Adrian Tellworthy."

Flavia could only stare. They are making fun of me, she thought, but then she reminded herself again to

Continuing . . . YOUNG MAN FOR FLAVIA

from page 35

be fair. This must be her . . . her date! The man, what you could see of him through that beard, was old—at least thirty-five. She was wondering where she had heard his name before when Mrs. Massey reappeared.

Risen like the phoenix from its own ashes, she wore a green dress she had dyed herself so that no two areas of it were the same green—a dress like a badly kept lawn—and a disintegrating Spanish shawl. Her magnificent head emerged from all this riot of color serene as the moon.

"Adrian!" Mrs. Massey said. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm inviting myself to dinner," the man explained. "George Barnes said he was coming," he went on, "so I thought that surely your not

having invited me was pure oversight. You look enchanting," he added. "Shades of spring. All the shades of spring."

Cloudy emotions of surprise, relief, and embarrassment were running through Flavia's mind and over her face, but no one seemed to notice this. Adrian Tellworthy, who, Flavia now remembered, had won some international prize for chemistry the year before, was mixing cocktails in an old coffee pot, as though he were at home in the kitchen, while Mrs. Massey had snatched up the fish out of the still life and was putting it on to poach.

Mrs. Massey looked up from the stove and noticed Flavia, looking confused. "Why don't you go up and change, dear," she suggested. "George will be here soon."

George, then, was the one who was coming for her. Flavia wondered what George would be like. "Fifty, probably," she told herself. "Wearing purple trousers and espadrilles. And bald as an egg. A botanist, or worse."

Nevertheless, she went obediently up the stairs. In her own room she began to get her bearings again. The room was its old self, coolly decorated in blue and white, the window looking out on the woods. On the window-sill her mother had left a tiny bunch of early white violets.

Flavia washed and put on a simple wool dress. Somebody round here, she thought, ought to look like a normal human being.

When she came down again, her mother and Adrian Tellworthy were laughing. Flavia parted the curtains and looked out of a window. One of the cats, which had been sitting on the warm stone, shivered delicately and came to the door to ask entrance. Flavia moved to let it in and stood still as a new and glittering car pulled up behind Adrian Tellworthy's aged car.

A young man—yes, this time really a young man—got out of it. He was tall, he had hair, and he was not wearing purple trousers. Looking at him, Flavia instantly felt a warm sense of relief. Relief, too, showed on the good-looking face of George Barnes, who had not at all known what to expect in the line of daughters from Mrs. Massey.

Mrs. Massey, her face pink with cooking, launched conversation at the dinner table brightly.

"This ridiculous girl of mine, Mr. Barnes, has announced that she intends studying economics. We must talk her out of it, mustn't we?"

"Indeed we must," asserted Adrian. "Well, you won't be able to," said Flavia.

George Barnes spoke for almost the first time.

"I consider your decision an eminently rational one," he said thoughtfully. "Too many girls these days are unrealistic about their education." He gave Flavia a warmly approving smile and Flavia smiled back. There was the sense of a rapport having been established.

Into the silence that followed George's announcement, Adrian Tellworthy, kicked under the table by Mrs. Massey, quickly propelled small talk.

"Paula," he said, "what a beautiful fish. What a marvellous sauce." For the fish lay there on its plate lapped round in a delicately colored pink sauce. George Barnes regarded this masterpiece dubiously, as though he thought that pink stuff might be strawberry ice-cream or melted marshmallow.

"I want to take a cookery course," said Flavia, not very tactfully. "You know, all the proper elements of nutrition and what constitutes a balanced diet."

"How very interesting, dear," said Mrs. Massey in a level voice.

GEORGE BARNES surreptitiously scraped the sauce from his fish and the meal went slogging on. They ate the goulash, the pears, and Port Salut; they drank the coffee and the cognac. Mrs. Massey and Tellworthy talked about food, while Flavia and George Barnes talked about an article George had read about how to get more out of everyday living. Finally, George, with a well-bred but unmistakable burp, had escorted Flavia to the cinema in the village.

"Heaven help us!" cried Mrs. Massey, as the sound of the car's motor faded away.

"You have perhaps wrought better than you knew," said Adrian gravely. "It is a meeting of minds."

"I have done with matchmaking," said Mrs. Massey.

"I rather fear you have," her friend replied, helping himself to more brandy. "But I thought he was just a presentable young man!" she said.

"How could you know?" asked Tellworthy consolingly. "Besides, beneath that very trim exterior there may be beating a heart of the purest gold—just who can tell?"

"And a mind of purest lead," said Mrs. Massey.

In the summer Flavia became engaged to George Barnes. The affair was in no way headlong; it was conducted on rational principles. It was to be a three-year engagement, so that Flavia might get her degree. George pointed out, very sensibly, that, should she be left a widow, a degree would be of immense value to her. This thoughtfulness of George's touched Flavia deeply. Hearing of it, Mrs. Massey turned up her eyes and went into the garden.

The fact was that Paula had more or less given up. She had tried everything she could think of to dissuade her daughter from entering into an engagement with a young man who did not enjoy real food and who reminded her of a well-dressed machine, but all her efforts had only seemed to make the girl more determined.

"Mother," Flavia had declared, "I am going to run my life. I am going to make things make sense in it. George makes sense. And we suit each other."

"Suit each other!" cried her mother. "What difference does that make? Your father and I never suited each other."



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43 Beans in every cup!



Chunky car coat

Knitted in an attractive pattern, this coat is ideal for town or country.

Materials: 62 (64, 68) balls of "Slick-Knit"; 1 pair of knitting needles; 1 No. 8 crochet hook; 4 large buttons; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: To fit loosely (36) in. bust; length, 28 (30) ins.; sleeve seam.

Join: 4 sts. and 6 rows

Wool is used doubled throughout entire garment.

BACK

Using No. 4 needles and wool doubled, cast on by thumb 69 (73, 77) sts.

1st Row (wrong side): K 1, 1, k 1, rep. from * to end

2nd Row: Knit.

Repeat 2 rows form pattern.

Work in patt. until back measures 19½ (19½, 21) ins. or

length required to underarm.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off

(10, 12) sts. at beg. of next

row, 49 (53, 53) sts.

Cont. in patt. without further

shaping until armhole measures

(1, 1½) ins. from cast-off.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off

(4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 4

rows and 4 (4, 4) sts. at beg.

of 4 rows. Leave rem. 21

sts. on st-holder.

POCKET LININGS

(Work 2)

Using No. 4 needles and

wool doubled, cast on 25 (27,

29) sts. Work in patt. as for

front for 6 ins., ending with

side row.

Leave on st-holder.

RIGHT FRONT

* Using No. 4 needles and wool doubled, cast on 39 (41, 45) sts. Work in patt. as for back for 8 ins. * ending on wrong side at front edge.

Pocket Opening—Next Row:

K 12 (12, 14), cast off 25 (27,

27), k to end.

Next Row: Patt. 2 (2, 4),

work 25 (27, 27) pocket-lining

sts. in patt., work in patt. to

end of row.

Cont. in patt. until work

measures same as back to arm-

hole, ending on right side at

armhole edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off

10 (10, 12) sts. at beg. of next

row, 29 (31, 33) sts.

Cont. in patt. until armhole

measures same as back to shoulder,

ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off

3 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of next and

4 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of 2 foll. alt. rows.

Work 1 row.

Leave rem. 15 sts. on st-

holder.

LEFT FRONT

Repeat from * to * as given for right front, thus ending at (right) side edge.

Pocket Opening—Next Row:

K 2 (2, 4), cast off 25 (27, 27)

sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: Patt. 12 (12, 14),

work in 25 (27, 27) pocket-

lining sts., work in patt. to end

of row. Cont. in patt. to cor-

respond with right front, revers-

ing shaping and ending at front

edge after completing shoulder

shaping.

Work 1 row.

Leave sts. on needle.
Join shoulder seams.

COLLAR

Wrong side facing, transfer sts. of right front from st-holder to No. 4 needle. With needle holding 15 sts. of left front, transfer 21 sts. from st-holder at back of neck, picking up 1 extra st. at each side of these 21 sts.

To Make Pattern Even: Join in doubled wool to inner end of right front and work 15 sts. from needle in patt. (53 sts.).

Cont. in patt. until work measures 7 in. from beg., ending at left front edge. Cast off in k 1, p 1 patt.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

R.S.F., using No. 8 crochet hook and wool doubled, proceed as follows:

1st Row: Ch. 1, work 99 (99, 102) d.c. along front edge from neck to lower edge (about 1 d.c. in every 2nd row).

2nd Row: Ch. 1, turn, work 1 d.c. in each d.c. of previous row.

Rep. the 2nd row 4 times.

Fasten off.

Join wool in first d.c. row on edge of collar, work 1 d.c. in each row on top of border,

ch. 1, work 1 d.c. in each d.c. to lower edge, ch. 1, work 1 d.c. in each row on lower edge of border. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Join wool at lower right front edge and work 3 rows d.c. to correspond with left border, ending at collar edge.

4th Row (Buttonhole Row):

Work 33 (33, 35) d.c., * ch. 3,

miss 3 d.c., work 1 d.c. in each

of next 12 d.c., rep. from * 3

times, work 1 d.c. in each d.c.

to end of row. Work to correspond with left border, working 1 d.c. in each ch. in button-

hole spaces.

SLEEVES

Using No. 4 needles and wool doubled, cast on 43 (43, 47) sts. Work in patt. as for back,

inc. 1 st. at each end in the 4th and then every 6th row

until there are 67 (67, 71) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 19½ (19½, 19½) ins. or 2½ (2½, 2½) ins. less than required sleeve

length. Cast off.

CUFFS

Using No. 8 crochet hook and wool doubled, wrong side facing, join in wool and work 32 (32, 34) d.c. along cast-on edge of sleeve.

Next Row: Ch. 1, turn, work 1 d.c. in each d.c. of previous row.

Rep. last row 6 times, Fasten off.

POCKET FLAPS

Using No. 8 crochet hook, wrong side facing, join in doubled wool at front edge of left pocket opening.

Work 21 (23, 23) d.c. on the 25 (27, 27) cast-off sts. of pocket opening (about 3 d.c. to every 5th st.), ch. 1, turn.

Work 5 more rows in d.c. Fasten off.

Beg. in first d.c. of front edge of opening, work d.c. on end of border, ch. 1 at corner, work 1 d.c. in each d.c. of row below,

ch. 1, work d.c. on other end of border. Fasten off.

Join in doubled wool at back edge of right pocket opening and work to correspond with opposite side.

TO MAKE UP

Steam-press all parts. Join side seams. Sew sleeve seams to within 2½ (2½, 2½) ins. of top.

Sew in sleeves with sleeve seam at underarm, sewing 2½ (2½, 2½) ins. left free to cast-off sts. at underarm. Turn back cuffs.

Sew edges of pocket linings to wrong side of fronts. Turn

flaps to right side and secure ends. Steam-press seams.

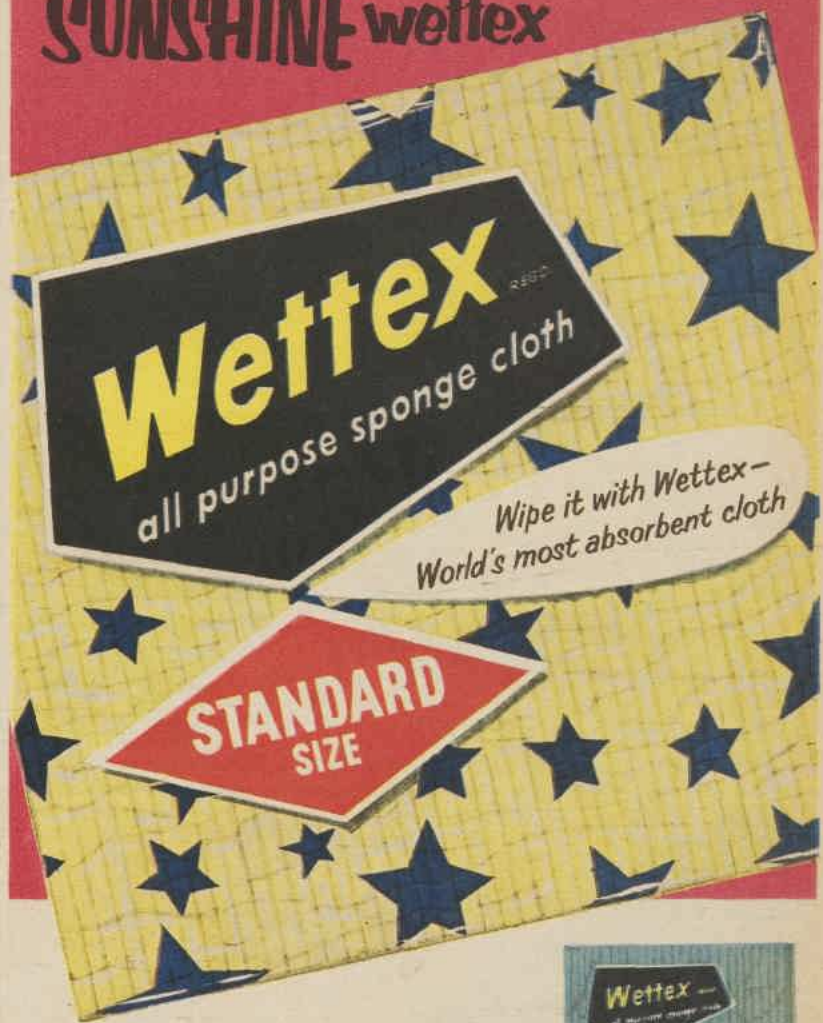


CROCHET TRIM on sleeves, pockets, and fronts of this knitted coat provides a good firm edging. Directions are given above.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 17, 1961

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w35

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This week my fashion mail has many queries from young brides-to-be and from guests concerned about the right dress for church weddings.

I HAVE chosen the bridal gown (left) for a girl who wishes to be married in a formal gown. Here is a part of her letter and my reply:

"I am anxious to sew my own wedding gown. I am the fair, feminine type and want the frock pretty and formal and to combine lace and chiffon. I will need a pattern for an SSW fitting."

Illustrated at left is the design I have chosen for you. The dress has a lace bodice and lace cutouts repeated for a skirt trim. The midriff is fitted; the skirt gracefully wide. A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are details.

"My wedding will be small, but I want to look bridal. What should I wear?"

You will look bridal in a short-skirted white dress worn with a short tulle veil held in place with a single white rose.

"Is it correct to wear a bare-topped ballerina to a formal church wedding? The reception is at 7 p.m. The frock is to be in silk taffeta."

For a church wedding a certain amount of "coverage" is correct. I suggest the following design made in the taffeta you mention. A short-skirted one-piece, waisted, with a sleeveless bodice top finished with a portrait collar. The collar must be wide enough to just cover the upper arm — and it can be worn nearly off the shoulders. Have the skirt made with a fitted hip yoke flaring into a wide skirt with a scalloped hemline.

"Can a tulle veil be worn with an all-lace gown?"

Yes, and it would be quite a pretty idea to have the veil fastened to the head with a Juliet cap in the same lace as the bridal gown.

"Attending an afternoon wedding, I have decided to wear navy taffeta. What are the correct colors for accessories?"

I suggest raspberry-pink for the hat and navy for gloves, shoes, and handbag.



DS447.—Bridal dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9½ yds. 36in. material, 10 yds. 36in. lining, and 2½ yds. 36in. lace: Price 8/6. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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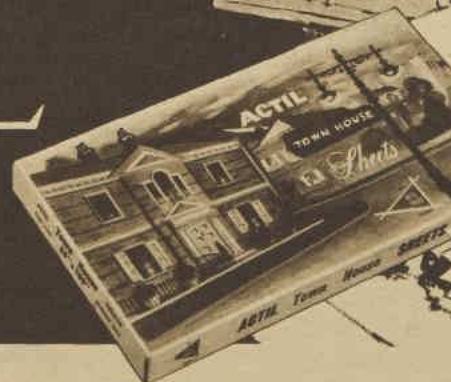
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"Heavy colds or 'flu can wreck a rugged winter training schedule," says coach Talbot. "Outdoors with my swimmers in icy winds and chilly water, I'm always alert for the first hint of a cold or 'flu. Then out comes the Waterbury's Red Label bottle. Being both decongestive and tonic, Waterbury's Red Label not only clears up the trouble, but gives added strength . . . speeds recovery."

For colds, 'flu and bronchial congestion . . . take Waterbury's RED LABEL Compound. This amazingly effective decongestive tonic will help you (and everyone in your family) to GET WELL fast!

For a revitalising vitamin tonic, ask for WATERBURY'S "Yellow Label" . . . for colds and 'flu ask for WATERBURY'S "Red Label."



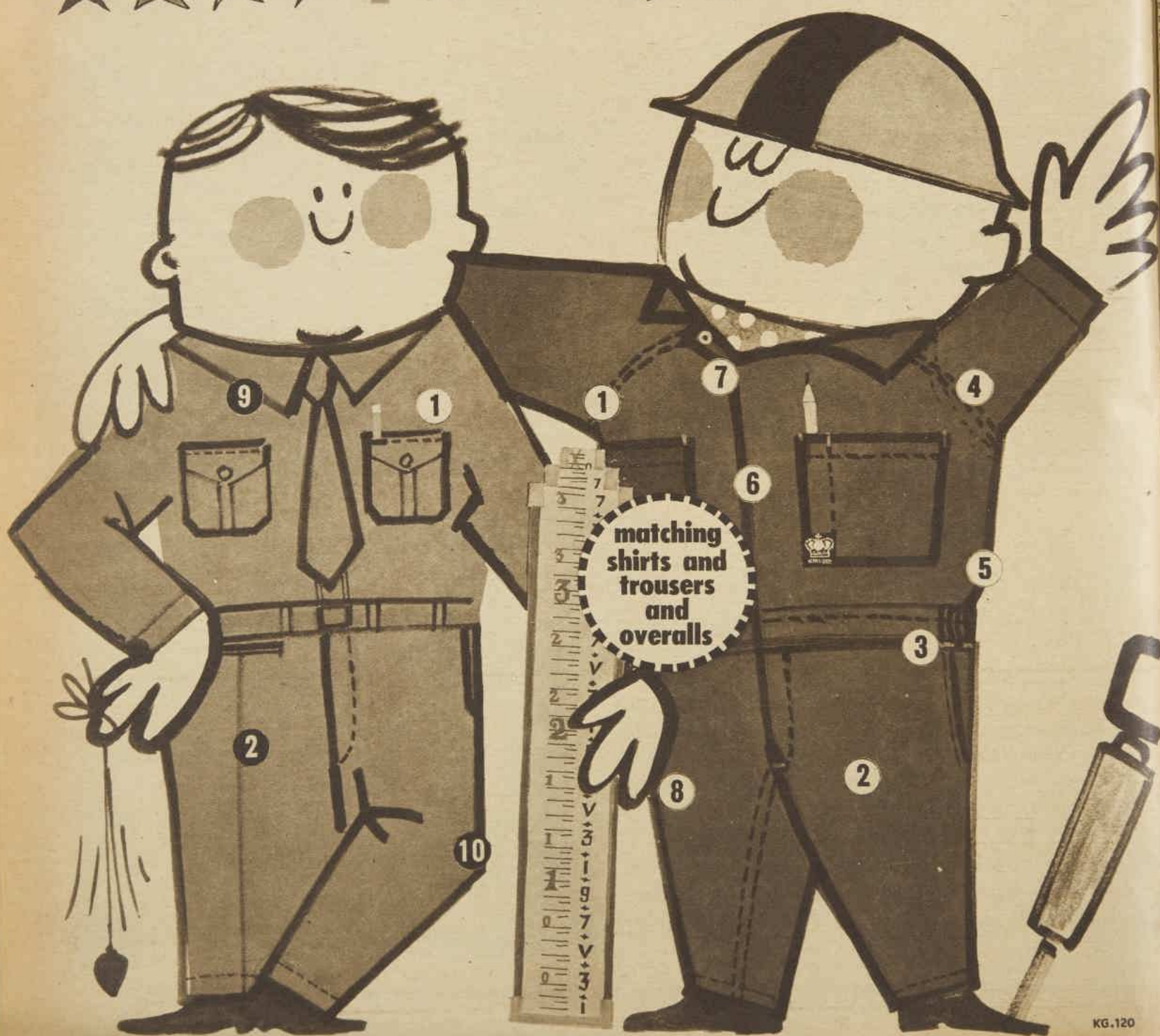
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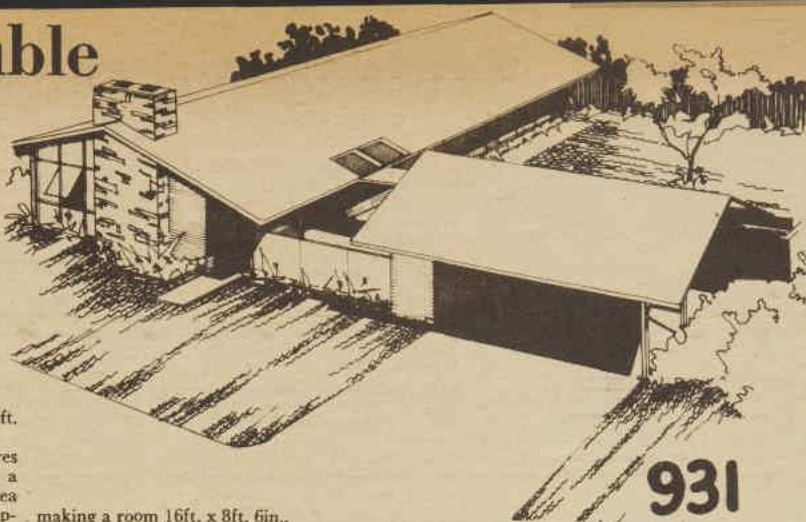
- 1 Special concealed safety zip pocket is guaranteed fully washable.
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KG.120

House with double carport, patio

● Suitable for almost any site, our architects' plan this week has been skilfully used to incorporate a double carport and an attractive entrance patio on a 60ft.-wide block.



931

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of our Home Plan No. 931 shows the attractive design. The entrance is screened from the street.

THE plan No. 931 in our series has been designed for a family, so four bedrooms are included. There is a large living-room and an attractive dining area.

The main entrance is through a paved patio between the carport storage wall and the living-room. This section is hidden from the street by an opaque glass screen, and therefore the patio and entrance can be used as an extension of the living area or as a garden or entrance court.

The separate entrance hall leads directly to the kitchen and to the dining-room which

opens into the spacious 20ft. by 12ft. 6in. living area.

The kitchen, which measures 11ft. 6in. x 8ft., contains a maximum work-bench area and plenty of overhead cupboards for storage.

In the laundry there is room for a washing machine, laundry tub, work-bench space, and ample space for a drying cabinet.

The main bedrooms (marked 3 and 4 in the plan at right) will each accommodate two beds; bedrooms 1 and 2 are single rooms.

In the plan they are shown screened by curtains, but full walls could be built, making the rooms 8ft. 6in. x 8ft.

An alternative would be to combine these two rooms,

making a room 16ft. x 8ft. 6in., which could be used as a separate living area or a study.

There are many other alternatives.

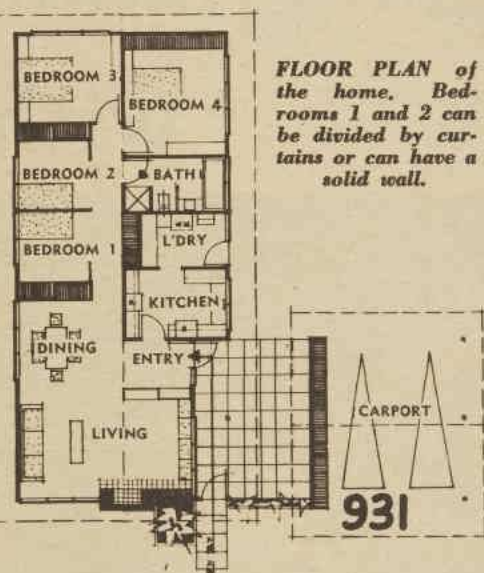
A vanity basin, separate shower recess, and a toilet recess are features of the bathroom.

Approximate costs of building this house would be: In timber, £3800 to £4500 (carport, £400 extra), area 12.5 squares. In brick, £4000 to £4650 (carport, £450 extra), area of 13 squares.

This plan can be bought for £10/10/- per full set (including five copies of plan and three copies of specifications) at any of our Home Planning Centres. The addresses are in the panel at left.

Experienced architects at our centres will undertake any minor variations to this plan, or any other home plan in our series.

When ordering plans by mail, please state the number of the plan, whether the house is to be built in brick or timber, the roofing materials required, whether the site is sewered, and whether the plan is required as shown or in mirror-reverse position.



FLOOR PLAN of the home. Bedrooms 1 and 2 can be divided by curtains or can have a solid wall.

931

ADDRESSES OF OUR CENTRES

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)

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SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220).

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

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Mothercraft Leaflet

● A free leaflet giving guidance on how to deal with a "difficult" child is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.

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Just pop those greasy grimy work overalls straight into rich Fab suds without any rubbing or scrubbing.



FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!

"I know," said Flavia quietly, near to irony.
 "But we loved each other," Mrs. Massey persisted.
 "You know," said Flavia coolly. "I think your generation made too much of that. We shall be compatible, at least."
 "But do you love him?" her mother demanded.
 "I love him quite enough," said Flavia with finality. "And he gets a very good salary."

"Mother," said Flavia one day in July, "George's parents are driving through here on their way to Bourne-mouth. You know I'll be staying with them and I think we should have them here for a weekend."
 "George's parents for a week-end!" said her mother, aghast.
 "Well, overnight at least," her daughter said firmly. "I'm sorry I

Continuing . . . YOUNG MAN FOR FLAVIA

from page 52

won't be here to get things ready. And, mother," she went on, a tone almost of wilfulness in her voice, "couldn't you make things seem . . . well, sort of at least half-way normal for them?"

"Go on," said Mrs. Massey ominously.

"Well, for instance," cried Flavia with mounting enthusiasm, "if you could have the house really tidy, you know. And if you could get your hair set and . . . and have nice, simple food." She felt her mother's look and her voice trailed off.

"All right," Paula said tonelessly. "I'll try not to disgrace you."

"Thank you, Mother," said the girl. "It really means a lot to me."

Adrian Tellworthy chortled when Mrs. Massey told him about this. "I betcha George's parents are too ordinary for words."

"Adrian, you'll have to help me." "I'm the very one you need to help you to be ordinary," said Adrian expansively. His green eyes had begun to shine.

"In fact," he said, "we might as well get some fun out of it. I'm evolving a plan."

In due course, Flavia went to stay with George's parents. They were not so ordinary as Tellworthy had supposed. Mr. Barnes drove a Jaguar and maintained a small car for his

wife. They lived in a large new house. It had large windows looking towards other houses with large windows. Its garden was beautifully kept. Flavia admired everything. "It is a perfect machine for living," said Mrs. Barnes, pleased. And so it was.

An ideal house. And Mr. and Mrs. Barnes seemed an ideal couple. They were both well preserved and well dressed, and in control. They ran their lives sensibly and rationally in an absence of tumult, an absence of mess.

They amused themselves in rational ways. They belonged to a club at which they filled any random chinks of the day with golf or tennis or swimming. From time to time they had a party, like the one in Flavia's

honor—a cheerful cocktail party, attended by people in immaculate clothes. She told herself that she took to all this as a duck takes to water, as though she'd been born to it. The slight feeling she occasionally had of uneasiness she put down to nervousness about their meeting her mother. This unease grew in her until she found herself actually wishing the time to pass faster.

Finally, it had passed. As her home came into the view of the occupants of the enormous car Flavia felt a painful dread. Although the revised plan called only for an afternoon with Paula, the harm would be done in only minutes. A mistake—it would all be a horrible mistake. She should have kept her mother and the Barnes' apart. They could have met later—say, at the wedding, three years from now.

As Mr. Barnes turned the big car up the hill, Flavia ducked and waited for the first scrape of low-hanging branches on the expensive paint. None came. Someone, for the first time in human memory, must have trimmed those branches, which for so many years had ground the finish off Mrs. Massey's succession of old cars.

As the house came into view Flavia felt a rush of gratitude to her mother. For the meadow of tall grass, which had always run before every summer wind, had been cut and was almost like a lawn. It gave the house a serious, settled look—more like a house and less like a ship. Someone was coming out to greet them.

By dint of who knows what enormous will-to-normality, an immaculate lavender dress, shoes to match, stockings with straight seams and professionally waved hair with a blue rinse, Paula Massey had turned herself into a nice-looking, middle-aged woman.

Paula greeted Mr. and Mrs. Barnes with decorous pleasure. George was staring, and Flavia, by old habit, started to lead the way into the kitchen, but Mrs. Massey said gently: "We go in by the front door, dear."

AGAIN, Flavia had come home and was astonished. The living-room shone, high and cool and spotless. No hair, and no hide, either, of cat could be seen, and there was a silver bowl of roses on the piano. The old chairs were covered in neat chintz.

On the big coffee table (always with living memory a nest of used cups with cigarette butts in them, and books with biscuit crumbs down their spines) there was a symmetrical stack of current and popular magazines. Even the fireplace, accustomed to keep its bed of ashes all summer against chilly nights or rainy days, was as clean as a bone. It had in it a paper fan.

"What a lovely room!" said Mrs. Barnes.

Everyone sat. The conversation was normal, rational, concerning the performance of cars, a new best-seller ("I haven't read it, but I saw the reviews"), and mutual pleasure in the "children's plans."

Mrs. Massey served an exquisite tea from some thin old Sevres china Flavia had last seen gathering dust in the top of a cupboard. When she brought out "something a little stronger for the boys" the atmosphere became positively jovial. It was all, Flavia thought dazedly, going like a dream.

After tea a youngish man with reddish hair came in. Flavia took him for a stranger until her mother introduced him. Even Adrian Tellworthy had undergone a change. He wore pressed trousers and a clean white shirt, and he had shaved off his beard. He no longer looked even the least bit peculiar. He looked normal.

For some reason Flavia was beginning to experience a kind of delayed reaction to the scene. It seemed to go on and on. She felt suddenly very tired.

Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes rose to go. There was a babble of voices by the door. "Delightful visit . . . So happy to have had the chance of meeting you . . ."

"Lovely girl." "Fine young man!" "Goodbye and thanks."

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Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words, short short stories, 1200 words; articles up to 1300 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 17, 1961

Continuing...

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

from page 31

been the appendectomy and the shocking awakening from the anaesthetic, and the hours of nausea which followed.

Friends dropped in, but very seldom. They came, I noticed, only after she had written urgent little notes or rang them asking them to call. The main topic of conversation was always the transverse incision.

Of course, I had heard before of transverse incisions, but had never regarded them as anything serious. They were, I thought, the same as any other type, depending on the operation performed. If a transverse incision made the injured part more accessible, then the surgeon decided.

This operation, however, had been very serious. Mrs. Van Trusen discussed it with her friends over coffee, but always in hushed tones, as though someone may hear. Her friends were considerate. They raised their eyebrows surprisedly, or pursed their overpainted lips, or made peculiar noises with their tongues as they shook their heads in sympathy.

"Sympathy," she'd sigh after they had gone, "the world is lacking in sympathy. They pretend to understand, but my dear, they don't. You are the only one who really understands."

Mrs. Van Trusen was only thirty-five, and despite the repeated operations, the nervous tension, and the lack of understanding from her few friends, she carried her age well. She was slim and willowy, with a clear olive complexion. Her hair, which she wore simply, was as black as a raven, and gleamed delightfully with constant care and brushing.

A masseuse came daily. Mrs. Van Trusen would lie on her silk sheets, covered by a soft towel, purring catlike, while the firm, steady hands of the young woman massaged the tired muscles. Somehow, I could never stay to watch the procedure. It rather sickened me, even though my employer would say... "You must stay and talk to us," then she'd turn to the young woman, smiling. "She's such a dear. So amusing you have no idea."

A hairdresser called twice weekly. There was never very much to do to the gleaming

raven hair, but Mrs. Van Trusen felt better, knowing that she was in experienced hands.

I acted also as nurse during my stay with her. There were tablets and tonics to be administered. Mrs. Van Trusen could never concentrate enough to remember when they should be taken, so it was left to me to decide. There were tablets for sleeping, which I don't think she really needed. Tablets to invigorate her when she felt the lassitude which usually accompanies a nervous tension, or so she said. There were vitamin capsules, and a tonic to

FROM THE BIBLE

— Two versions

● "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

—John 14:27.

(Authorised version)

● "Peace is my parting gift to you, my own peace, such as the world cannot give."—John 14:27: (New English Bible)

improve the appetite, although she could eat a three-course meal and sometimes still feel hungry.

She suffered, among other things, from repeated pains in her spinal column which, she'd say, were caused by the tension. They sometimes affected the bones behind her ears. The only relief she felt was when she ate.

I can't remember how many doctors visited her during my stay, but there were many. She changed them often. If they spoke sharply, or unkindly, which was meant for her own good, I suppose, she'd write out a cheque, have me send it, then finish with them.

Most people just got on her nerves. The housekeeper was dismissed after I had been there some months, and then the

cook, and finally the man who came twice weekly to do the floors. It was quite flattering for me, really, as she said she preferred me near her more than anyone else, so I took over the household duties as well as those of companion and nurse.

She never discussed her husband, nor did her friends. I presumed him to be dead, and thought that perhaps his death had helped to put her in the state in which I found her.

At one time a friend of hers offered me a position at her sister's home, which would have been much easier in a way than acting as general factotum to Mrs. Van Trusen. But she heard of it, and so I didn't take the job. The friend who had offered me the position never came back again to have coffee with us, or discuss the wonder of the transverse incision. She was completely crossed off my employer's list of friends, as I saw one day whilst looking for a phone number in the diary. A red mark was drawn through the name in the book. We didn't discuss it again.

The next day Mrs. Van Trusen handed me a diamond ring which she'd had for years, but didn't suit her, she said. I suppose I was being bought or rewarded for remaining with her, but the pleasure I felt at receiving such a gift completely swept away any uncharitable thought I may have had.

Her condition had never really improved since my going to stay with her... yet it had never worsened. At least, she could laugh at times, which she said she hadn't done for years. Whenever I thought I may have needed a change, even if only for a weekend, there was always some obstacle that prevented my going. She'd decide on the spur of the moment that she'd try another doctor, and it was imperative that I remain. My judgement was better than hers, she'd say. Did I think him really capable of handling her case? Did I think him understanding enough?

I often wondered what those practitioners would have thought had they known they were being criticised by some inexperienced companion of their wealthy patient. She

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Continuing...

YOUNG MAN FOR FLAVIA

from page 58

The huge car moved off into the afternoon. A silence fell inside the room and a moment later Flavia burst into tears.

"Darling," cried her mother, "what is it? Didn't we do it all right?"

"You did it too well!" wailed the girl.

Mrs. Massey looked at Adrian Tellworthy, but it was clear he would be no help.

"But, dear..." Mrs. Massey began.

Flavia raised her tearful face accusingly. "You have blue stuff in your hair," she said. "Your lovely hair!"

"Yes," said Adrian.

The girl cast a wild glance at him.

"And you," she cried, "what did you do with your beard? You look like anybody!"

"We were just being normal," explained Adrian. "Just normal people, that's us."

"Oh, stop it!" Flavia stood up, a defiant, melodramatic

movement. "I see now," she said with bitterness. "I see what it is. He's dull. They're dull. They're all dead, dead, dull."

"Yes, dear," said Paula mildly.

"Well, I just won't marry George," Flavia said. "I'll write him a letter and tell him I'm sorry. Why," she went on, with an air of discovery, "living your whole life with George would be positively boring!"

"Run up and write the letter now, why don't you?" suggested Adrian Tellworthy.

Flavia accepted the challenge. "All right," she said, "I will."

She was in the midst of an effective exit when she turned. "Mother," she cried, "what have you done with the cats?"

"Open the cellar door, dear," her mother said in a calm voice.

When Flavia came down again with her letter to George Barnes, an incipient film of cat's hairs was settling down over the new chair covers. Cats were folded, purring, here and there. Mrs. Massey's shoes

lay on the floor. She had stuck the cigarette holder in her hair, which had regained a little of its Medusa quality. The old rich chaos was returning.

Adrian Tellworthy came in from the kitchen with the coffee-pot full of cocktails.

"You know," said Flavia consideringly, "you don't look so bad without your beard."

"You don't look so bad, either," said her mother.

Flavia had fished out and was wearing her mother's crepe-de-chine costume from a 1928 college production of "The Trojan Woman." It was outrageously becoming.

"Wow!" said Adrian Tellworthy.

Flavia looked at him. He was, after all, not old. He was even, she decided, rather good-looking in a peculiar way. And, after all, not everybody managed to win international prizes in chemistry.

The room in the westering sun filled with golden light, by which Flavia noted for the first time that Adrian Tellworthy's socks were not mates. She found she did not mind at all.

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treated it as a game in which I also participated, somewhat unkindly. Should one of them have a peculiar mannerism, a nervous habit or idiosyncrasy, I knew that she was doing her best to keep a straight face in his presence, but when he had gone we would laugh together while the tears ran down her face in genuine merriment.

Then one day, as suddenly as I had acquired my position, it came to an end. She had found a younger doctor to visit her, and, with my many duties to perform, I had not noticed that she had not summoned me to sit in on the interview.

Of course, he was younger than most of them—around forty, I think. He was handsome in a way, tactful and sympathetic; probably as sympathetic as I had been on my first day, when I soothingly asked her to tell me all about her illnesses.

Continuing . . . THE HYPOCHONDRIAC

from page 59

"Darling," she said suddenly one evening after dinner. "I have some wonderful news for you." It was rare that she showed such enthusiasm about anything. I thought she was going to suggest the holiday she had long ago promised me; the cruise to Honolulu.

"I'm getting married," she said suddenly.

I was too taken aback to offer immediate congratulations. She was reclining on her bed, nestling among the pillows with a devilish grin on her face.

"Married?" I thought she was joking.

"Yes, married," she laughed. "Aren't you happy for me?"

Her question remained unanswered.

"Who to?"

"That lovely young doctor who's been coming to see me." She leaned forward I noticed, without any fear of suddenly displacing a disc; which had always been her main concern, and mine.

"He's so understanding," she went on happily, "so sympathetic, and do you know, I didn't have to tell him anything. He knew every symptom, every ache, every pain that I've been through."

For the first time since I had come to her, I stopped to think of myself. What would happen to me?

Would I go with her? . . . I hardly thought so. My own future was something I had not given much thought to.

"Do you realise," she said slowly, "that it's three years since you came to me?"

"Three years?" The sudden realisation of what three years meant crashed down on me.

"If it wasn't for you," she said, "I don't know what I would have done. We're sailing to England as soon as we can get a berth. Jerry said that it's important that I travel, and of course, he can continue his studies overseas."

"I'm going to see my solicitor about you," she continued.

"You must have a generous annuity. After all, I owe everything to you."

She spoke of the money, offering it to me, as easily as she would have offered me a cup of coffee. I should have refused it, I know, but I felt for the first time in three years insecure and alone.

"You must stay in the flat," she went on, "until you can find something suitable."

Eventually, I offered my congratulations. I hoped that they sounded sincere. She spent the next hour telling me the plans that she and Jerry had made and how many things she had to attend to before they sailed. Finally, I escaped to my room, where I sat for some hours by the open window, thinking, just thinking, and mainly about my future.

They left some weeks later by a popular overseas trip, amidst streamers, confetti and champagne. The tablets, the tonics, the vitamin capsules were never mentioned again. Her nervous tension had apparently gone as quickly as Jerry had come. They made a happy enough couple at the wedding, although it was a small affair. I noticed that Jerry's people were not present. Perhaps, I thought, the fare from the country where they lived had been too expensive.

It was strange returning to the flat alone to find that I had only myself to care for. It was like walking into the lonely confines of a large museum, surrounded by elegant antiques. There was nothing to do; no appointments to make, no conversation to lighten with quick witticisms.

The three years had passed me by. I thought of the friends I had known. With some surprise I realised that they perhaps had moved to new addresses, had husbands and children of their own. I had not bothered to contact them for over two years, at least. There had been an occasional Christmas card, a birthday remembrance, but had I acknowledged these? I couldn't remember.

The ordinary folk, as Mrs. Van Trues had called them, had been my friends; the middle-class working people. I had forgotten them.

I RANG the club I belonged to a long time ago. A business-like feminine voice answered my call. I asked for a table for that night. The telephonist's briskness turned to good humor as she asked: "One table . . . or one dozen?"

I didn't understand her remark and asked for an explanation. The club had closed down two years before. The premises were now operated by a catering service, and they weren't accustomed to patrons asking for only one table. I apologised offhandedly to cover my embarrassment, and hung up.

The few phone numbers I had kept of old friends I tried without success. The Bennetts had sailed to South Africa. Ralph was doing well, his mother explained. I reached Val Bryant at her office. She spoke in a friendly enough manner, which I felt to be a forced friendliness. No, she couldn't make a definite date for dinner, but she'd let me know. I didn't bother ringing again.

The pale mauve envelope waited several days to be opened. When I felt like the effort I set about deciphering the untidy scrawl. It was in the same vein as the other notes: Jerry was doing well at his studies; he had completely cured her of all her illnesses; they had been in Paris for weeks; now they were off to Rome.

I suppose she wondered why I hadn't bothered to write very much. Even though they weren't at any fixed address for long, it could always be forwarded.

I remembered what the fool of a man had said . . . "Write to your friends. Renew old acquaintances." So, after a light dinner that evening I sent a letter, which said:

"So glad you and Jerry are having such fun. I don't know how you have the energy to travel so much. Went to that fool of a doctor who told me to write everything down which I thought may have any bearing on my illness. I did what he asked, not that I feel any better for having done it, and shall probably tear it up now. I told him that I was sure I needed an operation, but he said I didn't. However would he know? He doesn't have those pains or the nervous dyspepsia with which I suffer. Sometimes it's almost unbearable. I advertised for a companion, too, but, my dear, the interviewing just wore me out and it was unsuccessful, of course."

"As you've so often said yourself . . . the world is just lacking in understanding and sympathy. Have heard of another psychiatrist, so am going tomorrow. Have finished with this one. He just doesn't understand . . ."

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I don't know I was there. It was a most novel experience. I met the wife, Aunt Adelaide. I wish you could have seen her. The deceitful thing, with those great eyes opened so wide, so innocently."

"Is she beautiful?" Aunt Adelaide asked interestedly. "She's thin and sallow, not the English women at all. I suppose it's from living in tropical countries. But she has a queer brilliant look. I don't know how to describe it. Perhaps she is beautiful."

"They sound a well-matched pair."

"Oh, indeed! They well look like it if they could scheme together. Yet when the judge asked her questions it was all seriousness."

"How would she know if her husband were not what he said he was?"

"He may always have deceived her," Sarah conceded. "But why? Until this opportunity presented itself, presumably by seeing the newspaper advertisement, would he ever have heard of Blane Mallow and Mallow Hall?"

"No, I suppose he wouldn't. That means his wife is as glibly as he. There were so many questions he couldn't answer — obvious ones. They were excused because of this fall he once had from his horse, letting concussion badly. But it was a too convenient excuse. If it were not for his mother, who isn't to be swayed, he would have been in trouble long ago."

A little later Ambrose arrived. He flung off his cloak, handing it to a maid, and came sliding into Aunt Adelaide's drawing-room. One look at his face told Sarah his news. "He's won!" she whispered. "Yes, he's won," Ambrose made belated greetings to Sarah's aunt, then flung himself angrily into a chair. In contrast to his cousin Blane, he was fair, with rather pale, thickly lashed eyes and a slight smile. He was fashionably dressed, and had an elegance that Sarah found intensely attractive.

He belonged at Mallow Hall: there was no doubt of that. He would have been an ideal suitor, and his life, for the past ten years, when it seemed that Blane was surely dead in some foreign country, had been shaped to that end. True, he had continued his studies and earned called to the Bar, but only because he was an earnest young man with few frivolities. Indeed, so far falling in love with Sarah, the third daughter of a destitute gentleman, had been his only frivolity. Now he seemed that if he wished to live in suitable style, with a house in town and his own carriage, he must sacrifice Sarah and find a wife with money.

It was an impossible position, and he was bitterly angry and aggrieved about it. Moreover, it was doubly galling when he was so convinced that this fellow from the West Indies was an impostor.

"It was my aunt, Lady Malvina, who finally swayed the jury," he said. "She stuck absolutely to her story that this fellow is her son."

"She wanted him to be," Sarah said indignantly. "Exactly. Now she can live at Mallow Hall, all her debts will be paid, everything is fine, she knows it would have been quite different if I — and you, my dear Sarah — had been the new owners."

"No one knows about me," Sarah said quickly. "There was no denying it; secretly, as well as being Ambrose's wife, she had longed to be the mistress of Mallow."

"You aren't bound to consider me," she went on, making herself speak the painful words. "That was always understood. Let you free, if you wish it."

"But I don't wish it, my dear."

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 37

"You must marry an heir-ess," Sarah told Ambrose earnestly. "It's the only way."

"If your own father, Sarah, had not been so irresponsible," put in Aunt Adelaide, "you, too, could have been an heiress. As well as your stupid sisters, who, I might say, need a dowry much more than you do, my dear."

Sarah was too honest for modesty or shame. "I've told you that my father was a desperate gambler," she explained to Ambrose. "He lost all his fortune, and my mother's as well. That's why I've been dependent on dear Aunt Adelaide. But now I

laide. All she means, Ambrose, is that I, like my father, am a gambler. I do love you, but what might I do to you? Besides, you deserve so much better than struggle and poverty."

"You're both wrong," Ambrose said in a dry, cool voice. "There is a way out of this trouble. I'm sure there is. But you, Sarah, will have to help me."

"What can I do?"

"You can help prove this man an impostor."

"But the judge and jury have made their decision,

after dark, and he came out as white as a sheet. It's the first time I've seen him frightened."

"Why was he frightened?" Sarah asked. "Because that was the room where a maid-servant once hanged herself. And they say that room has been haunted since."

Sarah said in some perplexity, "Why did you do that to your cousin?"

Ambrose's voice held unrestrained bitterness and dislike. "Because he deserved it."

"He was only sixteen," Sarah said involuntarily.

"Tut, tut," said Aunt Adelaide. "The question doesn't seem to be why Ambrose did this curious thing to his cousin, but why his cousin shouldn't remember it. Did he flatly deny it had happened, Ambrose?"

"No. He was too clever for that. He said perhaps it had. But that so many extraordinary things had happened to him since, a few hours in a presumably haunted room were merely trifling."

"So the question was cleverly evaded."

"Yes, but I saw he couldn't remember. Just for a moment he looked quite blank. Then there were the names of servants that he couldn't remember, his classmates, the master who taught him Latin . . ."

"On the other hand," said Aunt Adelaide dryly, "he could describe Mallow Hall to the last detail."

"Oh, Lady Malvina could have coached him on that. He must have had other accomplices besides. This is the task ahead of us now, Sarah, to unmask these people."

"And who is to carry out this extraordinary task?" inquired Aunt Adelaide. "Are you going to bribe the butler or one of the maids?"

"One of the maids, yes. In other words, you, my dear Sarah."

"Me!" exclaimed Sarah in astonishment.

"It would be very simple. I know already that they want help with the little boy, Blane. I mean the claimant — had the nerve when the verdict was announced to invite me to drink with him. To his good fortune, if you please!"

"And you did?"

Ambrose grimaced.

"One has to behave outwardly like a good loser. I had to listen to his impudent plans for the future. The family intends to move down to Mallow Hall almost immediately. They think the country air will be better for the child who isn't strong. Since he's too young yet to be sent to school, he's to have a governess. It was then that the idea came to me."

"That I should go?" Sarah cried. "But — granted I must now begin to earn my own living — how am I to get the opportunity to find out anything if they know of my connection with you?"

"But they won't know of it. Fortunately we've kept our attachment a secret. Only you and I and Lady Adelaide know of it."

"She's been visiting the court every afternoon," Aunt Adelaide put in. "If she was noticed, won't she be recognised again?"

"Sarah, you fool!" Ambrose exclaimed.

"But I would never be recognised again. I was right at the back and I kept my collar high round my face. I wanted to watch those people. They fascinated me. They lied so smoothly, as if it were second nature to them."

"Then you didn't believe them?"

"Of course I didn't. Not even Lady Malvina. Although she is your aunt, Ambrose, I couldn't trust her one inch."

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must make some sort of a future for myself."

"With me," said Ambrose firmly.

"No, that can't be. There's no way."

"Yes, there's no way," Aunt Adelaide agreed. "Unless you're both content to live in obscurity. That, I promise you, neither of you will be. Ambrose has lived for the past twenty years in the belief of inheriting a fortune. And, if Sarah will allow me to say so, I know her better than she does herself. She's not meek or self-sacrificing. She's too strong-willed. Oh, I warn you, Ambrose, even with an estate Sarah would not be an easy wife. But as a contented housewife in poor circumstances — no, a thousand times."

Sarah's chin went up. "Be quiet, please, Aunt Ade-

Whoever would believe a British jury at fault?"

"They've made their decision because of the weight of evidence. Evidence this scoundrel has had months, perhaps years, to prepare."

"But he has a certain look of your cousin Blane, hasn't he?"

"Vaguely, as far as one can remember. But there are too many discrepancies, too many things he forgets and conveniently attributes to his amnesia. My Aunt Malvina, whatever her ulterior motives, helped him over the worst patches. So did the head groom Soames. I never did trust him, and he knows where he would be if I became master of Mallow."

"And can you explain in Blane forgetting the day I locked him in one of the attics? I left him there until long



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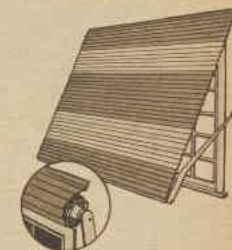
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Post NOW

"She prefers a stranger at Mallow," Ambrose said bitterly. "She's always disliked me. It wouldn't surprise me if she concocted the whole plot herself, except that she isn't clever enough."

"She talks a great deal," Sarah said. "One could encourage her in that. Sooner or later she must say something significant."

"That's exactly what I mean. If you were in the house day after day you must discover things."

"All this plotting," said Aunt Adelaide disapprovingly, "isn't quite seemly."

"Oh, Aunt, hush! I believe Ambrose is right. This is what we must do," Sarah was growing excited and enthusiastic. Life since her father had died and they had been so poverty stricken had seemed without any zest. Then she had met and fallen in love with Ambrose, only to find that bril-

liant future also taken from her. The prospect she had faced, if this case were lost, of obtaining a position as companion to some perhaps eccentric and bad-tempered elderly lady, such as her sisters had been forced to do, was bleak in the extreme.

But the kind of position Ambrose suggested would be entirely different. It would be stimulating and perhaps a little dangerous. She would be able to pit her wits against that impudent black-browed impostor and his sallow-faced wife, and also against the garrulous Lady Malvina. She would be living in the beautiful old house which should have been her own. And, indeed, one day would be, if she were skilful enough. Yes, Ambrose's idea was a brilliant one.

"Then you've recommended me to the new Lord Mallow?" she asked.

"Oh, no, I've not been as indiscreet as that. You must appear to

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be a complete stranger. You know of the family only by reading this celebrated case. You have taken a great interest in its outcome, and congratulate them on its success. Knowing their child is five years old, you are sure they will be requiring a governess. The rest, my dear Sarah, is up to you."

It was Aunt Adelaide who expressed shocked disapproval.

"And what, Ambrose, may I ask, will you be doing while my niece belittles herself in this way?"

"I, dear Lady Adelaide, will be on my way to the Caribbean. I intend to arrange a passage at once."

"To the Caribbean!" Sarah exclaimed. "You mean to find what

evidence you can there? But a deputation has already been."

"I'm aware of that. And I'm not saying they didn't discover evidence. Superficial evidence. That would have been there by plan."

"None of the cross-examination could shake Thomas Whitehouse's evidence," Sarah pointed out.

"Exactly. Yet this same Thomas Whitehouse has been remarkably elusive. And today, at last, when I thought I had run him to earth, I found he had just sailed for Trinidad."

"Already? With the jury not back?"

"His part was done. It was added to get him out of the way quickly. I doubt with a fat fee in his pocket."

"Ambrose, you mean his evidence been false? That he has not known Blane since he arrived as a boy in West Indies twenty years ago. But thought the deputation who went to Trinidad completely verified that?"

"Then why is Mr. Whitehouse elusive? Why have I never been able to talk to him? Because he isn't such good liar after all? I promise you I run him to earth in his own country. And not only that, I'll discover other evidence. There are things I mean search for. Blane Mallow's tombstone for instance."

"Heaven!" gasped Aunt Adelaide. "Do you think he's dead?"

"He could be. I don't know."

"Then if that's so, this scandalous his wife must be denounced."

"The little boy's name is Titus," Sarah said, inconsequently.

Ambrose's eyes narrowed angrily.

"It was my grandfather's name. I wonder if he was called it at birth, or only recently."

"But there's his extraordinary likeness to that portrait. Everyone agreed on that."

For the first time Ambrose showed uncertainty.

"I admit that. It's the strongest piece of evidence they have. It's difficult to explain. But there must be an explanation," he added decisively, "and I intend to find it. With your help, Sarah. You won't refuse to help?"

"I have no references," Sarah said. "No one is employed by respectable families without reference."

"I'm sure your aunt will be happy to give you a reference, Sarah."

Sarah hesitated the merest second. Then she went happily to relieve the brush of his lips on her cheek. It was such a little kiss. And there would be months and the seas of the Caribbean between them before she could be properly, as a husband kisses his wife.

But she was immeasurably heartened by Ambrose's definite action and the future was full of excitement. As restless now as Ambrose, she could pay no attention to Aunt Adelaide's disapproval.

OUTSIDE the house in South Kensington another carriage drew up. It was dark now, and Lady Malvina peering through a parting in the heavy curtains, could not see well alighted. But it must be Blane, Blane. She nodded her head slowly, looking up and satisfied. What a fine figure of a man he had grown. Tall, handsome, a little swashbuckling. Just the type of man she secretly admired. So different from his cousin, that narrow-minded, dumpy, proving dandy, Ambrose.

She would never forget the moment when the news had been brought up to her that her long-lost son, Blane, was downstairs waiting to see her. She had gone down in the greatest trepidation. She could not admit to anyone, not even pompous old George Trethewey, her late husband's solicitor, that she was an old woman now and had almost completely forgotten what her wild young son had looked like twenty years ago. Indeed how he could be expected to look now.

But the moment she set eyes on the little group waiting in the hall she knew.

For there was the little boy. Lady Malvina had taken a perfunctory look at the dark, thin young woman in the unsuitable, too thin travelling cloak and rather shabby bonnet. She had not, at the moment, spared much more than a glance for the tall man at her side.

Because the little boy, dark-haired, pale, and quiet in his travelling clothes, clutching his mother's hand and looking at her with the blankness of exhaustion, was her baby over again. It was as if miraculously, the years had rolled back and she was young and gay, as she had loved to be, and the mother of a perverse high-spirited, difficult, but charming little boy.

"Oh, my little darling! Come to me!" she exclaimed, reaching out her arms.

The child shrank back. Lady Malvina did not realise what an alarming figure she must have made, swooping down like this in her voluminous dark purple gown, with her lace cap nodding on an elaborate erection of stiff curls. Proud, haughty nose, and a mouth that seemed when she smiled so welcomingly, overfull of yellowed teeth, were not reassuring to a nervous child.

"His name's Titus," said the tall man. "Titus!" said Lady Malvina happily.

"You named him for his grandfather?"

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the little boy cast a swift unhappy glance at his mother. He seemed about to speak, but the young woman quickly turned him to her, partially concealing his face in her skirts.

"My husband decided on his name, 'Blane,'" she said primly. "I confess I thought it an odd name for a little boy. But then my husband has talked incessantly about everything English for so long."

"Mamma," said the tall dark man, "this is my wife, Amalie. Or should I say—?" he hesitated a moment, as if testing the atmosphere—"the new Lady Mallow."

An expression of triumph passed fleetingly over the young woman's face. Then her eyelids dropped, and she curtsied demurely.

Lady Malvina decided at once that she did not like her. A sly ambitious miss. What was her background? Where had Blane picked her up?

Blane? At last, in her state of bemused excitement, she looked fully into the features of the tall man beside her.

Brilliant dark eyes, magnificent black hair, a nose as arrogant as her own, an expression of inscrutability and—could it be amusement? Skin burned dark with seawinds of tropical suns, a pure strong body with, at this moment, a kind of lazy, lounging grace.

Was this the hot-tempered boy who had quarrelled so violently with his father and run off to sea, never to be heard of again?

She was too confused to decide, or to care about making a correct decision. She only knew she most urgently wanted her son home. It was a matter of vital importance.

Everyone had said for years that Blane must certainly be dead. Had he been alive he would have returned home ten, fifteen years ago, and made his peace.

When his father had been dead a year, the legal machinery had been set in motion to have Blane also assumed dead. So that that correct, cold, ambitious young man, Ambrose Mallow, who would bring neither shame nor glory to the name, should inherit.

Lady Malvina, for various reasons, had stubbornly refused to admit that this must happen.

And now, like an answer from heaven, this handsome black-browed stranger stood in front of her.

WHY should she hesitate to acknowledge him?

"Blane! My dearest son! Welcome home!" she cried.

Later, of course, there had to be the endless questions for the trustees of the estate, pompous, intolerably stupid George Frithwey, and Martin Lang, demanded certain proof that this man, arrived as if he had dropped from the sky, was indeed Blane Mallow. The triumphant evidence of the small scar beneath his left ear, acquired after a fall from his horse, was not sufficient. Anyone, they said dourly, could have a scar. And against this were the man's strange lapses of memory.

When acquiring the scar he had also suffered a fairly severe case of concussion which several doctors in consultation agreed could produce amnesia. But it was a curious amnesia, lightened by flashes of complete memory. As an importer, he could never have seen Mallow Hall. Shown a plan of it, he could identify each room, even to the attic room.

Yet later in court he had no recollection of being locked in the supposedly haunted room, a terrifying experience for any child. He unhesitatingly identified his old nurse, but this lady was now so old that she herself suffered from an amnesia too great for her evidence to be of any worth.

The trustees considered the estate too valuable for a decision to be lightly given. A claim must be made and heard in a court of law. A deputation must be sent to the West Indies, from which the man claimed to have come, and evidence sought there, or the purposes of the child Titus' succession, proof of the marriage to Amalie must be produced.

It all took an endless time, and Lady Malvina was beside herself with impatience. Why couldn't they all go down to Mallow and live normally? This was her son and her grandson. Surely that she should say so was sufficient. Surely the final unanswerable proof was sufficient—the astonishing likeness the little boy bore to the portrait of Blane at the same age.

The marriage to Amalie had taken place in a small church started by a quite respectable Anglican missionary

in Trinidad, and this was duly proved. Amalie was the daughter of a sea captain and a younger Spanish woman from Tenerife. Unfortunately she was not all one would have desired, but she had a certain vivid handsomeness and a wish, so far at least, to be the kind of English wife of whom Lady Malvina would approve.

But her crowning achievement, of course, was producing the next heir to Mallow Hall, the little boy who was the image of his father and bore his grandfather's name. This surely made his father's claim incontestable.

Now, peering out into the foggy gloom, Lady Malvina saw the tall figure of the man she had for the past

few months been calling her son. Wheezing a little as her heart palpitated with excitement, she hurried to ring the bell. When Bessie appeared she said eagerly, "Tell Lord Mallow I would like to see him at once."

Presently the door swung open and the young man strode in.

"Well, Mamma, thanks to you we won."

He stood in front of her fireplace, very tall, very confident, full of triumph. If he were not her son, she thought confusedly, she would dearly like to have such a son. He made all his contemporaries look languid and anaemic.

She was equal to the moment. For she, too, had her triumph. Now she could return to Mallow Hall. How soon, she wondered, could she tactfully request her son to pay her debts?

"Blane, my dear, I'm so happy! Not that I doubted for a moment. Truth must be acknowledged."

"It can also be twisted. My cousin Ambrose would have liked to do that."

"With his crafty legal mind! And you realise I might have lost my home to him?"

"Yes, we all realise what you haven't lost, Mamma."

The deep voice, full of amusement and significance, made Lady Malvina lift her head haughtily.

"And you, too, my son."

Blane began to laugh, his head thrown back, his laughter hearty and uninhibited. Reluctantly, because she

was still so unsure of him, she joined in. Then the humor of the situation struck her, and her raucous voice sounded above his.

"What are we laughing at?" she demanded at last.

"The fact that all our differences are over. You've forgotten what an unpleasant child I was, and you're truly happy to have me home."

Lady Malvina nodded, quiet for a moment.

Then she asked, "Have you told your wife?"

"Not yet."

"But you must. She must be even more anxious than I. Bring her up here. We must have a celebration. Ask Tomkins to put some champagne on ice. We might give Titus a glass. It wouldn't hurt the child."

"Heavens, no. It wouldn't hurt

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him. And he shares the celebration. After all, he's the heir."

"Yes," said Lady Malvina with intense satisfaction. "The heir."

"You won't have him running off to sea, Mamma."

"Not if I can help it. Not that it doesn't seem to have done you some good." She put her head on one side, studying his splendid figure. He wore his black frock coat and striped neckcloth just that much better than any other man she had seen, with a certain casual air that suggested the clothes were important, but subtly less important than the form they covered. He would have all the young women swooning. Did he make his wife swoon? One couldn't tell what went on behind her secretive face.

"Do you remember Maria?" she asked suddenly, at random.

"Maria?"

"The gamekeeper's daughter. With the fair curls."

She saw that he did not remember. His eyes had gone blank.

"Although you were only fourteen you wanted to marry her," she said slowly. "You loved her deeply, you said."

"Mamma, if I remembered all the girls I've imagined myself in love with—"

She shook her head stubbornly.

"One usually remembers the first. But it was before your accident, certainly."

"Then let's not think of Maria when Amalie's waiting impatiently."

"No, go and get her and Titus. I want to see my grandchild."

He turned to obey. He had reached the door before she called to him. He paused, standing there in the richly appointed room that had been built exactly to her late husband's requirements, with marble sculpted in Italy for the fireplace, an elaborately

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carved and gilded ceiling, and woodwork of the finest mahogany.

A great deal of money, time, and loving care had been put into this house. It would not be pleasant, Lady Malvina was thinking involuntarily, if it were to be occupied by an impostor.

"What is it, Mamma? You wanted to ask me something?"

"Are you—" her voice was thick and uneasy. "Tell me, are you really my son?"

He came to kneel before her. He offered his face to the full

gance—that was all. It was absurd that a woman should bear a child in the greatest agony and then live to be unsure of his identity.

But if this was not Blane, who was it? And what did he want?

A shiver of fear went over her. She saw a ruthlessness she hadn't previously noticed in his mouth, a moodiness in his eyes. She spoke sharply to cover her sudden foolish nervousness.

"Order the champagne. We need it. We need gaiety, a celebration. Fetch Amalie and Titus. Titus must come, even if he's been put to bed. His grandmother needs him."

The man straightened himself slowly. He stooped to print a kiss on Lady Malvina's hot and fretted brow.

"Thank you, Mamma," he said gently, and left the room.



SARAH dressed with the greatest care. She had to look like a gentlewoman, though an impoverished one. There was not too much difficulty about that, for none of her clothes were new. Indeed, she had not had a new gown for two years, just before Papa had died.

Her elder sisters, Amelia and Charlotte, had taken positions as companions to rich elderly ladies, and Sarah had been taken under Aunt Adelaide's wing. Aunt Adelaide had thought to find her a husband, but Sarah, after being annoyingly pernickety about several suitable young men, had chosen to fall in love with Ambrose Mallow, who was now as impetuous as herself.

It wasn't fair! Sarah told

herself. She must remain calm. She could not present herself to the new Lady Mallow looking flushed and irresponsible. She must remember to keep her eyes lowered and not to answer her ladyship as if she were an equal. Not only an equal, she thought indignantly, but a superior. But in a very short while it would be herself interviewing applicants for positions at Mallow Hall.

And the first person to be dismissed would be that silly villain Soames, the head groom, who in court had put words into the impostor's mouth.

Excitement made her impatient to hurry with her dressing and set out on the way. To make her unbidden visit even more plausible she had the newspaper which had reported the result of the trial very fully, and a gossip column had interviewed Lord Mallow himself.

"Lord Mallow," the infuriating chit-chat informed her, intends to travel to Mallow Hall on the Kentish coast early in the week. He is looking forward with the greatest pleasure to displaying his childhood home to his wife and, of course, to its heir, Titus, named after the fourth baron. Lord Mallow has not yet made any plans for his son's education. He is too young, as yet, for Lord Mallow's old preparatory school, and it seems likely a governess will be employed."

Sarah had enough sense to cut the piece out and slip it into her reticule. It could be produced if the genuineness of

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The king raged on. "What can we do? The whole place is in bed with flu. Utopia's winter sports next week. We'll all be dead, will someone tell me? A sage came forth with fish in hand. 'Woods' Compound, sir, will fix it in a land. Of colds, athletes and washers, will marvel at what Woods can do.' WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds."

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her application was doubted.

She had brushed her hair smoothly back from her round young forehead and arranged it in a cluster of curls at the back. She preferred not to wear the demure forward-falling curls that were in fashion, but to display her ears and the clear line of her cheek. This made her look a little older and more responsible, she thought with satisfaction.

Her face, looking so serious now in the little upturned mirror on the dressing-table, had no great beauty. Aunt Adelaide had repeatedly told her her charm lay in animation, and then, trying to cope with Sarah's high spirits, had re-

quested a little less animation. But her eyes, wide apart and of a curious smoky-blue, were most distinctive, Aunt Adelaide conceded.

From her modest wardrobe she took her bottle-green merino day dress and wore over it the grey felt cloak trimmed with black velvet that could not be more suitable and discreet. Her black velvet bonnet with green silk ribbons completed this picture of respectability. She looked at her reflection and sighed. She dearly loved pretty clothes. The prospect of perhaps several months of this drabness was infinitely depressing.

She was putting on her

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gloves when Aunt Adelaide bustled in to say that Ambrose was downstairs.

"He means to see that you carry out this mad scheme," she said.

"Did he think I would lose my courage already?"

"I don't know what he thought, but what I think is that you've both lost your senses."

"You don't really, Aunt Adelaide. You approve of us fighting for our rights."

"But not in an underhand way."

"What other way is there? We must use our enemy's own weapons."

Aunt Adelaide sighed deeply. "Then here's one of them. The reference I've perjured myself to write for you."

Ambrose, waiting downstairs, was full of excitement. He had been down to the docks and contacted the captain of a schooner to sail in two days' time for Trinidad and other West Indian ports. He could have a passage if he wished, and the captain promised him a journey that might be completely dull and uneventful, or full of the drama of hurricanes, becalmings or even attack by pirates.

"But, Ambrose!" Sarah cried in alarm, "is there danger? Then must you go? What use will either Mallow Hall or a title be to you if you lie at the bottom of the Caribbean Sea?"

Ambrose laughed, gratified by her dismay.

"The fellow was only showing off. Of course there's no danger. Or what there is," his face hardened, "if Blane could face it at sixteen I can do the same at twenty-six."

"You're to sail so soon!"

Ambrose tilted her chin.

"In two days you yourself will be on the way to Mallow. Now tell me, are you ready? You haven't lost courage? Would you like me to come part of the way with you in the cab? It wouldn't be wise for me to go all the way."

"No. I shall go alone."

"Remember, you must succeed."

Sarah met his gaze levelly. She didn't think she had noticed that stony look in his eyes before. For a moment it almost frightened her.

She straightened her shoulders.

"I won't fail."

He took her hand and smiled, and the bad moment, the moment of wondering whether Ambrose was not the person she had imagined him, was over.

"The cab's waiting outside. Are you ready?"

THE fog had lifted, but only to show a low grey sky and the still shapes of trees to which the tattered leaves still clung. It was very cold for October. It was going to be a hard winter, Sarah thought, and she wondered how draughty and uncomfortable Mallow Hall might be. Ambrose said his uncle had let the place fall into disrepair. But the new family, coming from the tropics, would surely take precautions against the cold and see that the sea winds were shut out. Anyway, Sarah herself would not be there long. She would quickly discover in grimming evidence against this man calling himself Blane Mallow. She would have to listen at doors, and perhaps try to read other people's letters. As Aunt Adelaide had said, it would be distinctly unpleasant.

The cab jogged across London, skirting Hyde Park and then proceeding down the Brompton Road. It was a longish journey, and the driver was glad enough to wait outside the house in South Kensington to rest his horse. Sarah said she would not be more than fifteen minutes.

"I'll wait, miss. God bless yer."

This comforting voice following her up the steps bent Sarah's courage high. But when the front door swung open in response to her ring and the solemn-faced butler stood within, panic filled her.

However, here she was, and

the butler was asking her her business.

"I should like to see Lady Mallow," she said firmly.

The butler stood aside for her to enter.

"Take a seat, if you please. I will inquire if her ladyship is available. What is the name, please?"

"Miss Sarah Mildmay."

The butler bowed and withdrew. Sarah had scarcely time to look round the hall, with its fine marble staircase, its tapestries and statuary, before there was a commotion. A little boy dressed in outdoor clothes was running down the stairs, pursued by a stout, untidy old woman with hair and lace cap askew.

"The great grizzly is catching you! G-r-r-r! G-r-r-r! Run for your life. Or he'll hug and hug you to death!"

The child flung himself into the arms of a nursemaid who had come running down the stairs in their wake, and the old woman collapsed, panting, into the nearest chair.

"Well, Titus! Wasn't that a fine game? Don't you love to play with your grandmamma? Now, off for your walk. Where's his hoop, Annie? Isn't he to take his hoop?"

"We didn't mean to go far today, your ladyship, it being so bleak. His mother said he wasn't to catch cold."

"Bah! He's got to be made tough. This is England, not the tropics. Little boys here go out in all weathers. I won't have my grandson pampered."

"No, your ladyship," said the maid, hastily taking the child's hand and departing to the door.

Lady Malvina fanned her face vigorously, still gasping and panting noisily.

"Pampering him!" she muttered. "Making him cry at his own shadow. Never knew

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"Break Of Day"

Colette (Secker & Warburg). 14/6.

It is hard to determine where the autobiography ends and the novel begins in this new edition of one of Colette's most famous books, first published in 1928. Her artistry as a writer, her sensitivity, and her poetic handling of scenes and emotions are shown at their best.

Against reflections on her own life, relationship with her mother, her two husbands, and various lovers, is the story of Vial and Helene. She is trying her hand at matchmaking, without thanks from either party. She, Colette, is the one young Vial needs — he is 15 years younger, as was Colette's third husband — Helene is clumsy, accusing. But both return to Paris leaving Colette in her sunlit garden. Throughout the story she uses her own name. One sentence supplies the key: "Is anyone imagining as he reads me that I'm portraying myself? Have patience: this is merely my model."

"The Tracks We Travel"

Published by Australasian Book Society. 21/-

Struggle, impulsive action, basic emotions of fear and hunger mark many of these Australian short stories, with a foreword by Dame Mary Gilmore. Among the best stories are "Proudly My Son," by E. A. Gollschewsky, which gives immense dignity to a half-caste aboriginal boy who, in the absence of his father, uses his tracking instincts to find a little lost white girl; "Joey," by Dorothy Hewett, a vivid comment on family unhappiness; "Fraser On Discipline," by J. S. Manifold, a tragicomic slice of wartime life involving interned Italians; and "The Child Who Had No Father," an aboriginal legend told to Roland Robinson, and memorable for its sweetness. Nancy Cato's "The Enemy" is a shrewd portrait of an American woman tourist in France. Some of the stories perhaps have more merit as social studies than as literary pieces.



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such a nervous child." She looked up and suddenly saw Sarah. "Who are you?" Sarah bowed.

"I'm waiting to see Lady Mallow." The old lady's prominent pale blue eyes flicked knowledgeably over Sarah's sober and genteel appearance.

"If you're wanting something, I warn you my daughter-in-law has a sharp tongue in the mornings. And she's been besieged by all sorts of people since the case. You know of the case, of course?"

"Yes, my lady." Lady Malvina nodded contentedly. She was obviously a garrulous, lonely old woman, ready to talk to anyone who would listen.

"It's brought me great happiness. My son and my grand-son home again. But they're spoiling the child. Not my son, but my daughter-in-law, Annie." She looked at Sarah in a friendly way. "Would you be a word of advice, my dear?"

"Thank you, my lady." "Flatter her if you want something. That's the only way."

The butler had returned silently and stood before them, his controlled face showing no sign of having overheard anything.

"Her ladyship will see you in the morning room. Come this way, if you please."

Lady Malvina gave a flippant wave of a fat beringed hand. Sarah resisted an impulse to wave back. She sensed in Lady Malvina an ally, if an irresponsible and unpredictable one. But she would have to check these unruly noisy games that terrified the little boy. Tactfully, that would be her first task.

If she were employed . . . "Flatter her," the old lady had said. Already prejudiced against the unknown Annie, this thought filled Sarah with repugnance. The confidence with which she had arrived was rapidly ebbing, and by the time the butler had flung open a door and ushered Sarah in, she was almost tongue-tied.

The woman sitting on the

couch beside the fire rose to her feet.

She was, Sarah saw at once, very elegant. Her gown was obviously new and too rich for morning wear; her hair, done in an elaborate arrangement of curls, was uncovered. Although her dress was the height of fashion with the crinoline skirt exaggeratedly wide, she made no concession to the custom of wearing lace caps indoors. Her hair was no doubt her chief pride, for her face and figure were a little too thin, and her skin quite sallow. Her eyes

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

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people. Not that I don't approve of honest and properly sponsored charities," she added righteously. "Then what is your business, Miss Mildmay?"

"I'm seeking a position," Sarah said, trying to sound meek and to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

"Here? In my house?" Sarah opened her reticule to take out the newspaper cutting. "It says here that you will

"I don't require to be told what is the custom in England," Lady Mallow said icily. "Certainly not by any strange person."

"I didn't mean to do that, Lady Mallow." But the hasty meekness and the downcast eyes were too late.

"Whatever your newspaper correspondent tells you, Miss Mildmay, I am not looking for a governess for my son. He's too young. But even if I were I assure you that someone who had gained entry by false pretences would have no hope of getting the position."

"Won't you look at my references, Lady Mallow?"

"Importuning me will get you nowhere." She was pressing the bell. When the tall butler appeared she said, "Tomkins, show this lady out." The deliberate impertinence of her voice made Sarah furious.

Quite apart from having to go home and tell Ambrose she had failed, she would not tolerate being spoken to like that by an upstart from the West Indies who was only learning to be a lady. And making a very bad showing at it, too. She was so conscious of her lack of knowledge that she would grow angry at an imaginary slight, such as an applicant for a position not coming to the servant's entrance. Poor thing, one should be sorry for her.

But Sarah, watching her draw the black Spanish lace shawl over her narrow shoulders as if she were cold and lifting her thin nose in the air, could feel only fury and a wild disappointment. She was almost in tears.

Ambrose, she thought as she followed the stately form of Tomkins down the stairs, could still make the voyage to the West Indies and conduct his private investigation. But was she to wait helplessly until he came back, contributing nothing? Oh, it was too infuriating.

As they came into the downstairs hall, however, there was a commotion. The front door had burst open and the elderly nursemaid with the child had come in. The little boy was not in tears, but his wan white face showed that these were not far off. Indeed, as Lady Malvina, who must have lingered downstairs, pounced forward with loud cries of surprise and greeting, positive panic showed in his face.

"What is it, Annie? What is it? Why are you back so soon? My little love, couldn't you bear to be away from your Grandmamma?"

"It's not that, my lady. It's too much champagne last night," Annie said bluntly, her voice full of bold disapproval. "But that didn't hurt him."

"He's feeling poorly, my lady. Sick and poorly. I'm taking him right up to bed."

"Tch! Tch! Tch!" Lady Malvina exclaimed loudly. "Come to Grandmamma, then!" But as she stretched out her arms to engulf the small boy he seemed to panic completely, and making an unexpected dart sideways, flung himself against Sarah, clinging to her skirts.

Whether he had intended to do so or not she couldn't tell. But as his dark eyes were lifted to hers she saw them full of entreaty. She could not help herself. She lifted him into her arms and immediately he clung to her as to a refuge.

"Titus!" exclaimed Annie in a scandalised voice. "You can't behave like that to a strange lady."

The child clung harder, re-

sisting her attempt to take him. Lady Malvina came bustling up to wave her fan wildly in his face.

"Titus, you naughty little love, come to Grandmamma."

Titus buried his face tightly against Sarah's neck and muttered desperately, "I won't!"

"I think," Sarah tried to speak tactfully, "you frighten him a little."

"Frighten him! Frighten my own grandson! When I love him with every fragment of my being. What arrant, wicked nonsense! Tomkins, who is this young woman?"

Before Tomkins could reply a door at the end of the hall opened and the tall, dark man whom Sarah had last seen in the witness-box in court came striding out.

"What's going on here? What's the reason for all this noise? Annie, if you can't manage the child, we'll have to find someone who can."

"Annie has the impertinence to say that too much champagne has made the boy ill," Lady Malvina said indignantly. "As if the little he had could have hurt a fly!"

Sarah, feeling the little body clinging to her as if instinct had driven him, interjected clearly and calmly, "If you have been giving a child of five champagne, I agree entirely with Annie. No wonder he's ill."

"Well, I'll be damned! Who are you?"

Sarah did not flinch from his regard. Now at last she was

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



were bright and restless, her nose too sharp.

Sarah decided at once that she would not be an easy person to handle. She was already extremely conscious of her position as Lady Mallow.

In response to Sarah's greeting she said frigidly, "Yes, Miss Mildmay? You wished to see me? What society is it you represent?"

"None at all, Lady Mallow. I'm sorry if I gave you that impression."

"Oh, it's only because I've been so bothered by representatives for various charities. As soon as one's name becomes prominent one seems to represent easy game for all these

be requiring a governess for your son. I took the liberty of calling in person, because I'd so much like the position. I have excellent references."

The woman cut her short with an angry gesture.

"Really, Miss Mildmay, this is the greatest impertinence. In the first place, why didn't you come to the servant's entrance?"

Sarah flushed.

"In England, Lady Mallow, a governess is considered one of the family."

Now she had said the wrong thing, she realised. Her quick indignation and lack of meekness were going to be her downfall.



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close to this man and could see the face that hitherto had been at the other side of a badly lit courtroom. But, holding his gaze, something stirred in Sarah, something jubilant and excited. For she recognised an adversary worthy of her. Here was a battle worth fighting. She could despise Amalie with her petulant temper and her fear of not having correct deference paid to her. But this man she could both admire and hate.

She said calmly, "My name is Sarah Mildmay. I've just been asking your wife, Lord Mallow, if I could be given the position of governess to your son. Unfortunately, she said you didn't intend engaging anyone at present. If I may express my own opinion, your son is at an age where he requires more instruction and guidance than a nursemaid, no matter how capable" — she flashed a placating glance at the indignant Annie — "can give."

Blane Mallow (as she must call him until she proved once and for all that that was not his name) stepped back a pace to regard her. His eyes were narrowed, their expression unreadable.

"And why, may I ask, have you my son in your arms? Are you attempting to gain his affections?"

"No, he ran to me."

"Yes, he did that," Lady Malvina admitted fairly. "For some reason he flew to this young woman."

"I've told you to behave more quietly with him, Mamma. He's not a strong child. What do you think?"

Sarah realised that the abrupt question had been directed to her. She felt the little boy's arms tighten round her neck. His heart was beating against her breast like a bird's.

Unconsciously, her voice softened. "Yes, he is too nervous. He needs gentleness. And time to become ac-

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

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customed to such different surroundings, of course."

"Ha! You've been reading the case."

"Who hasn't?" said Sarah calmly.

"Indeed that's what brought me here. I've followed it with such interest."

And when the newspaper reported that you would require a governess I took the liberty of calling."

"But my wife would have none of you?"

Lord Mallow's mouth seemed to be twitching slightly. Sarah couldn't decide whether it was in amusement or anger.

"I was, perhaps, too impetuous."

"You have recommendations?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. From Lady Adelaide Fitzsimmons to begin with, and —"

Her guess that this forthright man would not want to bother with written references but would make his own decisions as to character was right. Those brilliant black eyes, without gentleness, but also without hostility, examined her frankly.

"Mamma, Titus seems to like this young woman. A child has an instinct to feel protected. Perhaps that quality in Miss Mildmay —"

Before the slightly ironic voice had finished there was a cry from the stairs.

"Blane, what are you all doing down there? Is there something wrong with Titus?"

Blane looked up the curving staircase. He stepped back to give a slight bow.

"Titus, my love, is suffering from too much joie vivre after last night. But he seems to have shown some acumen in choosing for himself a governess."

Amalie came running down the stairs. Sarah could hear her high indignant voice.

"Blane, not that young woman who forced her way in. But I've already dismissed her."

"I think, my love, that perhaps you made a premature decision. Miss Mildmay seems to be an excellent person, and since the newspapers tell us Titus requires a governess, a governess we must have. Public opinion is of a good deal of importance in England."

"Blane! How ridiculous! You never cared a fig for public opinion."

"Perhaps not. But for the sake of our son — and of you, my love — in any case, as you see, Titus has made his own decision."

"You can't tell me you are going to engage a servant —" again the insolent deliberation of Amalie's words made Sarah hot with fury, "—on the passing fancy of a child."

"It's the child who will have to see the most of her," her husband retorted.

"Perhaps, Miss Mildmay, you'd be good enough to step into the library and have a talk with me. Titus, go to your nurse."

Sadly he detached himself from Sarah and held out his arms to Annie. She snatched him, into hers and hastened upstairs, muttering inaudibly.

Blane bowed slightly. "This way, Miss Mildmay."

In the book-lined room where a fire burnt cosily, Sarah waved her to a chair.

"The boy's spoilt," he said abruptly.

"He seems a nervous child."

"Nervous? Is that what you'd call it? Perhaps. I know nothing about children."

Sarah bit her tongue, refraining from pointing out that he had had five years in which to learn. But perhaps he had been away at sea too much. Or was not interested in children. Or secretly regretted that his son was not stronger and more manly.

"A tropical climate is not good for a young child," Sarah said primly. "Titus will grow much stronger in England."

THE man's eyes were ironic.

It was almost as if the prospect of turning his son into a hardy English child amused him. Perhaps memories of his own childhood had not been entirely pleasant. Since he had run away at sixteen — No, it was not this man who had run away. This man had a secret childhood somewhere else, but one that had driven him, also, to become an adventurer. Sarah must keep reminding herself he was not Blane Mallow, otherwise of what help was she going to be to Ambrose?

"I want Titus to form an affection for Mallow Hall," he went on. "I've wandered too much to care a great deal for any one place. Besides, my childhood at Mallow, with a father who was a tyrant, doesn't leave me with the happiest memories of the place. But Titus is the heir. It would be a good thing if he came to love the place. I want him to be a greater comfort to his mother than I ever was to mine."

Was the man a complete hypocrite? Yet the keen regard he now bent on Sarah seemed to have more than a degree of honesty.

"But we came in here to discuss you, not Titus, Miss Mildmay. We must go through the right motions. I intend you to join our household. You have firmness and initiative. I like that. You will be excellent for Titus. Frankly, although I can see you are of the greatest respectability, I wouldn't care whom your family or your last employer was. I decide on character alone."

"Thank you, sir," Sarah murmured. "But for the sake of satisfying my wife's curiosity, tell me something of yourself."

This was the hardest moment of all, improvising.

"My father is dead, Lord Mallow. He had misfortune in business matters and left my mother very poorly provided for. Consequently, my sisters and I have had to seek positions."

"I have been with Lady Adelaide Fitzsimmons for the past two years," Sarah went on, knowing that this man's confidence in his own judgment would prevent him from any desire to take up her references. If he should do so Aunt Adelaide would be more than equal to the occasion.

The one danger she had foreseen was that, during her employ, some former

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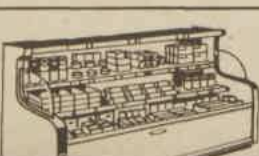
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acquaintance of hers might visit the house and recognise her. But down at Mallow Hall this was not likely. Nor was it likely that her former friends would be on visiting terms with the upstart Lady Mallow her impostor husband.

"Do you mind my observing that no one looks less like a governess?"

Sarah had kept her face prim and her lashes lowered. Now her eyelids flew up guiltily to meet again his frank and impudent scrutiny.

"I can't help my appearance, Lord Mallow."

"Don't apologise for it. It's quite as satisfactory as your references. Can you begin tomorrow? We leave for Mallow the following day and the journey may be tiresome. It would be better that Titus grows a little used to you in advance. He's not a good traveller."

There was no doubt that Blane was disappointed in his nervous delicate son. The child, of course, sensed this, and the trouble was heightened.

"Yes, I could be ready, sir," she answered meekly. "If your wife wishes it also."

"The decision, Miss Mildmay, is mine."

Sarah fought to hide her active resentment and dislike. Amalie had aroused no admiration in her, but did she deserve this contemptuous disregard for her wishes? This man was impertinent, lordly, patronising, selfish, and, though perhaps unwittingly, cruel. She would take the utmost pleasure in spying on him and eventually denouncing him.

"I shall be happy to pay you whatever you were receiving in your last position," he went on.

"Thank you, sir."

"If that isn't sufficient you have only to tell me."

"It is quite sufficient, thank you, sir." She had no intention of letting him throw Ambrose's money about indiscriminately.

"I'd advise plenty of warm clothes. If Mallow is as I remember it, it's devilish cold in winter."

Sarah stood up to leave.

"Thank you, sir, for trusting me." The treacherous words escaped her without her realising their import.

He gave a half smile. His eyes remained brooding.

"On the contrary, the boot's on the other foot. Thank you for trusting me. So far, as you must realise, very few people have."

Sarah's cheeks were still flushed uncomfortably with the

Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

knowledge of her deceit as she left the house.

But almost at once triumph at her success filled her. She had done what Ambrose expected of her. He would be delighted.

She found herself nodding conspiratorially to the cabman.

"All safe and snug, miss?"

Amalie, the new Lady Mallow, would have stiffened with indignation and suspicion, had a cabby chosen to show any interest in her welfare. Sarah repressed her regrettable tendency to laugh from amusement and sheer light-heartedness.

"All safe and snug, thank you. Now drive me back to Portman Square, if you please."

THE

recounting of her experience to Aunt Adelaide and Ambrose was even more satisfying.

"I am to be ready in two days' time," she said, "to go down to Mallow Hall. We are all moving there for the winter."

"We!" Ambrose echoed in the greatest indignation.

"We must face facts, Ambrose. I am to be one of the household now. For just as long as it takes you to return from Trinidad so that we can prepare our separate evidence."

"Having spoken to him, you still believe this man is not Blane Mallow?" Aunt Adelaide inquired.

"Of course he isn't. He has the look of a complete adventurer. All I wonder is how the jury could have been so misled."

"A jury has to decide a case on evidence. The evidence in this matter was unassailable."

"Seemed so," Sarah corrected. "There's a simple answer. Lady Malvina is concerned for her own comfort and ridiculously sentimental about her grandson. Blane—I should say his impersonator—is an ambitious adventurer and his wife is worse. She has ideas about her social status. She is really, beneath her pretended sophistication, quite ignorant."

"My darling child!" cried Aunt Adelaide. "If all this is true, you can't go to live with people like that."

"Oh, tush!" Sarah exclaimed. "It will do me no harm, and the little boy needs

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care and affection. Between them all, they're turning him into a scared little shadow. Champagne at his age, indeed!"

Aunt Adelaide gasped. Ambrose said gloomily, "It's no more than I expected. Think what people like that will do to Mallow Hall."

"They must not be allowed to stay there a moment longer than necessary. But I'll soon get into Lady Malvina's confidence, I promise you. Amalie, I'm afraid, is my enemy already."

"And the man?" Ambrose inquired stiffly.

"Oh, he can act the part of gentleman. But we've already crossed swords as to the way he's allowing his son to be brought up."

"Then why did he allow you to be engaged?"

Sarah gave a small retrospective smile.

"I think I was a challenge to him just as much as he was to me. And there was the little boy clinging to me. Perhaps even he wasn't hard-hearted enough to resist that."

"Sarah, you almost make me believe you're as innocent as you sound," Ambrose cried exasperatedly. "Have you never looked in your mirror?"

Sarah opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You mean he might have admired me? That he might have ideas of—of seduction?"

"He's a blackguard, isn't he?"

"But not in that way. Not as far as we know. After all, he's respectably married. No, Ambrose, we must be fair. And if it should remotely come to that, I can take care of myself. Can't I, Aunt Adelaide?"

"Nothing," said Aunt Adelaide, "would surprise me about this man. But I admit if you hadn't the spirit to do something about this miserable affair I'd have been very disappointed in you both. I wish you luck. Though if Sarah has the least trouble with her employer she is to pack her bags and come home at once."

"And," said Ambrose, his eyes as hard as stone, "I shall kill him."

To be continued

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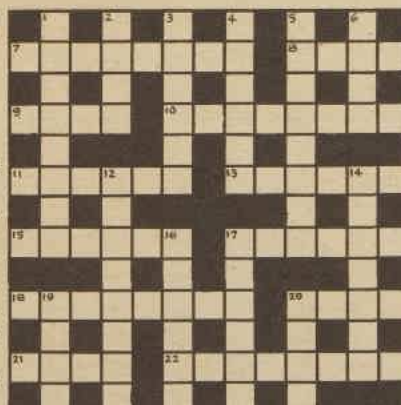
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Diminishes (8).
- Near, but not entirely night (4).
- A lake and nothing else (4).
- Evoked when a famous priest quoted (8).
- In spite of their name they may be cigar smokers (6).
- For a memorial of success try hop (6).
- Rough drawing in a brisk etching (6).
- Corrects by turning me before finals (6).
- Used for face-saving but it is deadly (4-4).
- A determinate quantity adopted as a standard of measurement (4).
- Material for making a type of brandy (4).
- Eatable, not only in Lent as indicated (8).

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E R I C A R U P T I O N
R C P E A O M
C O V E N A N T E R S

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Steak, Sir? Thank you; a starry mark will do (8).
- Remedy, though it starts with a worthless dog (4).
- Concurs with a degree on the top (6).
- Help when a donkey is taking tea (6).
- Don't tie a counter-poison (8).
- When a pollywog recaptured there is present a man-eating monster (4).
- Door leading to catalepsy (8).
- In a hard Roman emperor (7).
- Called from a distance (6).
- Make evident (6).
- A man who could not resist apple (4).
- Dickens' Miss Miggs was sorry that she was not born old and such (4).

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Rich with home-made goodness **CONTINENTAL** brand Chicken Noodle is Australia's favourite soup. In every golden sip of **CONTINENTAL** brand Chicken Noodle Soup you taste real chicken — lots of it — freshly home-cooked in minutes. Plump, tender young chicken rich in taste and flavour! Appetising, delicious chicken, its appeal heightened with scrumptious egg noodles, spices and seasonings! Serve brimming bowls of shimmering, golden **CONTINENTAL** brand Chicken Noodle Soup often.



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brand
CHICKEN NOODLE

CHICKEN AND RICE SAVOURY

1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, 1½ pints water, 1 cup uncooked rice, ½ cup peas (cooked), ½ cup finely chopped onion.

METHOD: Cook soup as directed. Add washed rice and pour into casserole dish. Bake in a hot oven 25-30 minutes until soup absorbed and rice grains separate. Fry onions and peas in margarine until tender and add to rice. Serve with schnitzels, grills, etc.

* The best soup comes from the best ingredients—that's why you'll love Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup

Fashion PATTERNS

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7049.—Winter shirt-waister has box-pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F3160.—Girl's school blouse has short or long sleeves. Sizes four to 14 years. Long sleeve requires 1½ to 2yds. 36in. material, short sleeve takes 1½ to 1¾yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F7257.—Regulation school uniform comes in sizes 22 to 42in. length. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F7048.—Pretty frock has slim skirt, wide neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. or 54in. contrast. Price 4/9.

F7075.—Teenage skirt, top, and blouse ensemble. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Skirt and top take 2½yds. 54in. material, and blouse requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 479.—GIRL'S PYJAMAS
Cute pyjamas for a little girl are available cut out ready to sew in tulle. Colors are pink, blue, green, lemon, and white. Sizes 33 to 37in. lengths, 36 ½, 41 to 45in. lengths, 38 ½. Postage 3/-.

No. 480.—LUNCHEON SET
Matching luncheon cloth and serviettes are available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen. Cloth measures 36 x 36in. Price is 17/9, plus 2/6 postage. Serviettes measure 11 x 11in. Price 1/9, plus 6d. postage.

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Pretty duchesse set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on pink, green, cream, lemon, and white Irish linen. Price 8/3, plus 1/- postage.

No. 482.—GIRL'S SLACKS AND BLOUSE
Smart twosome for the small girl, corduroy slacks with three-quarter-length leg and a blouse with long sleeves, is available cut out ready to make. Sets are available as follows: Brushed-back Prince Charles tartan blouse with red or green corduroy slacks; brushed-back Prince Charles tartan blouse with red or blue corduroy slacks. Price 61/6 per set for four to six-year-olds, and 64/6 for eight to 10 years. Postage 4/- extra.

● Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning May 15



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in ways and means.

★ The choice of ways and means to your desires will determine success or failure. Look to the foundations of any scheme, for if they are wobbly all your efforts will end in disappointment. If you approach anyone with a proposition you must be able to prove that it will work. Avoid making requests at the wrong time.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck beneath the surface.

★ Some of you feel baffled, wonder why conscientious work goes unrecognized, experience resentment at delays and are inclined to feel that personal relationships are not as good as they should be. Actually things are slowly coming your way; do not take a tempest too seriously. Keep calm and watch for indications of a lucky break due anon.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in the background.

★ If you are an eager beaver you could be left hounding the boss, advocate an undertaking and you'll be expected to see it through, probably on your own. Be glad to be one of the crowd for you'll escape criticism and thankless tasks. Do refrain from criticizing those who accept responsibility. Your beloved will prefer you to be in the audience.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in youth.

★ The world is your oyster this week if you belong among the teens or twenties. Whether you are the central figure of a budding romance, making your curtsy as a debutante, or shining as a star in sporting circles you are front-page news. If a parent, you are likely to be entertaining for a son or daughter, glad to bring happiness to the young.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck before the public.

★ The stars are on your side, with good prospects of promotion, increased pay. If you are an artist or a musician, brilliant success could be your portion, especially if you plan to compete in a special field. Your sign loves the theatre; more than one amateur actor or actress might become a professional. Older subjects may stand for public office.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, it, blue.
★ Gambling colors, it, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck across distance.

★ You may receive a letter announcing the arrival of a hand some stranger you are asked to befriend. This opens up attractive possibilities. You may hear of an old friend returning to your orbit after a long absence. Some of you are likely to be transferred to another post, branch, or district which has a special appeal to you. Listen for the telephone.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, it, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a bonus.

★ A bit of overtime could mean a small luxury you've been promising yourself. If you exercise any skill as a sideline you can cash in on it. An unanticipated discount or refund may reduce an amount you are obliged to pay. Your best beloved could be the lucky one to show a sudden profit and he is generous enough to pass some of it on to you.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in following others.

★ Be a good follower rather than a leader; accept the plans of others and help loyally to carry them out. The subject of your activities may be one about which you know very little; take directions from the more experienced. Let others come to you during the early stages of a new friendship, for they are likely to be rather reserved.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in the afternoon.

★ Your brightest hours are likely to be between one and six when you can begin to relax and enjoy what you are doing. The mornings may be hectic, but afternoons are tops for a pleasant surprise, good news, inside information, casual meetings, informal entertaining. Parties with your own sex really click, stimulate your ideas.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in social life.

★ You'll be sought after to such an extent that some of you will be double banking your engagements. Write down time and place when making arrangements, for the merry-go-round will whirl faster and faster. You'll do what you normally consider undignified, but you'll enjoy every minute. Old friends will be astonished, new ones admire you.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in success long-delayed.

★ That old project with which you've toyed for so long, over which you've dreamed and struggled but have never quite brought off, should now be taken down and guided for one final effort. Perhaps your greater experience makes all the difference, but what you believed to be difficult now rolls along smoothly to a happy conclusion.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday.
★ Luck in understanding people.

★ You have keen intuition where character is in question, so you will be likely to ignore gossip about those who matter to you. Half-baked rumors, exaggerated emotional crises could present a distorted picture of your beloved, friend, relative, or neighbor. You may be called on to defend the absent, but you can put correct value on ill-natured talk.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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To restore lost energy . . . make you feel yourself again . . . add PLURAVIT to your diet. Just one soft gelatine PLURAVIT Capsule each morning provides the body with its normal requirements of all essential vitamins. PLURAVIT Capsules are easy to swallow; have no "after-taste."

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A.D.B.C. Vitamin Capsules, PENTAMAX contain five essential vitamins—Vitamin A, D, B₁, B₂, plus Vitamin C. PENTAMAX provides additional vitamin intake to replace the demands of growth and expended energy; assists digestion and nutrition; builds resistance to minor infections. 50 Capsules, 11/6. **PENTAMAX CAPSULES.**



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B Complex-Vitamin C, BIOMIN FORTE contain the high-potency B Complex vitamins—B₁, B₂, B₆, Nicotinamide and Calcium Pantothenate, together with Vitamin C. BIOMIN help prevent colds and 'flu; stimulate the appetite, and aid digestion. 50 tablets 10/6. **BIOMIN FORTE TABLETS.**



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 17, 1961

HOME DECORATION

by Josephine Bull



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately



Introducing Josephine Bull

● Mrs. Josephine Bull, a leading American home decorator, writer, author of a well-known decorating book, TV and radio lecturer, has been brought to Australia for a lecture tour by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Venetian Blind Manufacturers' Federation of Australia.

JO BULL lives in Chicago and is married to Harold C. ("Chop") Bull, a lawyer.

After school she became a journalist on her family's newspaper in Kewanee, Illinois.

After university she combined her writing ability with home decorating by editing a series of decorating journals.

In recent years she has written for several famous decorating magazines and edited the "Better Homes and Gardens Decorating Book," which is generally recognized as the inspiration for most ideas in home decorating in America today.

Jo has also worked as adviser and writer on decorating generally for several large national American firms, including paint and builders' supplies companies.

MRS. JOSEPHINE BULL, who is in Australia to lecture on home decorating in main cities, beginning next week in Sydney. See itinerary, page 31.

In her demonstrations in the six States in Australia, Josephine Bull will be using products from these sponsors:

The Australian Venetian Blind Industry.	Dunlopillo.
British Paints.	Sleepmaker mattresses.
Vynex furniture fabric.	Fler furniture.
Nairn lino tiles.	British Australian carpets.
	Graindek wall panelling.
	Kempthorne lights.

Jo Bull says—

—VENETIAN BLINDS solve all window treatment problems. They are a beauty aid — available in colors to blend with your decorating scheme. By day, they control light, but let you see the view. At night they lock shut for privacy or stay open for ventilation.

Tapes on venetian blinds can be chosen in a color to provide dramatic color accent in your room.

Venetian blinds, pulled down, will not impair the efficiency of an air-conditioning unit built into a window. And venetian blinds look good from the outside.

● Our cover picture shows how venetian blinds add attraction to the beautifully furnished living-room in a flat at Balgowlah, N.S.W.

—BRITISH PAINTS include brilliant gloss, satin, and matt finish paints, and the very practical washable plastic paints, all of them in wonderful colors.

It isn't always practical to change the color of curtains or other furnishings, but a quick economical change can be made by painting walls.

You can paint your furniture, too. A popular idea is the painted accent piece. Paint a chest in one of the strong colors of your color scheme, and balance it across the room with an accessory in that color.

—VYNEX washable furniture fabric is ideal for lounge furniture and cushions in the kitchen—on bar stools or family dining benches; and is specially good for outdoor furniture. Use it on folding and lounging chairs, for odd cushions. It can be easily wiped over, or if a shower catches it, it will soon wipe down.

—NAIRN LINO TILES are marvellous in the kitchen, in a sunroom, or other indoor areas. And they are extremely elegant for entrance halls or a dining-room.

White tiles keep white, because they are so easily wiped. The tiles come in a wide range of colors to suit your color scheme.

If you're on a limited budget and just beginning to furnish a bedroom, it's better to postpone the bedspread and curtains and buy the best mattress and spring you can get. SLEEPMAKER mattress has a new type of foam filling which keeps its shape and is so buoyant that it seems to float. DUNLOPILLO is another extremely comfortable mattress. It has a pretty quilted top.

—FLER furniture is light and strong, and its slender lines make it practical where space is a consideration. Its attractively toned wood can add interest to your color scheme. Upholstery comes in those marvellous accent colors which give a dramatic touch to your rooms.

—BRITISH AUSTRALIAN CARPETS have a wide variety of textures and colors for all your home decorating needs. The plain shades — 8 to choose from — are specially good for modern plans.

One of their new types, ACRILAN carpet, is the answer to a modern housewife's prayer. It's stain-resistant!

—GRAINDEK wall panelling widens considerably your choice of wall treatments. And it's easy to apply yourself, by nailing or gluing—full instructions are given for this. Graindek goes well in a dining or rumpus room. Makes an effective feature wall.

Lights in a house are extremely important—where they are placed, their type and power. KEMPTHORNE LIGHTS provide a fitting to suit all your furnishing needs. There are the right type of lights for reading by, working by, or just sitting with.

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The comforts of home

- The first and basic principle of decorating a home is comfort — both physical comfort and emotional comfort.

If the furniture in a room is so arranged that you take a winding path to get through it, if chairs are too small for the people of the house, if lamps are not the right height for easy reading, if upholstered pieces are hard . . . the room is uncomfortable, and no matter how beautiful it is, it is not well decorated.

If the furniture is comfortable and the traffic path easy, but the colors and fabrics and patterns clash, the room is still uncomfortable to the eye . . . and it is not well decorated.

The dictum of the great Englishman, William Morris, a century ago, is still a good maxim with which to begin your decorating.

He said, "Have nothing in your home except those things which you either know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."

And he added, "It is believed that good decorating, involving the luxury of taste rather than the luxury of costliness, will be found to be much less expensive than is generally supposed."

How do you establish comfort in your home?

General principles are all very well, but how can they be adapted to the unique place where you live — where the windows are a bit different, the doors are in different places, and, most of all, the tastes of the family are unlike those of any other group?

Begin with the simple and easy task of making a floor plan.

The time and trouble you spend on this plan will be repaid many times over in the mistakes you will avoid.

Take a piece of graph paper, the kind sold in stationers' shops or in school-supply stores. Measure your



FIREPLACE is focal point for comfortable arrangement of chairs in the living-room at the seaside home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dowd, Mt. Martha, Vic. Framework screen allows ornaments to be placed out of reach of children, while effectively dividing the room from entrance hall.

The comforts of home—continued

room carefully and draw its outlines to scale on the graph paper.

Do this for every room which you wish to decorate.

Now, indicate doors and which way they open — into or out of the room — and label them, so you will see at a glance whether they go on to porch, hallway, kitchen, bedroom, closets, etc.

Indicate windows by drawing a double line along the walls of your room plan.

Indicate electric outlets by marking an "X" along the wall.

If you have built-ins, such as closets, cabinets, etc., show these, too. In the kitchen, show the location of counters and appliances. In the bathroom show the location of permanent fixtures.

Now you are ready for the next step. Draw lines showing the logical and obvious ways for a person to come through the room and leave. This is your traffic pattern and it establishes where your furniture should be placed for maximum comfort.

If the traffic path goes through the centre of the room, you would not want to put a furniture grouping there, with conversation interrupted every time someone walked by. You would, instead, place the grouping to one side, with some privacy for it.

The third step is to establish your centre of interest, or focal point for your decorating. Your room will be more interesting if there is one dramatic spot which captures the eye. Furniture arrangement can dramatise it, call attention to it.

It can be your fireplace or windows looking out on a garden. If there is no natural centre of interest in your room, you can create one with a grouping of chests or chairs and a wall of exciting picture arrangements. Indicate this centre of interest on your room plan.

With these three steps behind, you are ready for the fun of planning your own personal surroundings. Since very few of us can ever start from scratch, there are undoubtedly pieces you want to and must keep.

Measure these, just as you did your room, and draw them to scale on another sheet of the graph paper. Cut them out, so that you will be able to move them around on the floor plan.

Before you start placing them, sit down with pencil and paper and make a list. Just what must this room accomplish? If it is the living-room, is it used primarily for entertaining or does the family live there, too?

How many people will it hold comfortably? What kind of storage will you need for games and other items?

Do you need a big chair for father — a smaller one for yourself?

If you have big parties you will need a flexible arrangement; one that will suit a small group or can be enlarged for more guests. You will need small tables that can be

LIGHTS at correct height for reading, with convenient tables beside well-sprung beds, united by padded bed-head; adequate mirrors and stool at dressing-table and easy-chair add up to comfort, good looks in an English bedroom. Cushions provide color.

The comforts of home—continued

pulled in for serving the larger groups, stack or push together out of the way when there are fewer.

Do you want a desk here — one perhaps that could double as a buffet table for a party?

This floor plan is important for every room in your home.

In the kitchen your traffic pattern is not only the means of getting in and out of the room but the path you take from refrigerator to sink to range to dining-room and back again.

The plan may show you that these items need rearranging to save steps. It may show you that by rearranging you can find room for a table and chairs or a breakfast counter for the family.

It may only show you that your storage is inefficient — that dishes and glassware and silverware should go in cabinets near the dining-room instead of way over by the range.

It will quickly show you just where you should place small appliances — and if there's room for a comfortable chair or stool at the sink so you can rest your weary feet while working there.

Now start placing your own furniture on your floor plan. Is there a table and a lamp for every seating arrangement, to give maximum comfort for reading? Does a conversational grouping overlap the traffic pattern?

Just a few minutes of pushing your furniture pieces around on the plan will show you the arrangement that is best for you.

It will also show you at a glance exactly the pieces you need to add and in what sizes.

The floor plan for your bedroom will show you how to arrange beds and storage pieces so that you have free and quick access to closets and to exits.

When you are making these plans, don't forget to leave room for people or avoid too much space between them. When you're sitting down for a nice chat you don't want to shout across the room. A maximum of 8ft. between the chairs in a conversational group is a good rule. Over that you'll have to strain to hear.

Getting up from the table uses up 30in. and you need room to walk behind the chair, too. All in all, it requires a minimum of 54in. from the wall.

You need 36in. to stand in front of even a partly opened drawer; much more when fully opened.

Comfortable passing between two pieces of furniture requires a minimum 30in. traffic lane.

If you are likely to be carrying something in this



COOKING counter makes serving family meals easy; dining area is furnished with comfortable chairs; kitchen can be efficiently run, with easily cleaned surfaces, well-placed lights, and, further, is a handsome room. Outdoors close at hand gives extra pleasure.



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Josephine Bull praises the decorating skill of colour advisers at British Paints Limited MACQUARIE COLOUR SERVICE. MacQuarie colour stylists, who will be assisting Mrs. Bull in her Australian-wide lecturing tour, are available in all capital cities to provide, free of charge, any colour and painting advice you may require. You are invited to use this free service; write, phone or call at any of these addresses:

SYDNEY: 1st Floor, Bisley House, 387 George St., Sydney, N.S.W. 5883.
MELBOURNE: 7th Floor, Allianz Building, Collins St., Melbourne, M.F. 8792.
ADELAIDE: 4th Floor, Murray House, 77-79 Grenfell St., Adelaide, W. 4398-4395.
PERTH: Commonwealth Bank Building, 55 William St., Perth, 21-7142.
BRISBANE: Nudgee Road, Hendra, Brisbane, 68-2541.
Or write to: LAUNCESTON, P.O. Box 660, Launceston, and to New Zealand phone or call: British Paints (New Zealand) Ltd., MacQuarie Colour Service Division, 104 Funtlawe Street, Auckland. Phone 41-020 or write to Box 625, G.P.O., Auckland.



120 Foxdale Avenue, Winnetka, Illinois Hillcrest 6-5823

Dear Reader:

My coming to Australia has been enriched by the beautiful decorator colours so easily available to home owners in your country.

British Paints Limited has, of course, been known to me as one of the world's largest paint manufacturing companies, always with a reputation for quality.

I have been able to study and compare colour ranges in Gloss-Masta Brilliant Gloss-Enamel, Nu-Plastik Acrylic Plastic Wall and Ceiling Finish, Supa-Flat and Satin-Tone Enamels, and Supalusta Exterior Gloss Paint ... with delighted surprise. Here are hundreds of colours to choose from, some restful, some exciting, all with a depth of colour that puts them in a class apart.

In Australia, too, I have been so pleased with the British Paints Limited MacQuarie Colour Centres and their feature of free colour advice for everyone. I have been deeply impressed with the decorating skill of colour stylists on their staff, and with the really genuine desire to give only the best of advice and service.

Whether you are planning a new home, redecorating an old one ... or are just looking for a change ... next time you have a colour problem, do call on the experts of the MacQuarie Colour Service. The service is free, and they like to see you.

Yours truly,

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LETTER TELLS
THE AMAZING
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PRODUCTS MRS. BULL
REFERS TO IN HER LETTER.



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HOUSE PAINT

The comforts of home—continued

traffic lane, such as dishes to and from the kitchen, allow for that. Place chairs far enough away from a coffee table so that guests won't bark their shins, but close enough so it's usable — about 15in.

Now you are ready to buy the pieces you need to fill in your floor plan and make it most comfortable for your family.

Take the plan with you when you shop. It will show your sales person immediately just what you need and in what sizes.

Jot down on the sides the arm and seat heights of your major furniture pieces. Lamp tables should be approximately the same height as the arms, so that you will not have to reach up or down to use them, perhaps breaking ashtrays and certainly being awkward.

Lights should be planned in relationship to both the height of the table and the height of the chair or sofa seat. The lamp should be high enough to throw direct light on a book or paper held by the person sitting in the chair. No matter how beautiful the lamp might be, if it is too low for good reading it will look ungainly and is bad decoration.

Jot down color notes — the color of your rugs, of the upholstered pieces you are going to keep and use, the finish on the wood pieces.

If you have a fabric sample take it with you. In this way you'll be sure to get the right new color in the proper place. Include venetian blinds as part of your color scheme.

In the kitchen or bathroom your counter tops and floor covering will be of major importance. In the following article it will be explained exactly how to go about choosing colors and how to shop for them.

It really isn't much work to make these preliminary floor plans; in fact, it's fun, like playing doll's house again.

And you'll be surprised how quickly some of your problems will solve themselves once you can see just how your furniture fits, or should fit, into your home.

GALLERY in Italian house has been turned into a comfortable sitting-room with fireplace as focal point. Antique and modern blend well in furniture and accessories, such as wall clock, wood basket, and Bassano ceramic duck on antique desk-cabinet.



'VYNEX' Vinyl Coated Fabric

Designed for Casual living

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Regd. design applied for numbers 41092-5

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HOW TO USE COLOR

● Color is the most fun of any of the ingredients of decorating. It's vibrant, exciting, or soft and soothing. It can make high ceilings look low, small rooms look large; camouflage the ugly lines of an old-fashioned chair, emphasise the beauty of good design.

COLOR is infinite, because we have the whole range of the spectrum from which to choose.

Sometimes such great choice leaves us unable to make up our minds. But if we follow a few simple basic rules we can narrow the choices down to a range within our grasp.

First, let's consider the basic facts about what color will do, and I hope you won't mind my quoting from a book I helped to write. After all, these ARE the facts.



BRIGHT COVERING on modern furniture provides dominant color note in living-room of Mr. and Mrs. C. Coleman, of Lane Cove, N.S.W.



PALE walls and lino floor tiles are offset with accents of strong color on woodwork, in picture, cushion, and other accessories in this open-plan American kitchen and living area. Note the well-placed lights over table, workbench, and sink for easy working.



BOLD COLORS, taken from curtain fabric pattern, give dramatic interest to the kitchen in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Worrall, West Turramurra, N.S.W. Venetians and accessories are further points of interest in the kitchen.

PLANNING GUIDE

● PALE COLORS RECEDE—

Pale colors make a room larger and lighter. If your rooms are small and dark, you'll find lighter colors most satisfactory. That does not mean to use white always, but a pale tone of the color you like best.

If you do use white on your walls (and it's very popular), add a bit of the other dominant color in your room. For example, if you have a green sofa and a green rug, a dash of green in your white paint will make it blend, seem to belong. You will still have the effect of white, but without too sharp a contrast.

● BOLD COLORS ADVANCE—

Bold colors seem to bring objects closer to you. Reserve deep, bright shades for pieces you want to dramatise, for walls that are a focal point.

● SOME COLORS ARE COOL, SOME ARE WARM—

By and large, the range from yellow-green through blue to violet gives a feeling of coolness.

The colors from yellow through orange and red to red-violet are warm.

There should be a balance between these. Never "do" a room in all-warm or all-cool colors. But the major colors should compensate for the warmth or coolness of the room itself.

● UNEQUAL AREAS OF COLOR ARE MORE PLEASING—

Plan about two-thirds of your room in varying shades of one color, spark it with smaller doses of others.

● LARGE AREAS OF STRONG COLOR ARE MORE INTENSE

When you are looking at samples, your eyes can fool you. It's always safer to select a paint shade for the walls, for example, about two shades lighter than you think you really want.

● LARGE AREAS OF PALE COLOR SEEM TO FADE AWAY—

Consider deepening them to get the effect you want.

● ONE DEFINITE PATTERN IS ENOUGH

Two big, bold patterns in a room are confusing, and both lose their effect.

This does not mean that you can't mix patterns—provided only one of them is dramatic, the others very small, overall or indistinct.

A soft stripe does not count as a pattern in this rule. It can be used to pick up the colors in a bold pattern, emphasise its value.

Consider the tones of the woods in your room. Dark mahogany introduces a strong note, tawny walnut blends with lighter colors. Do include these notes.

"NAIRN TILE COLOURS SUPERB FOR TO-DAY'S DECORATING!"



**SAYS MRS.
JOSEPHINE BULL**

Leading American decorator

Decorators have often been hampered in the full expression of their ideas because of the comparatively narrow choice of colours and designs in floor coverings. To-day, though, it's a different story. With the wonderful range of decorator colours and the versatility of Nairn lino tiles, floors can become exactly what the planner wants.

Decorators, too, applaud the quality of linoleum... its ability to wear, its resilience, the ease with which it can be kept clean and new. Above all, they acknowledge its versatility and how beautifully it takes its place throughout the home in both modern and contemporary schemes.



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Just jot down the name of the folder you want together with your name and address and send your letter to Nairn, P.O. Box 64, Auburn, N.S.W.

How to use color — continued

***BOLD** color print can be effectively achieved with this three-dimensional wall abstract made of fabric-covered wood-blocks mounted against a larger board. Colors used here are purple, violet, cardinal-red, and orange, plus white and blue. See how well such a modern piece blends with the antique chest and flower arrangement.*

How do you go about selecting colors? A simple and good way is to pick a pattern you like, in a fabric, floor-covering, or some other way.

These patterns have been put together by experts on color, and all their years of technical training are at your disposal.

From that pattern pick a soft shade for your walls and your floor-covering. These are the biggest areas in your room, and need to be somewhat subdued on the overall plan. Otherwise they'll shriek at you, close in, be uncomfortable.

If you want a pale-colored floor-covering the new synthetic, stain-resistant carpets are the most practical choice.

Next pick a stronger color from the pattern for major upholstered pieces — your sofa, perhaps. Another tone of it or a softer note of another color in the pattern might serve for chairs. In the kitchen and bathroom, your cabinets, counters, and fixed appliances will determine this color.

Last, select a strong note of color from the pattern for accents and accessories . . . lamp bases, ashtrays, cushions, other decorative objects.

Now you're ready to decide where to use these colors. Back to the floor plan.

You have already sketched in the furniture you'd like to own and where it will be placed.

If the pattern you've chosen is a fabric, are you planning on using it at the windows? You might consider long side draperies and a valance, framing a brightly colored venetian blind . . . its color again picked up from the pattern.

If you really love the fabric, you might want to repeat it on the sofa or a chair. Be careful here — be sure to balance the pattern properly round the room.

If you use it at the window and on chairs next to the window only, you'll find the room looks divided, top heavy. Instead, use it on chairs across the room or in cushions on the sofa.

Indicate the use of this pattern on your floor plan. The answers to your other color questions will almost pop off the page — of course . . . this is the soft note that would be perfect for the walls, here is the color of the rug.

Just see how many different color plans you can extract from one pattern. All of them will be good, probably only one or two are for your room.

The density of tone, the brightness, the warmth or coolness of your color scheme all depend on the size, the orientation, and the light in the room.

When you plan color, do remember one basic rule. Don't try to match colors . . . blend them.

Even if you could find an exact match of pigment, which would be unusual, its use on different textures and surfaces would make it look different on each piece.

A blue velvet, the same blue on a high-gloss wall, or

How to use color — continued

a silky fabric — each time the color will have a different reflection, a different look. Plan your colors all together, so you see how they will blend.

When you go shopping for color take with you a piece of the pattern from which your color scheme is chosen. If you suddenly see just the "right" tone, you'll have a quick check and be able to avoid mistakes.

There are fashions in color for the home, of course, just as there are fashions in color for clothing. But you live in a room longer than you wear a dress. Colors for the home should be chosen to live with for a long time. You'll always be able to make a quick change by varying the color of the wall or changing accessories.

A popular scheme in the United States today is the combination of related colors; from red-orange to orange to yellow, for example, or blue-green to blue to violet.

Always spark this sort of a color scheme with a large dose of a neutral, such as white or grey or beige or black, and underscore it with a sharper version of the basic color for accents.

A popular use of color is the painted accent piece. All of your furniture in color would be confusing. But a piece or two, bright or subdued, chosen to go with the basic color scheme, can give life and variety.

Some ideas are to paint dining chairs each a different color from your chosen pattern; use a plain, touching-the-floor fabric for a tablecloth; paint a chest in one of the strong colors of the scheme and balance it across the room with an accessory in that color; paint a bed headboard to blend with the bedspread, use all other furniture in wood tones.

When you come to color in your kitchen and bathroom, you must work round some ingredients already there — major fixtures and appliances, counter tops, flooring.

Whatever color scheme you choose should include some bit of this basic color.

For example, if your refrigerator and range are white, add some white in curtains or accessories.

If the bathroom fixtures are pink, use pink as one of the colors in the room. One wonderful bit of luxury and color change here can be a carpet.

Make a paper pattern first, then cut the carpet from a piece of washable rug or carpet. Do not fasten it down — then you can pick it up and toss it into the washing machine when it gets dirty. Two of these in different colors and an assortment of towels will let you change the scheme in this room often.

Whatever colors you choose, remember that they should suit your tastes and those of your family. You will live with them, not the neighbors.

And fashion is of little meaning if you don't like it.

MANDARIN - RED lampshade, green glasses, mixed fruit in black bowl, gold picture frames, black and white marbleised wall, black and white lino tiles make dramatic color contrast against the stark white of the side wall.

RESTFUL atmosphere is achieved with pale colors in this Swedish dining-room with light beige walls, white curtains and blind, deep beige carpet. Chair seats are dark green and white checked gingham, with same green used on the easy chair.



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new quilted look

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The first name and last word in foamed rubber.

Treatment of windows

● Windows are made to serve three purposes—for ventilation; to give light; to present a view. With decorating, we add a fourth dimension — beauty.

AND so our decorating problems are to control the breezes that come in, to diffuse strong light into something more comfortable, to preserve the view, and acquire privacy at the same time.

One excellent way to solve all these problems is by the use of venetian blinds throughout your home.

They're a beauty aid, too, available in colors that sharpen an accessory note or blend with background tones.

Open in the daytime they'll control light and let you see the view. At night they lock shut to give you privacy or stay open a bit for both privacy and a breeze.

They're authentic, too, no matter what your style of furnishings may be. Early travellers to exotic Eastern climates brought them back to the Western world. Modern venetians are more efficient and go well with gay contemporary schemes.

Let's consider some of the problems of treating windows and their solutions.

Imagine first that each of these windows is covered with a venetian blind. Added to that you can find softness and richness with complementing types of treatments.

If you have a big picture window, but it looks out on to no view at all, consider it as part of your walls. The venetian will take care of the three basic necessities. You can add beauty and background yourself.

In this case you may want the venetian to blend with your wall color, be as unobtrusive as possible. To it you might add a valance of fabric matching the covering on a chair and straight, long draperies at the sides as a frame.

Over the blind itself you might want to use a sheer



CAFE CURTAINS in sheer white silk, scalloped to rings, complement the wall and venetian blind color in the dining-room of a flat at Balgowlah, N.S.W. On the wall is a blown-up photostat of a small black-and-white Michelangelo print. This is an inexpensive decorating idea.



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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Treatment of windows—continued

curtain in blending color to soften the light further. The pattern and color of the fabric can be chosen to go with any color or style theme, from Victorian to contemporary.

If you have two windows on the same wall, but fairly far apart, think about making them one dramatic unit. Cover a cornice that extends all the way across the room with a bright fabric, place long draperies at either side of it, next to the outside of each window.

Trim the fabric with a decorative braid or ball-fringe; use the same trim on pillows for sofa or chair or to decorate a matching slipcover.

If you have little windows high up on the wall—prevalent on either side of a fireplace or in bedrooms in more modern homes—use venetian blinds that blend with the walls effacing the windows.

In a bay window, blinds from ceiling to floor will make it seem bigger—and select tapes in a color that goes with accessories or accents. That is adequate trimming; or you could add a flounce of a pattern at the top.

Consider the way your windows look from outdoors, too. Be sure to blend colors from one room to another so that there is continuity when viewed from outside.

If you are lucky enough to have air conditioning but want to hide the window unit itself, the venetian blind is an excellent choice.

Pulled down over the unit it will efface it yet let cool air come through. And, of course, air conditioning will let you use lighter, softer colors with very little cleaning.

Tailor your window treatments to style as well as color. Traditional rooms often call for rafe curtains or shutters for a cosier look. Install them in addition to venetians.

A popular contemporary color treatment is the use of



TAPES on venetian blind provide color accent repeated in chair covering and cushion. The filmy curtains complement the large expanse of blind, which looks well from outside.

NOVEL wall and window treatment with print on wall repeated in drapes. Venetian blind when down will conceal but not impair efficiency of the air-conditioning unit set into wall.

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elements for him which had been printed in almost every paper on the



PRETTY window effect with carved pelmet above window setting off the filmy white terylene curtain edged with frill of red polished cotton trimmed with white braid. Red is repeated at top of curtain. Kitchen is blue and white.

Treatment of windows — continued

strong panels of color to serve as a dramatic focal point and accent. Let your blinds serve as these panels.

A suggestion would be: Hang a row of narrow windows with blinds each in a different accent color — yellow, blue, orange—against white walls. It would be as effective as a group of modern paintings.

If you're artistic, or even if you're not, you could trace the image of a flowering bough on a blind when it is closed, outline it in color or black. When the blind is closed you'll have a "picture," and one that doesn't interfere with the practicality of the blind when it is open.

The same technique will decorate a kitchen. Paint a stylised apple tree, outlined in black, with brilliant red fruit or a provincial motif.

Consider not only the looks of your window treatments but their practicality. In rooms such as the kitchen and bathroom, you must remember that moisture will be a problem. Choose materials for window coverings that will not stretch or shrink in everyday use, that are easily cleaned. Venetian blinds really fill the bill here.

While you are thinking of blinds for your windows, do think of them for other places in the house, too.

If yours is a long, narrow room and needs dividing into living areas, blinds can do the trick. Install them on the ceiling between a living and dining area — make a simple frame for the sides. They can pull up to give the impression of space, pull down while you're getting dinner or waiting to wash up.

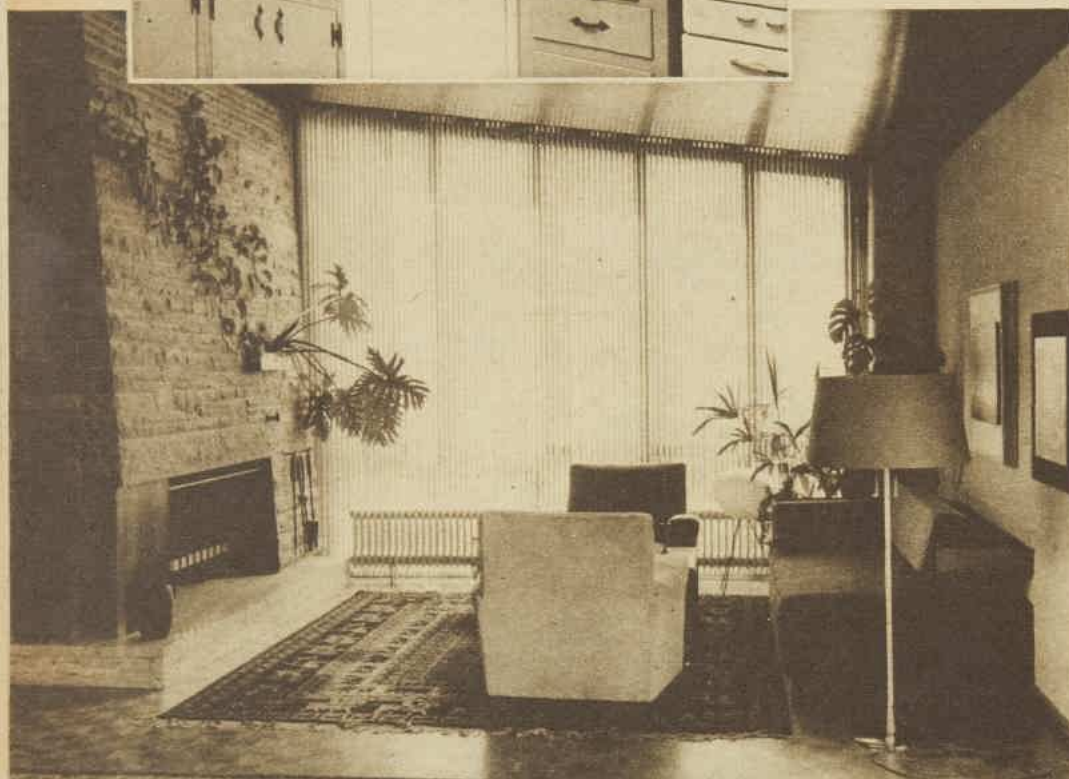
Make screens in the same way — ones that can move about the house as you need them. Cover a baby's bath corner in the nursery; put a screen in front of a hodgepodge of hobby equipment in the family room; shut off a dressing area in a guest room.

If yours is a plain, uninteresting room, give it architectural character with a combination of "false fronts" and blinds. Across the window wall plan a group of arches, coming down about two feet on to the wall.

Install them far enough out in the room so that the blinds can go behind them and drop full length to the floor. The arch grouping can be painted a bright color and will make the room seem taller and wider. The lines of the blinds will increase the widening effect.

Let your imagination work on window treatments. They can make that dramatic focal point you're looking for.

VERTICAL use of venetian blind slats, opening sideways, copes with sloping ceiling and complements the decorating style used in this living-room. Patterned carpets go well with modern furniture and accessories.





First carpets in miracle Acrilan...for carefree glamour

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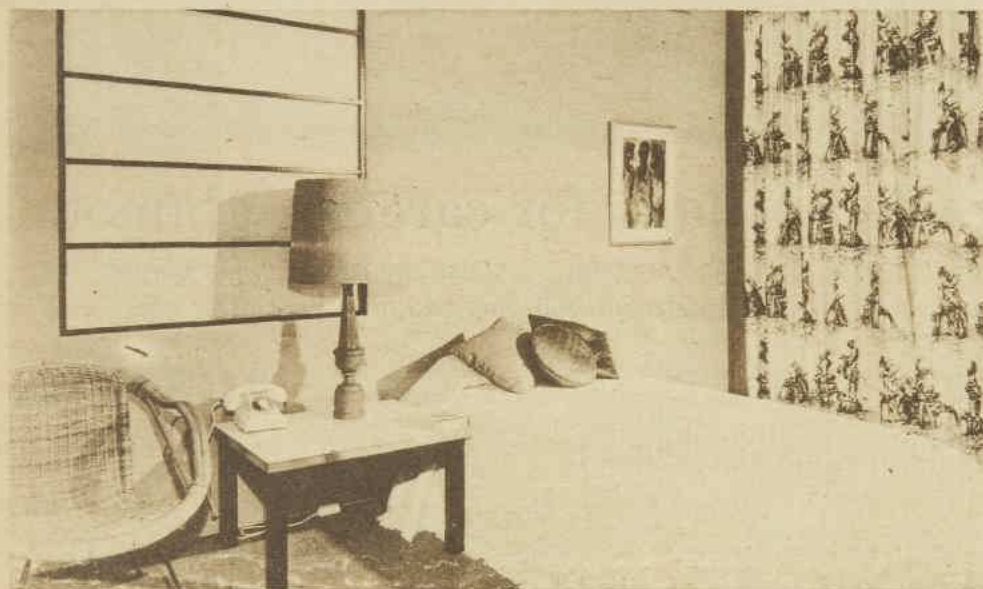
in a range of 8 heavenly plain colours—a choice of 16 altogether. Both are exclusive to Felt and Textiles' new Red Book Carpet Service. See them in the Red Books everywhere you buy carpets—you'll want Springtwist or Springway in your home. (Illustrated above: Springtwist in Sage Green, Springway in Aztec Gold.)

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JAPANESE grass cloth screens frame and add length to a small bedroom window. Floor-length muslin curtains add further length.

SCREEN in Japanese shoji-style covers venetian blind and window with no outlook. Other window has black and white drapes.



Venetian blinds easy to clean

● Keep your venetian blinds fresh and clean by following the simple hints below.

ALUMINIUM blinds are finished with a high gloss that does not harbor dust and are easily dusted in the course of your daily housework. If dusted frequently, they should never need any other cleaning.

The round-brush fixture of a vacuum cleaner is ideal for doing the job, or a special venetian-blind brush that does two slats at a time. Special gloves are also available for cleaning the slats easily.

Lower the blind full length and draw the slats tight. As you move the brush over the blinds, separate the slats to clean overlapping areas. Then tilt the blinds in the opposite direction and repeat.

But if your blinds need a thorough cleaning, do not remove them. Use a soft cloth wrung out in warm soapy water. Wipe each slat with the thumb held under and the four fingers placed on top. This cleans both sides of the slat in one movement.

Wooden blinds can be cleaned in the same manner.

Do not use detergent or abrasives on metal slats. They dull the finish.

If your blinds have plastic tapes, clean them by drawing the cloth from the centre outwards. If the tapes are fabric, clean away from the tapes to save them from becoming marked.

What goes with what

● After you've planned all the big items — furniture arrangement, colors, window treatments — then come the finishing touches that make your home unmistakably yours.

OLD AND NEW blend well here — period desk with modern bookshelves, one old chair, one new, with modern covers. Personal treasures and photographs give individual touch to living-room in home of Mrs. J. Grey, Hobart.

THESE are the accents, the accessories, the treasures you've inherited or garnered through the years. A house is just a stage setting, no matter how beautifully decorated, without these extra little touches.

Don't be afraid to show the grandchildren's pictures or display that silly china horse you bought on your honeymoon. They spell sentiment, warmth, and friendliness. It's how they are used that counts in decorating.

First there comes the question of suitability. You wouldn't wear an embroidered satin jabot blouse with a tweed suit, nor hiking-shoes with a formal. The selection of accessories is just as obvious.

If you live informally and your furnishings are casual, then your accessories can be casual, too. They needn't

spell out a time and place, such as Early Colonial or Victorian, but they should blend in feeling.

Primitive pottery from any place in the world, or any time, would go well in an informal family room, while fine crystal and silver should be placed in a formal room, whether contemporary or traditional.

There is a definite trend in the United States towards the use of a single important and dramatic accessory, or an organised grouping, rather than individual smaller ones. This means one big picture . . . or a collection of prints mounted on a single painted surface to look like one big picture.

It means one big bowl on the coffee-table or several smaller decorative objects arranged on a single tray. It means a series of pictures grouped together as a unit or big lamps used as part of a wall treatment.

You don't own one big picture, or have a collection of



Build beauty into any room ... as easy as 1,2,3!

Do it yourself over the weekend for only a few pounds*

"Graindek," the new decorative pre-finished plywood panel, is so easy to apply to old wall surfaces. Any room in your house can be transformed in a matter of hours with the rich warmth of "Graindek" panelling.

Not a paper or a plastic laminate, "Graindek" is completely pre-finished prime quality plywood, uniform in colour and grain, and may be applied by either nailing or gluing.

Provided the walls are reasonably flat, gluing is as easy as 1, 2, 3... First, apply the adhesive to the wall surface. Second, apply the adhesive to the back of the "Graindek" sheet. Third, simply fix and it's finished.

There is absolutely no "on the job" finishing with "Graindek". All the sanding, staining and varnishing is done for you—at the factory—so you simply install and immediately begin enjoying the elegance and gracious warmth of wood panelling, but with none of the work.

Cleaning is easy, too! "Graindek's" fade resistant and soil proof finish wipes clean with a damp cloth—to retain a rich loveliness for years.

*"Graindek" panelling for 12'x8' feature wall costs as little as £15.

Freshen-up ... fashion-up with "Graindek"



Mrs. Josephine Bull, leading American interior decorating expert, says: "The first thing you notice about 'Graindek' is its beautiful surface. It's smooth, lustrous, durable and very easy to maintain. Decorating with 'Graindek' is easy and quick and, above all, it's wonderfully economical."

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APITA-FPC

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What goes with what — continued

ORIENTAL objets d'art make interesting contrast with a simple Colonial chest with fitted tartan fabric cover and brass fittings in room with plain modern carpet.



SLEEK modern staircase and small bar cupboard under the stairs are suitable background for traditional Chiavari chair and old Italian prints on wall. Theme is repeated upstairs.

CONTEMPORARY fireplace, sofa, and bench are mixed with a Victorian birdcage, palm, and a collection of pictures and carvings (one from an old sideboard), making a focal point.

Good start for Charles!

A mighty important factor to Charles' well-being is regular, sound sleep during the day. To get this, he needs a well darkened room and plenty of fresh air. Venetian blinds are the only window coverings that confer **both** benefits — and add enduring beauty unmatched by any other form of window decor.

Modern venetians are built to give you year after year of enduring beauty — always lovely to look at, always completely practical. Your home deserves venetian blinds!



Venetian Blinds

give light control plus healthy efficient air circulation

What goes with what — *continued*

prints that could be mounted? Then take the grandchildren's pictures and have them framed all together in one enormous frame. Let the mount carry one of your accessory colors, the frame another.

Find some other mementos of your honeymoon in addition to the china horse—a travel folder, a theatre ticket, a souvenir. Frame them in a deep shadow-box lined with velvet.

If you have a prized smaller picture with just the right colors, reframe it off-centre with an enormous mount to repeat a soft tone in the picture. Or give it importance by surrounding it with a series of mouldings painted to match the wall, graduating out to the biggest size required for your space.

There's an easy technique to help you hang groups of pictures and get them straight. Cut pieces of paper the same sizes as the pictures.

"Hang" these with adhesive tape (on painted walls) or pins (on papered walls) and move them round until you get just the arrangement you want. Mark the corners with a light pencil and hang the pictures to fit the pattern.

When you consider wall accessories, do think of things other than pictures. Pieces of sculpture, masks, medallions — all can be fitted into the groupings and give more interest (see page 23) than pictures alone.

Fit your groupings so that they make a pattern along with your other furnishings. A picture should relate to the sofa or chest near it, as far as placing goes, rather than be far out on a wall all by itself.

Your wall arrangements will fit into one of two classifications as far as balance is concerned . . . symmetrical or formal, asymmetrical or informal.

Formal balance means one item exactly in the centre of the area, surrounded by pairs of identical items — a mirror on the mantel flanked by a pair of vases.

An informal balance would put the mirror at one side of the mantel, the two vases at the other side, or perhaps one vase, one bowl.

Do show off your hobbies, accomplishments, and interests.

ANTIQUES. *Victorian dogs and lamp, porcelain, and mahogany table are successfully mixed with modern ideas — painted bench, painted window recess, pelmet, and venetians in this American living-room.*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly



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Elements for him which had been printed in almost every paper on the

What goes with what — continued



MIXTURE of personal treasures — an old portrait, bird painting, collection of china — give this room the individuality of its owner.

If you're an amateur photographer, frame your own prints for hanging. Remember, they're unique, one of a kind.

If your husband is a sportsman or fisherman, hang his trophies and equipment as proudly as you would the most priceless heirloom.

Collections of small items such as shells can become important if you group them together for display under glass.

Even objects unimportant or uninteresting in themselves can be made exciting, such as a group of small, inexpensive figurines painted a bright accent color, arranged in a shadow-box, or dolls in costumes of various countries in long, narrow frames against a dark background, the better to show off the bright colors.

Don't forget books and flowers as accessories, even though they seem more like necessities. Bookshelves can be interspersed with treasures such as boxes, small statues, china dolls, to give them a decorative appearance. Flowers and plants, of course, give life to any room.

Make a collection of containers that suit your rooms, use green foliage and flower colors to advance the general decorating theme.

In "The Comforts of Home" we discussed the need for a decorative centre of interest . . . a focal point. If you haven't a natural one in your home, accessories can furnish it.

Make a conversation grouping on a long wall or line up chests.

Then plan the whole wall in a big picture or a grouping, include a lamp in the composition, carry the line on to table-top with a flower arrangement. You'll find it falling into place as the dramatic note in your room.

Don't forget both the usefulness and beauty of mirrors as decorative accessories. Framed, they can tie in with ornate traditional schemes. Unframed, they have a sleek and contemporary look.

They'll reflect back the beauty of the colors on the opposite sides of the room, and, if they are big enough, can seem to double the size of a small room.

When you place accessories on a table, do place them so you've an uncluttered feeling, so there will be room to set other needed things, such as a tea service.

Keep flowers on tables low in arrangement — low enough to see over. And do scale the accessories to the table — a few small ones which seem out of place on a large surface may be just right for a smaller one.

Most of all, remember that periods do mix. Suitability is the test.

.... really too lovely to cover!



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LUNCHEON on the terrace is laid on sturdy outdoor table with matching chairs. Color scheme is delightful — cyclamen tablecloth, set with royal-blue glasses and pink flowers, white plates, navy blue and white striped cushions, and white umbrella against the white house and green vines.

OUTDOOR

● Indoor-outdoor living calls for a different kind of decorating and furnishing from those chosen for indoors.

OUTDOORS we want to be casual, and make a place of real relaxation for all the family, including mother. On the verandah, sunporch, or covered terrace we want the kind of furniture that is almost carefree but sturdy enough to take a good deal of lounging. It can be cane or rattan, aluminium or steel, ornate or simple.

Be sure everything in this room is washable or easy to clean; use paint that can be scrubbed, fabrics that resist dirt and stains, or can be put into the washing machine, blinds that just wipe off.

Furniture used on the porch need not be weatherproof, but it could well be of a design that fits with your truly outdoor furnishings, and can be moved outside on a sunny day or starry evening to augment for a party.

A good idea is to make slipcovers for the sofa and chair cushions, zippered for easy removal and washing. Or buy them in one of the new soft synthetic fabrics that just wipe off with the swish of a cloth.

Hard-surfaced or resilient flooring is a boon, comes in all kinds of pretty designs, both formal and informal. Sometimes rugs can be thrown over them, or woven fibre matting. Sometimes it is better to let the pattern speak for itself, with no other covering.

Arrangement on the porch follows the same simple rules as for any other room.

First, determine the traffic pattern through the doors into the house, out on to the terrace or the yard. Then arrange furniture to fit both the traffic and the needs of your family.

Color scheme the room to go with the basic color scheme of your home. But here you can concentrate the color into more brightness, because this room is used for company and parties, too.

Accessories should be few, important, and useful. Big

LIVING

baskets can hold magazines and books, be decorative, serve in a pinch as hampers for party foods.

It's just as important to have adequate lighting here as anywhere else in the house. If by any chance you should arrange big pieces of furniture to extend into the room, as dividers for living areas, consider the possibility of electric outlets in the floor so you won't be tripping over long cords.

Outdoors, think of the terrace or patio or yard as another room, with larger limits than the average room, but nonetheless limits. Carry over the "Arrangement" thinking here, too.

What are the easiest paths on to the porch, into the kitchen? These are your traffic patterns here.

Do you entertain outdoors a great deal? Then you will want folding tables—and probably storage space on the porch for them.

You'll want weatherproof chairs and lounges, so you won't have to remember to bring everything in out of the rain (to say nothing of trying to figure out a place to put them).

Outdoor suppers are usually pretty informal, cooked over a barbecue, with the guests helping themselves. Here's one spot where the homemaker can really make life comfortable for herself.

Plan a spot near the house—not too far from the kitchen, if possible, for serving. Put a big, weatherproof table here. Plan for an electric outlet here, too, for your electric frying pan, for a lamp, for the electric jug, or coffee maker.

Use a big cart, two or three-tiered, to hold foods and wheel equipment back and forth from the house.

Be sure you have plenty of chairs and that they're comfortable for a long evening's visit.

Consider paper cups and plates that you can throw away or burn in the grill after dinner. Or plastic accessories that can't be damaged if they are dropped.

So plan for good lighting outdoors as well as indoors. Light can enhance the beauty, too. You'll have a fairyland setting if you set subdued lights along the garden path, spotlight a tree, cast a glow over the dining area. Harsh lights break the spell, so be sure yours are soft, but adequate for seeing guests or for walking about the grounds.

Color outside is important, too. Just as a pretty color scheme makes the inside of your home more comfortable, so it will on the outside. Consider the color of your

PRETTY accessories for porch or terrace are the tiered potplant holder and chairs with canvas seats and backs covered with floral cotton. Washable synthetic material could also be used to advantage on chairs.

PAPER CUPS — large ones for serving food—and plates that can be thrown away make outdoor entertaining easy. Food tables are decorative. Lightweight tables and chairs can be stacked and stored away.



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The 6 styles of fittings and where to use them



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Outdoor living — continued

house, its trim, your awnings, the flowers . . . all as part of the scheme.

Select furnishings—chairs and tables—to blend with these.

For example, if your house is red and the flowers pink, you wouldn't want yellow chairs—they'd be too distracting.

A fine place to introduce color is in tablecloths and such.

Beach towels in bright color, or towelling by the yard, can be cut for both cloths and serviettes, can be washed in a whisk, need no ironing.

Make an extra cloth to cover the wheeled cart, hide dinner dishes and foods from sight.

Beautiful evenings, exquisite spring and summer days—all will be more comfortable and more fun if you plan your outdoor living as carefully as for indoors.



LIGHTING for outdoor entertaining must be adequate. Electric lamps are used here, with cords run from the house. Plan for permanent power outlets for lamps and appliances.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Demonstrations by Jo Bull

SYDNEY:

Farmer's

Monday, May 15—Saturday, May 20

BRISBANE:

McWhirter's

Tuesday, May 23 — Friday, May 26.

HOBART:

FitzGerald's

Monday, May 29 — Wednesday, May 31.

GEELONG:

Myer's

Friday, June 2 — Saturday, June 3.

MELBOURNE:

Myer's

Monday, June 5 — Saturday, June 10.

ADELAIDE:

Myer's

Monday, June 12 — Thursday, June 15.

PERTH:

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Tuesday, June 20 — Thursday, June 22.

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Page 31



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decorators
agree...



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 17, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**A JINX ON
JOHNNY O'KEEFE?**
— see page 3

Suppl. to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Light-fingered lads

BOYS often take girls' bracelets, necklaces, rings, and other possessions. I was at the baths one day when a boy, who goes to the same Fellowship, took one of my shoes and went home with it. I still haven't got it back. Another boy took a chain from around my neck. He's lost it now. Boys often go through our purses and bags. One day I will put a lizard or something in my bag and see if that will cure them. — Michele Wardale, Brolga Crescent, Tamworth, N.S.W.

Repentant

A SHORT time ago I made a big mistake and now my parents no longer trust me. I realise how foolish it was, and I want to gain my parents' trust once more. However, they simply won't give me the chance. I am almost completely ignored. I am rarely permitted out with my friends, and any of my offers of help in the house are either received with a very bad grace or refused. And yet I'm expected to prove that I'm trustworthy. How? This situation is getting me down, and I'm afraid that one day I'll either throw a terrific tantrum, or start being sneaky — "Ignored," Chelmer, Qld.

Lethargies unite!

"HO HUM" (T.W., 19/4/61) expressed his philosophy — "A mere human cannot attain perfection, therefore there is no use trying to do anything." As a part-time lethargic I find that two quotations have great possibilities. Gray wrote in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard": "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." And Tennyson in his poem, "The Lotus Eaters," wrote: "Death is the end of life; Ah, why should life all labour be." Lethargies unite! Why should life all labour be . . . ? — Annette Leggett, Daisy Street, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

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THERE are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER GIRL:

She's young, she's pretty as a picture with that mane of shining hair spilling over her shoulders, and more than likely she's the dream-girl of half the boys at the neighborhood dance. All girls know that lovely hair with a sheen of glowing health requires as much thought as a good complexion or a pretty dress, but it pays back fourfold all the intelligent care you give it.

That's talon her

I HAVE a problem that probably worries other young fellows. My girl-friend has very long fingernails, like talons. This is bad enough, but she paints them a vivid blood-red, and they look like the claws of a bird of prey. She gets annoyed when I criticise them, but they make me feel nauseated. — L. Reeves, Clarence Street, Perth.

Plump poet

MY name, Pat,
My worry, fat,
Help, please,
Boys tease!
I have a spare tyre,
Which ought to expire,
My age, twelve,
Motto, dig and delve.
Eat in parts,
Fond of Arts,
Cottage-loaf tum
(Or so says Mum),
To be slim is my dream,
And so ends my theme.
— Penny Chadwick, Ascot Terrace, Taunton, Qld.

Cure for bodgies

YOUNG Greek hoodlums, if they have committed any offence, have their heads shaven, and are made to parade up and down the streets of Athens handcuffed to a policeman, with a placard round their necks saying: "I am a stupid hoodlum." Surely, if this were tried here in Australia there wouldn't be so many "bodgies." — Marilyn Turner, Juno Parade, Greenacre, N.S.W.

Sky-larking

SENDING human beings into space is utterly ridiculous! We were put on earth, so why don't we stay here as we were obviously intended to? I think that even if scientists eventually do reach the moon it will be of no advantage to us. Instead of squandering millions of pounds on space travel, the governments could use the money to aid the starving people in the world. — "Down to Earth," Dnpto, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"You look so sad, man. Are you that happy?"

Ars gratia artis?

THE modern artist claims he is painting an object the way he sees it — yet I feel all he is doing is daubing and splashing on colors hoping to form "something" that will fool everyone into believing that he is "creating." Certainly the Impressionists were modern artists, but they had an idea that was conceivable. You could see and understand their paintings, but as for those of today — Pandemonium! — Prudence Jacqueline Evans, Bailey Court, Spring Vale, Vic.

She's dreamsville!

I'M a girl of 17 and a real day-dreamer. I suppose if I didn't go to work I'd just dream all day long. People talk to me, but I only hear half of what they say. — P. Haynes, Clydesdale Street, Marsden Park, N.S.W.

Next week

• Are you saving up to have a holiday on Australia's famous snowfields this year like 20,000 other winter-sport enthusiasts? If so, our next issue is just what you need . . . we have ten magnificent color pictures in which an expert skier and a beginner show you all the tricks of skiing without tears (or too many spills). AND you will also get a pin-up of Barry Greenwood, the 18-year-old Melbourne singer who flies to Sydney almost every week to appear in the big teenage TV shows. ALSO, a sixteen-year-old of our staff, her birthday just past, advises the younger teens on "Growing Old Gratefully."

Boarding schools — in praise of

I SAW red. It seemed to me that "P.P." must be a "Mummy's Boy," thoroughly spoiled. I had two years at boarding school and loved every minute of it. Boarding school may not be as glorified as books make it out to be, but neither is it as woeful as "P.P." makes it. Rising early does not hurt anyone, as long as he gets his proper rest. As for social life — well there are many things in boarding school to make up for the lack of this. You make your own fun, and if you can't do that you have only yourself to blame. Cooking meals in large quantities is not an easy task, but as for "rotten eggs, stale bread, and cold tea" — well all I can do about that is laugh. — "Pash," Yarram, Vic.

MY boarding school served some of the most delicious and nourishing meals that anyone could wish for. Admittedly we had to take turns to clear

• "Stale bread, rotten eggs, cold tea . . . porridge in the pot 19 days," were only some of the complaints "Polished Pupil," of Wilberforce, N.S.W., lodged (T.W., 15/3/61) against boarding school. Most readers felt his attack unjustified.

and set tables, wash up, and sweep floors, but with about two hundred boarders this was not a frequent chore. We went to pictures and concerts occasionally, we frequently held concerts, and we had one ball and one big fancy dress party a year — quite enough. We also had picnics and hikes. I can honestly say I have never had a more enjoyable time in my life. We worked hard, too, and were punished for some misdeeds. We were taught to be courteous, well-mannered, to speak correctly, and how to behave at all times. I hope that "Polished Pupil" will settle down and enjoy himself, he

will look back in years to come and think that it was really not bad at all. — Mrs. Jay Piercy, Day Street, Port Pirie, S.A.

OUR standard is so low at boarding school that when I go home and compare notes with a girl who is in the same class at the State school, I find I am at least a year behind. All our letters are censored and our so-called hot soup is like cold dishwater. Hair below the collar is strictly forbidden, and I am awakened by the bell at 6.20 and expected to be down the stairs with bed made, shoes cleaned at 6.30. — "Bored Buddy," Holbrook, N.S.W.

ANYONE who can live under such conditions and still remain polite and cheerful, respected and liked by his fellow pupils and teachers is well on the way to success. It is easy to be charming under pleasant conditions, but it is a different matter when life is more austere. When Britain was the world's greatest power, all her statesmen and leaders came from the English G.P.S. In fact, before World War II, Hitler sent emissaries over to study this G.P.S. system because it turned out the best leaders. — June Cole, Pilot Creek, Somersby, N.S.W.

LET me remind "Polished Pupil" that one does not go to school for "social life." The ultimate aim of any school is to instruct persons in particular subjects so that they may make a success of their life. — S. Patterson, Brisbane Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

A jinx on Johnny?

ROBIN ADAIR talks to Johnny O'Keefe, and reviews his setback-studded career.

● There's a strange story behind leading rocker Johnny O'Keefe's recent nervous breakdown in England and subsequent relapse while resting at Surfers' Paradise.

READING between the lines, it was more than just one bad break which could happen to any highly strung, hardworking artist in the seventh year of a gruelling career.

It was, in fact, yet another link in a chain of calamities that have occurred during the 24-year-old star's show-business life — a chain which prompts the question: Has there been a jinx on Johnny?

A study of his record suggests this—and Johnny, when I lunched with him recently, ruefully agreed that there certainly seemed to have been some unlucky black "cats" among his followers!

"The Wild One's" latest brush with bad luck is common knowledge.

Visiting London on business in March he "blacked-out" with a mental breakdown in a hotel and spent three worrying weeks in hospital.

Back in Australia, resting on the Queensland Gold Coast, Johnny was upset by a business letter while alone, set fire to it in a waste-paper basket, and collapsed again.

His wife found him unconscious and the basket ablaze.

Tough spins? "Sure," people probably said. "But don't they say 'into each life some rain must fall'?"

Some rain? How many of those people, including his most ardent fans, after reading of Johnny's crack-up have recalled, and associated it with, the singular series of similar setbacks in his professional past?

Johnny first struck trouble at Christmas, 1958, during the first year entertaining was his full-time job.

The young man had been appearing professionally since 1955, but only in his spare time.

In March, 1958, Johnny struck out on his own, with his Dee Jays band, leaving the steady financial security of a job in his father's furniture business.

The boys kept their heads above water—just—for quite a few months (a good-selling disc, "So Long," cut in August helped), but Johnny confesses that for six weeks, around Christmas, "we starved."

(This, by the way, was a particularly bad time for the rocker's career to go into partial eclipse. In August he had married model Marianne Renate.)

Things didn't really look up again for Johnny until early in 1959, when the Australian Broadcasting Commission hired him to star in "Six O'Clock Rock" on TV and later in the weekly national radio show "Rockville Junction."

Then, when he visited America for the first time, late in 1959, a shadow fell across his successful deal with Liberty Records (the company signed him to a five years'

contract). During that trip Johnny narrowly escaped serious injury in a car crash.

The star's list of misfortunes mounted in October that year when he collapsed from exhaustion as he left the stage after a show at Geelong, Victoria.

In June, 1960, Johnny was seriously hurt—face and hand injuries, concussion, and shock — when the car he was driving from an engagement in Surfers' Paradise collided head-on with a truck near Kempsey, N.S.W.

Johnny's nose, injured in the crash, took another hard knock during a visit to America early this year. He dislocated a nose bone while swimming at New York, and had to undergo plastic surgery again.

This brings us up to the high-hopes business trip which ended in a nervous collapse in London and, not long afterwards, in Queensland.

But the story's not ended yet.

Johnny's "jinx" even seems to have involved members of his family.

On the day he crashed near Kempsey, Johnny's grandfather, Mr. Michael O'Keefe, 86, died—and next day his grandmother, 83-year-old Mrs. Hilda Jane O'Keefe, collapsed and died a short time before the funeral of her husband was due to take place.

And Johnny's mother, Mrs. Thelma O'Keefe, suffered a heart attack on Easter Monday while her son was resting in Surfers' Paradise after his London troubles.

Well, there's the evidence—two crashes, two crack-ups, a "credit squeeze," coincidental family tragedies.

HAS, then, all this added up to a hoodoo on the hysterically followed hip-slinger?

Remember that for each ounce of setback the stocky singer has had a ton of success—getting up from each knock-down to retain his high position on the "rock-pile."

So let's hope, as Johnny told me he hopes, that if there has been a jinx its luck—rather, bad luck—has run out!



HAPPY when he left for overseas this year, Johnny hurt his nose in New York and collapsed in London.



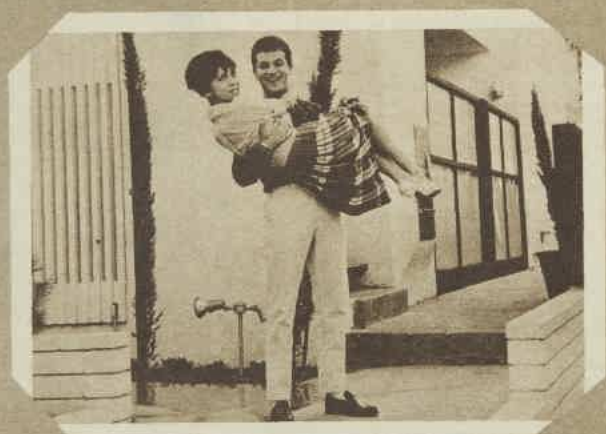
HEARTBREAK: In the picture, left, Johnny's mother, Mrs. Thelma O'Keefe, comforts his father after the crash. His wife looks on. Later it was Johnny's turn to worry when his mother had a heart attack.

HURT: The wreckage (above) of Johnny's car, which crashed in June last year. He suffered serious facial injuries (which required plastic surgery), concussion, and shock. **INSET:** Johnny after the bandages came off.





From
**FRANCES
SALES in
Hollywood**



"Moving in, I got carried away!"



"No furniture at first—but we got by."



"We play our cards right."



"Washing-up is a double feature!"

Nancy and Tommy Sands invite everyone to celebrate their eighth month of marriage. They've found it...

... a stairway to paradise

● Young love, a happy marriage, a home (in the making), money in the bank, above all, a life together — Nancy (formerly Miss Sinatra) and Tommy Sands have everything they want.

THEY were married just eight months ago with the wry blessing of Dad (Frankie Sinatra): "It'll be nice to have another singer in the family—I'm getting tired!"

The Sands' say they love every moment of the laughs, and occasional tears, involved in building a happy marriage out of young love.

"We'd only been married 24 hours," Tommy recalls, "when I found out that Nancy loves sea food, and I don't; that she can't stand having the electric blanket on full-blast the way I like it; and that the only thing she can cook is Italian food. Luckily, it's my favorite."

"Yes, newlyweds have their problems. But we love each other—and that only makes the troubles funny after we argue over them."

The Sands' have bought a whole batch of classical records to try to learn something about music other than the pop songs Tommy sings.

Their home is an elegant flat in Hollywood's exclusive Beverly Hills. They "roughed it" for the first few

months (as our pictures, taken from their "family" album show) after moving in, but now it's slowly being furnished in the way they want.

"Right now we just want to see a lot of each other," Nancy says. "It would be ridiculous for us to buy a large, rambling house when all we want is a cosy place to be together."

"It's fun getting acquainted and learning what the other likes—and doesn't like."

"I'm finally settled down," says Tommy, now 24. "And for the first time in my life I feel I've got security. Up till the time I got married I didn't belong to anybody but my mother. Now I belong to Nancy, too."

"She is the one who'll listen to my problems. I come home and say, 'Honey, what do I do now? I've got this problem.' She doesn't brush me off. She says, 'Tell me about it. Just relax.'"

What about a family? "We'll have lots of children," both agree. "But not for a while."

And, with his arm around Nancy's slim waist, Tommy adds, "We both love married life, and we recommend it. Believe us, there's nothing like it in the world. It's a stairway to paradise."



SNAPSHOT from their family album of Nancy (nee Sinatra) and Tommy Sands moving into their apartment after they married.



"But I haven't a thing to wear!"



SHOE-SHINE for these Italian-made, plain vamp oxfords in one of the newly fashionable brown shades. Note the needle toes. Wear these for business—or sports. Price £9/19/6.

WHITE IS RIGHT, just right, for "putting on dog" (even a toy poodle!). These locally made white pigskin slip-ons with a hand-stitched trim have the new higher heel and tapered toes. Wear them with tropical-weight suits or casual beach clothes. Price £8/19/6.



Page 6 — Teenagers' Weekly

SHARP, M

● *Let's face it, men's fashions have eyes on their feet, girls, and some boys are following the Continental. The designs have less ornamentation, slip-ons for business wear. Suede browns, almost black-browns, and Yes, this year the boys*

Pictures by staff photographer Adelie Hurley



UP-TO-THE-MINUTE, these shoes! —strictly for extra-special evening wear: Grape-brown Harra-skin oxford; colored pigskin slip-on (price £8/19/6); of the heel makes them easier to put on; derby with toe-cap and a tapered toe; Italian moccasins in cherry calf (price £8/19/6); stitching trim (price £8/19/6); mid-tan nappa leather; patent-leather slip-ons for evening

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 17, 1967

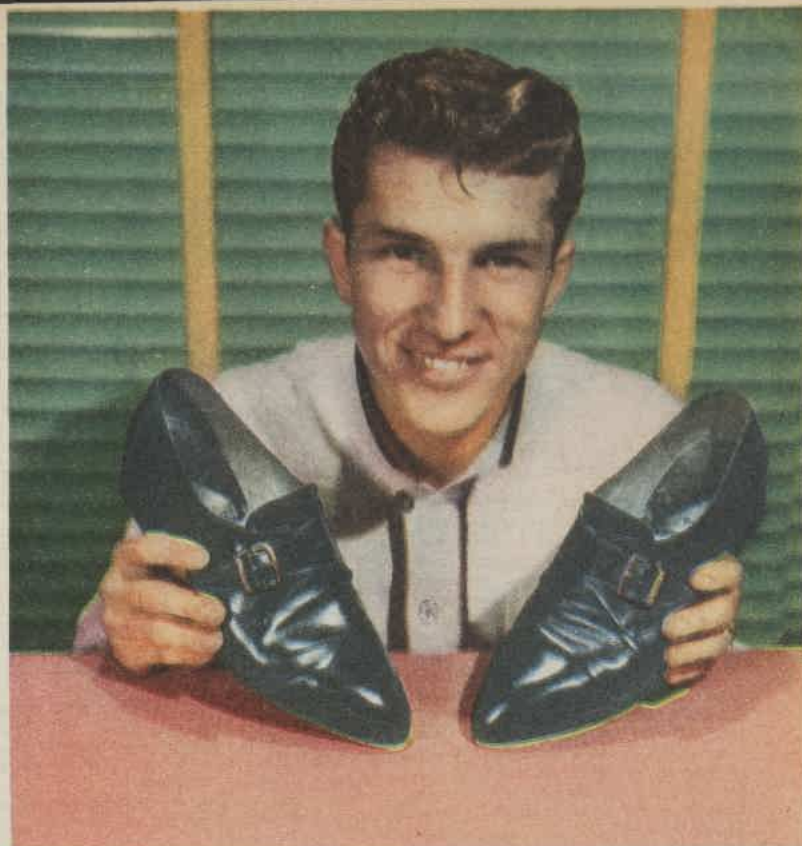
AN, SHARP!

pretty slow to change. But keep your
startling could walk by. Australian
end to higher heels and tapered toes.
and lots of the blokes will be wearing
going out and soft leathers in dark
the natural colors are on the way in.
really stepping out in style!

Shoes from Reynolds, Sydney.



centre, a traffic-stopping pair of gold slip-ons
laces. Price 15 guineas. Then reading clock-
capped needle toes (price £8/19/6); natural-
white pigskin slip-ons—the tag at the back
price £8/19/6; Italian-made, black-brown
laces separated, price £9/19/6; chisel-toed
£14/6; grape-colored Harra slip-ons with hand-
stitched in white (shoes separated,
laces with chisel toes (price £8/19/6); black
—nightclubbing, perhaps (price £8/19/6).



JAY JUSTIN, singer and former shoe salesman, chose and modelled
all the shoes on these pages for us. Jay, 20, now a full-time, successful
artist, of Lakemba, Sydney, for almost five years worked in a Sydney
shoe store—so he knows what's afoot this season! Jay is pictured
holding his favorite pair of shoes—in black leather, with tapered
toes, and eye-catching buckles across the vamp.

FEET UP, taking it easy in the barber's
shop. And comfort is the catchword
for these casual suede slip-ons, hand-
stitched in white. They feature higher
heels, tapered toes. Price £8/19/6.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Steady on!

"I HAVE been going steady for more than a year, and I love my boy very much, but I don't think he loves me. He says he does, but he gets angry over little things, and what has me upset lately is that he complains about having to see me about three nights a week, although we only stay till about 12 at the latest. He wants to go home about eight if we are not at the pictures or dancing. I think if a boy loves you he shouldn't complain about having to see you, or want to go home early. Do you think he loves me? Should I put up with his complaining, call it off, or just see him on Sundays and not ask him to see me at night at all? I am 17 and he's 19."

"Early Bird," N.S.W.

I think you sound much too demanding, and even if your boy loves you now I don't think he'll take long to change his mind — unless you change your attitude.

Certainly, if a boy loves you he shouldn't complain about having to see you, but I think you've yourself to blame for any such complaints.

You indicate that you see your boy at weekends and three nights a week. This is a lot more than many other boys and girls of your age see each other, even when they are going steady.

You should appreciate the fact that you've got yourself a boy as attentive as he sounds and stop trying to be too possessive of his time. Nothing will make him start running away from you faster once the fact of your possessiveness hits him.

Anyway, have you ever forgotten your own selfish feelings long enough to con-

sider that, however much this boy loves you, there might be good reasons why he can't spend more time with you?

Quite probably his parents don't like him being out till midnight every night of the week. Three nights a week at this hour are a pretty fair deal for a boy of his age, you know.

And, apart from any family responsibilities he might have, it's quite possible he finds he can't do his work properly because he's not getting enough sleep.

Also, he probably wants to see some of his male pals once in a while, and there's no reason why he should give you a minute-by-minute account of his activities when he's not with you.

Your time to worry is when he tells you he has met another girl and doesn't love you any more.

My advice to you is to be appreciative of the time he spends with you and be understanding when he tells you he must go home or can't see you tomorrow. Otherwise, I'm afraid he'll be telling you about "that other girl" pretty soon.

Boys will be . . .

"WE are two 15-year-old girls and we go to college as day-girls. Every lunch-break a group of boys about 16 or 17 years of age pass the school. They whistle and smile at us. Because we would like to get to know these boys, we do not walk away. They pass us every day, and yet they won't meet us after school. We aren't allowed to speak to boys while we are within school grounds, and would like to know them better as friends. Could you please help us?"

"Fifteeners," W.A.

I think the best thing you could do

is forget these boys and eat your lunch in another part of the schoolgrounds.

If these boys had been interested in meeting you they'd have been waiting for you after school long before now.

I'm afraid you haven't yet learned that a group of boys like that will whistle at almost any girl they see. It doesn't mean they're interested in the girl as a rule. They just think it's fun and rather smart.

At 15 you have years ahead for meeting boys, and you'll find there are nicer ways of meeting them than by being "picked up."

You'll find before long that one of your friends will be having a birthday party, or there'll be a school social or something similar, and you'll meet lots of boys at these functions.

Till then, remember it's no crime for a 15-year-old schoolgirl to be without a boyfriend. Indeed, I personally think it's a good idea to wait a couple of years till you've left school and are either working or at the University before worrying about going steady.

Writing on wall

"FOR about a year I've been writing to a boy who lives in another city. Not long ago he stopped writing for some unknown reason. Time passed, and then one day I received a letter. After reading it I was undecided about answering it, as I was interested in another older boy. However, the next day I answered it, and my problem is that I haven't had a reply yet. Should I keep writing to him or forget him? I'm 16 years old."

"Worried," S.A.

"Out of sight, out of mind" is, I'm afraid, a very apt saying, except when people are really in love.

You admit that you've grown interested in another boy while you've been writing. You probably also have had many other activities to occupy your thoughts.

This obviously has been the situation with your penfriend, too.

What should you do?

If you're genuinely fond of him, keep writing—even if you often have to wait some time for his replies. It's fun to have a pen-pal, and as you're writing you'll get to know each other better.

If you really are meant for each other, you could find in a few years that you're making plans to see more of each other. And then, who knows?

Meanwhile, don't sit at home waiting for letters and thinking of nothing else. Enjoy yourself, meet other people, and don't waste your emotion on your penfriend until—and if—you grow to mean more to each other.

A sticky problem

"I AM a girl of 17, and date quite a bit with a boy of 18, but I have a problem. He always chews gum in my ear. This is quite annoying. Would it be wrong for me to say something to him? We are not going steady, and though I like him very much we have other dates."

"Irritating," Qld.

This really is a sticky problem.

The point is, do you really like the boy and do you want to go on seeing him? Or wouldn't it matter very much if he disappeared from your scene?

If you wouldn't mind taking the risk of losing him, tell him that you find his habit of chewing gum in your ear both embarrassing and annoying, and you'd appreciate it if he left his gum at home when he goes on dates with you.

Boys, as you've probably noticed already, have colossal pride, and most of them hate being corrected. He could think you're a little interfering know-all, and he could ask himself what right

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

HAVE you ever thought about combining your pleasure with being useful and helping to "fill the till" for a needy charity?

It's well worth the effort, so get the gang together and give up your weekend to bring happiness to the more unfortunate.

Go visit an orphanage and see if you can arrange to take some of the kiddies on a picnic—maybe all Saturday.

You could take them to the zoo, beach, or maybe out into the country.

The girls could pack picnic-style party food, fairy cakes, chocolate, frankfurts, chops, and sausages — and the boys could bring along fizzy drinks, and cricket bats and footballs for the games.

Don't worry about planning; the youngsters will prefer to organise the games themselves.

On Saturday night call a party for one and all. Make it a record party, back-to-childhood party, or any party that's popular with your crowd. Charge as admission an old toy, book, or game, to be given to a children's hospital.

On Sunday, why not have a good old-fashioned "Oklahoma" style picnic? The girls can don long frilly dresses and big hats with ribbons tied under the chin while the boys get hold of their Dad's old striped blazers, cricket whites, and boater hats.

And, while you're about it, have a "hamper" auctioning.

The girls pack up a "prize hamper of goodies" and the boys bid for the different baskets. The highest bidder of each gets the basket and the unknown owner as a luncheon partner. Remember, no cheating!

In these and similar ways you can certainly have your fun and give it to others, too.



"But we have to have four together — we only have one bag of popcorn!"

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

● Natural beauty alone is not enough for a girl — it must receive regular maintenance.

50 WAYS TO LOOK NICE

HERE are 50 basic rules you should observe if you want to achieve perfection.

1. A full-length mirror is indispensable for that last-minute check.
2. Slip straps must never show.
3. Sew clips in shoulders of your dresses to hold straps.
4. Sew, don't pin, broken straps.
5. Hems must be straight.
6. Shoes must be cleaned after being worn during the day—this helps preserve them.
7. Check heels—have them repaired before they look as though they should be.
8. Summer shoes should be kept in plastic or calico bags during winter months.
9. Shoes (and hats) should be stuffed with tissue-paper—helps keep their shape.
10. When suede shoes become shiny, dip a toothbrush in vine-

gar and brush it over the suede. Allow to dry before wearing.

11. When travelling pack shoes on the bottom of your case in polythene bags.
12. Have your old shoes dyed and give them new life.
13. When washing woollen sweaters make sure you use lukewarm water and fine soap or soap-flakes. Squeeze, don't wring, and then dry on a towel, pressing afterwards with a warm iron.
14. If your jumper is hand-knitted keep some of the left-over wool for mends and tears.
15. Store jumpers and cardigans in calico bags during winter months. Make sure they are quite clean before packing away.
16. Wear a cosmetic cap when putting on or pulling off jumpers and dresses. Hair will stay neat and no make-up marks will mar the neckline.
17. Use cleaning fluid to remove make-up each day from collars and cuffs.

By DIANA WILLIAMS

18. When washing stockings place them in a screw-top jar with soapflakes or detergent and hot water. Shake well. Saves many a snag from fingernails.
19. Remember, brush your hair 100 times each night for that glowing look.
20. When washing your brush and comb add a little ammonia to the water.
21. Throw away a comb with any teeth missing.
22. Keep those powder-puffs fresh and clean.
23. Nails are the most eye-catching part of your hands. Keep them spotlessly clean.
24. Chipped nails look ghastly. It is better to wear no polish at all if you aren't going to look after it.
25. Never frown or show temper in public. Keep your troubles hidden.
26. Don't forget your feet. Do

look after them, as they have a long way to go.

27. Cultivate a graceful walk.
28. Toss out those old gloves cluttering up the drawer.
29. In summer, always have a fresh pair of white gloves for each day of the week.
30. A spare pair of gloves kept in the office drawer is a good idea for emergencies. Don't forget an extra pair of stockings, too.
31. Try to carry the minimum in your handbag. Junk is quite unnecessary and useless.
32. Rinse out your bathing costume after a dip. It saves rotting.
33. Never iron velvet. Hang in a steam-filled bathroom.
34. Try to keep your white things white with bleach, and your blouses crisp and starched.
35. A good clothesbrush is a must in every cupboard.

36. Hang topcoats and suit-coats on thick coat-hangers.
37. Hang skirts separately on hangers.
38. Line all straight skirts. They hang better and don't seat.
39. Make sure the lining of your coat looks just as snappy as the outside.
40. Labels and buttons should not be hanging by a thread.
41. Hair-rollers and bobby-pins are taboo outside your bedroom.
42. Don't neglect your teeth. They deserve looking after.
43. Shower at least daily.
44. Never, never chew gum in public.
45. Glittering jewellery is unsuitable during the day. Keep it for the evening.
46. Brush your clothes for tell-tale marks before leaving home.
47. Don't combine more than three (or two) colors in one outfit.
48. Keep those stocking-seams straight.
49. Ever tried false nails to patch up that odd broken fingernail for an important date?
50. For a wonderful touch of glamor use fake silky eyelashes, but don't forget to trim them to the right shape.

THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman

● William Shakespeare (1564-1616): Complete Works

ENJOYING Shakespeare is a little like conquering Everest: much depends on the approach. Let's clear away a few common misconceptions.

1. There is no Shakespeare "mystery." There was a man named Shakespeare, and he wrote the plays.
2. He was a man, not some kind of demigod. He was not infallible, but he was a genius. He was also a craftsman, a busy actor, and a shrewd businessman.

3. He is the greatest English poet and dramatist. But he is not always great. He often wrote too quickly in order to finish on time. Some of his comic characters do not amuse us, and it is best to admit it. His puns and plays on words are often boring.

4. He was not a great original thinker. Few poets are—that is not their business.

Read, don't study, Shakespeare. And, of course, re-read him, for even if you are not looking for anything in his work, you will find something.

Judgments vary, but of the 37 plays the following dozen may be recommended as minimum reading (to be done, not all at once, but during the course of your lifetime):

"The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry IV" (parts 1 and 2), "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," "Measure for Measure," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Othello," and "The Tempest."

Shakespeare also wrote many sonnets, some of the poems addressed to a young man, the others to an unidentified woman known as "The Dark Lady." Some of the more famous are numbers 18, 29, 30, 33, 55, 60, 63, 64, 65, 66, 71, 73, 94, 106, 107, 116, 129, 130, 144, and 146.

● Moliere (1622-1673). Selected Plays

MOLIERE'S real name was Jean-Baptiste Poquelin. The son of a prosperous upholsterer, he received a good Jesuit education,

read for the law, and at 21 renounced security and upholstery for the stage.

His theatrical company failed in Paris, and he spent many years knocking about in provincial inn yards, learning, from the ground up, the business of the theatre, and of human nature.

In 1658 his company re-established itself in Paris under the patronage of the brother of Louis XIV. It was successful, and so was Moliere, who worked as an actor, manager, and writer of farces, comedies, and court entertainments.

In his personal life he was less fortunate. At 40 he married a young girl.

Half his age, she doubled Moliere's troubles, which were complicated by overwork, illness, and the many controversies brought on by his satires on affection, religious hypocrisy, and conventional prejudice. One night, while playing the title role in his comedy, "The Imaginary Invalid," he haemorrhaged on stage, dying soon after.

There are at least two Moliere's. Unhappily, they are often found in the same play.

The first is the "play-it-for-laughs" commercial writer who knows all the tricks.

The second Moliere is the strange man who turned his own sad life into comedy—his illness into "The Imaginary Invalid," his tragic marriage into "The School For Wives."

From our viewpoint, his plays are badly constructed. Moliere is all logic.

Yet, if we are willing to accept the French classic idea of a play as an argument, following strict rules, Moliere is a master.

The best translation is perhaps the Morris Bishop version in the Modern Library edition. Of the eight plays included there, try: "The School for Wives," "Tartuffe," "The Misanthrope," "The Would-be Gentleman." There are four other equally major plays, "The Miser," "Don Juan," "The Imaginary Invalid," and "The Learned Ladies." But none of the translations of these latter plays does justice to the vitality or elegance of Moliere.

● Next week: Ibsen and Shaw.



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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9

PARTY GLAMOR



By Carolyn Earle

● Some girls have a flair for looking wonderful at parties. You meet such a girl during the day and she looks pleasant but nothing special. That evening she arrives at the party and **WHAM!** every head turns.

WHAT'S her secret? Perhaps she has found out how—and how much—to step up the brilliance of her make-up. She may have taken a chance on a different hairstyle. It's a safe bet that she's wearing a dash of perfume.

Even the prettiest girl can look a bit washed out at a party unless her make-up is put on with artificial lighting in mind. So always aim for a light make-up with a clear-cut effect of brilliance.

A translucent liquid foundation with maybe a fluff from a tiny powder-puff just to take off the sheen is a good start for party make-up, because it covers any little spots and leaves a satiny surface.

Another good hideaway hint for the odd spot is to dab it with some erasing cream matched to your skin tone **BEFORE** applying the foundation.

Eye make-up for the evening can — and should — strengthen and clarify soft features. If you want to copy the pretty look

of the young blonde pictured above, you need to be a wiz with eye cosmetics.

Put on eyeshadow, not timidly but cleverly, hazing it from centre of eyelid out of temples, and outline the top lid only with a fine pencil line.

And don't forget to powder your eyelashes first, then apply mascara in a downward direction. When dry, brush out and mascara again—a very thin coat—and stroke up.

Finish off with eye-drops for sparkle.

Taking time by the forelock, almost literally, is a big factor in having a hairdo that looks wonderful at parties. Get yourself to the hairdresser or set to work with shampoo and hairset equipment in a courageous mood and early enough to let the "do" settle a bit before you leave the house.

Pretty party notes: a jewelled clip (see picture above) or barette; a velvet bow.

Perfume is the final touch . . . from top to toe. A trace on top of your head is lovely for a dancing partner; a touch on the hem of your dress will move with you.

SARI, WRONG NUMBER!

● Once upon a time (I feel particularly Grimm this week!) women were content to wear dresses.

SOME of these—sacks, etc.—were rather crazy, I know (sort of Balmainiacal, you might say!), but, at least, they were dresses in the grand tradition.

Now, however, many of the garments popular with females seem to suggest that the dress as we knew it has largely had it — been undone, perhaps? A-hem!

What are these new fads which aren't all they seem?

Well, currently, there is great interest in Indian saris (which I don't give a wrap-up!), Chinese cheongsams (silly enough to make any bloke split his sides), and muu-muus (sort of Hawaiian Eye-sores!).

Why have women suddenly become fascinated with foreign fashions?

Why can a Hong Kong-set play (about Suzie, if I'm not Wong!) now influence females to wear split skirts, saris put an Indian sign on women's wardrobes and Wai(kiki) can muu-muus?

I dunno; things usen't to be like that. No Western ladies, for instance, took to wearing buckskin and feathers, even though they knew the squaw after the colonisation of America.

Nor, after the discovery of Australia, did London ladies get any good oil (lubrication?) from the native women—and that's the naked truth!

But, today, the style seems to be to dress in fashions from strange worlds. And the logical question following this conclusion is: Where does women's wear go from here?

One fresh world for couturiers to conquer should surely now be outer space—no cosmopolitan cuties could pass it by!

Picture then the space suit (I call it the moon-moon). It's a snazzy number, in bulky-knit rubber, and has a head-hugging helmet. Just like Major Yuri Gagarin modelled in the Milky Way recently.

And from that other strange world of high finance—where figures really count—the credit-squeeze is another suggestion for which I have high hopes; for summer, of course—it can be a little overdrafty!

You can turn any old outfit into this style—you just tighten your belt!

Then, from that equally mystic world of international politics, I draw inspiration for my self-government gown.

What could be more fashionable, and truly revolutionary, than a strapless creation with independent suspension, which the girl holds up with only (self-) determination?

A girl wearing this would be the re-bel of the ball!

All jokes aside, I think blokes like a girl just like the girl who kept old Dad broke with her bills for ordinary dresses.

So I just wish that all those cuties who wear these zany new clothes would look at a lass in an old-style outfit.

And follow suit!

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Some parliamentarians and mayors, who used to have a busy time opening school fetes and the like, are being squeezed out of their "sidelines" by Col Joye.

COL'S so much in demand to "say a few words" at school functions in and around Sydney that he's booked up as far ahead as September.

Col's programme for the next few months has him really on the run. Immediately after his three-day New Guinea trip for the Red Cross, he sets off with a package show (which includes Judy Stone, Jimmy Little, Rex Dallas, and The Joy Boys) on an extensive N.S.W. country tour.

Incidentally, if you've happened to wonder who are Marvin and Walsh, names which share composition credit with Col for his new single, "Naughty Girl," they're the guitarists from Cliff Richard's English group, The Shadows.

Col did the initial work on the tune, sent it to England, where the two Shadows did some further work on it, taped the result, and sent it back here, where the recording was made in the Festival studio.

Pops: First L.P. (Coronet) from Australia's most successful export to America, **Diana Trask**, offers the 20-year-old Melbourne girl in a delightfully sung programme of songs with a generally light romantic flavor—"It Might As Well Be Spring," "I Hear Music," "Let's Face The Music And Dance." If it needs more than an L.P. to prove that Diana has arrived, **Glenn Osser** did the arrangements and conducted.

WHERE the girls are, pin-up boy of the moment is **Johnny Burnette**, of the big, friendly smile and the rich, deep-down voice. His last year hits, "You're Sixteen," "Dreamin'," are on his London "Johnny Burnette" album



Col Joye

with "Singin' The Blues," "Oh, Lonesome Me," etc.

SHE'S the world's biggest-selling girl singer, she's **Connie Francis**, and if you like she'll give you a private recital that includes "It's The Talk Of The Town," "I Cried For You," "How Deep Is The Ocean," on the M.G.M. L.P. "Who's Sorry Now."

IF everyone likes "Little Lonely One," the teen rewrite of the Neapolitan "Santa Lucia," as much as I do it should do something really spectacular. Top Rank must like it pretty well, anyway, as they've put out two rival 45 versions. One is **The Jarmels**, the other **Gary Stites**. Both have brightly rocking flip-sides, "She Loves To Dance" from The Jarmels and "Honey Girl" from Gary.

THE sound of music in the Jimmy Dorsey era is re-

created by his two vocalists, "Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell," on a Warner Bros. L.P., "Green Eyes," "Tangerine," "The Breeze And I," and the Dorsey theme "Contrasts" bring the whole time back with a bang.

FROM "The Battle Of New Orleans" right down to "North To Alaska," "Johnny Horton's Greatest Hits" (Coronet L.P.) gives a rundown of the late singer's recording career. Some of the numbers aren't so well known here.

THOSE who like a beautiful folk-style ballad will be happy to hear **Lonnie Donegan's** "Beneath The Willow" (Pye 45). On the reverse side he shows his versatility with a fast, frenzied version of **Ray Charles' "Leave My Woman Alone."**

ANOTHER 45 with appeal to the ballad lover is R.C.A.'s "Spun Gold," excellently sung by its composer, **Edwin Bruce**. The morbid "Flight 303" is the side you may have heard as a chart prediction.

Jazz: Whether you think of them as lost in some inhuman, chilly wasteland, or as the greatest people in the world, it's at least worthwhile getting to know the **Modern Jazz Quartet**. Their "Third Stream Music" (London L.P.) is as good a way as any, though this time they have as guest artists the **Jimmy Giuffre Three** and **The Beaux Arts String Quartet**. Compositions are by the M.J.Q.'s pianist-composer **John Lewis**, **Giuffre**, and **Gunther Schuller**.

LEAVING the cerebral heights inhabited by the M.J.Q. for a warmer and friendlier climate, there's the **Melbourne University Jazz Band** on a W. and G. E.P., "Jazz At The Wild Colonial Club." The boys have a whopping great Dixie beat, an original, funny jacket, and, thank goodness, numbers that don't turn up on every second Dixieland disc!

Classical: A poetic, intuitive performance of Brahms' Fourth Symphony by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under **Bruno Walter** is the first of Coronet's intended **Walter-Beethoven L.P.** series.

OUR PIN-UP this week (overleaf) is Australian singer **Ian Crawford**, who leaves next month for the U.S., where he will marry American singer-dancer **Georgia Holden** and discuss cutting some records for the Ampar label. He and Georgia met over a year ago when she was visiting this country.

— Martin Long

WORTH HEARING

ELGAR: First Symphony

WHEN Elgar's first symphony appeared near the beginning of this century it was hailed as the first great English symphony and its composer as the first important English composer in two centuries. Since then there has been a great revival of English music, and Elgar's international reputation has been rather overshadowed by those of composers like **Vaughan Williams**, **Walton**, and **Britten**. To many people Elgar is out of date, but not yet a "classic."

A first-class performance of one of Elgar's best works proves how shallow the idea is. Elgar's music may have been rather "over-sold" in his own day, but it is still rich, spacious, and satisfying music.

We can hear a truly first-class performance of the first Elgar symphony by one of his best modern interpreters, conductor **Sir John Barbirolli**, with the **Halle Orchestra** (which gave the work its first performance), in Pye's "Acclaimed Series."

It is a long symphony, taking three 12-inch sides. The fourth side carries a later, less monumental Elgar work, the lyrical **Cello Concerto**, with **Andre Navarra** as soloist.



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IAN CRAWFORD

Page 18 — *Telegraph Weekly*

Supplement to *The Australian Women's Weekly* — May 17, 1960

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

SANDRA passed a restless night after Lady Diana made her promise not to tell till the morning about her elopement with Philip Osborne. In the morning Sandra tells Major Scott and Hugo Drake, Diana's fiancé, about the elopement. From Sandra's description of Philip Osborne, Major Scott recognises him as being a well-known professional cad. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER

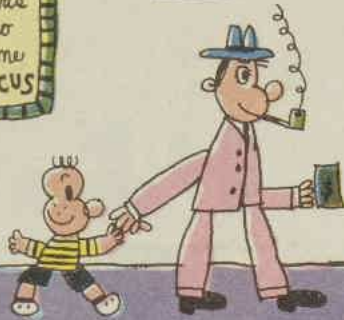


RIVETS

JACKYS DIARY.

By JACKY MENDELSON
Age 33½

Last week I was
Real Good so
daddy took me
To THE CIRCUS



MEDICINE
SQUARE GARDEN

CIRCUS
TODAY.



As soon as we got there The Band started
in Making lots of Noise.



PS: the Leader's job was to brush the
flies off the other guys with a stick.

Pretty soon a man came
out wearing
Nickers,
You could
tell he
was the
BAD GUY
cause he
had on a
Mustash.



His job was to intro-
duce the different
people by hollering
in a Megaphone.



The 1st guy he introduced had bring his own chair,
Only he didn't get a chance to sit down, on account of
a bunch of FEROUS LIONS came out also!



But pretty soon he got them to do lotsa
REAL Good Tricks... like not eating him.



After that The Bad
Guy came out & An-
nounced the next
MAN was gonna do
BEAR-BACK riding.



but he must of got scared, cause instead
he only rode on a HORSE, what a GYP!



Next week I'll tell you
more stuff about The
Circus.
With Acrobats
& everything.
Your Friends
JACKY.

TIZZY by Kate Osann



"Oh, no, Junior is fine, Mrs. Johnson just
find out where you keep the key."

BUTCH

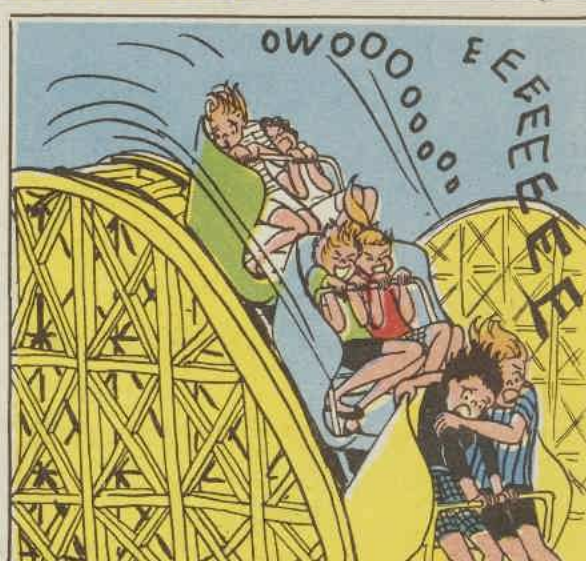


"I only asked who they liked for
Prime Minister. I thought I was
just being conversational."

Man in Apron



TEENA[®] *by Gilda Terry*



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY *by RUD.*



MANDRAKE



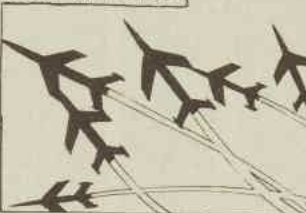
MANDRAKE, Master Magician, has just heard about the mid-air robbery. Two bearded men held up the crew and passengers of the plane in which Narda was travelling. They have taken Narda as hostage, and forced her to make a parachute jump from the plane. On the ground Narda escaped from the men and has taken refuge in a nearby farm. NOW READ ON . . .



CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

ROBOT MACHINERY RECEIVES WELKIN'S SIGNALS, AS WELL AS RAGAT'S, AND CONFUSION RESULTS



AND EXPLOSIVES HEADED FOR EARTH BRING HAVOC TO RAGAT



WITH RAGAT'S FLEET STILL FOLLOWING HIM, CHRIS TRIES TO HALT THE SWARM OF BALLISTIC MISSILES HEADED EARTHWARD



I'M BROADCASTING CONTROL SIGNALS WE PICKED UP DURING RAGAT'S TESTS!



BUT STAY OUT OF RANGE OF HIS GUNS!

